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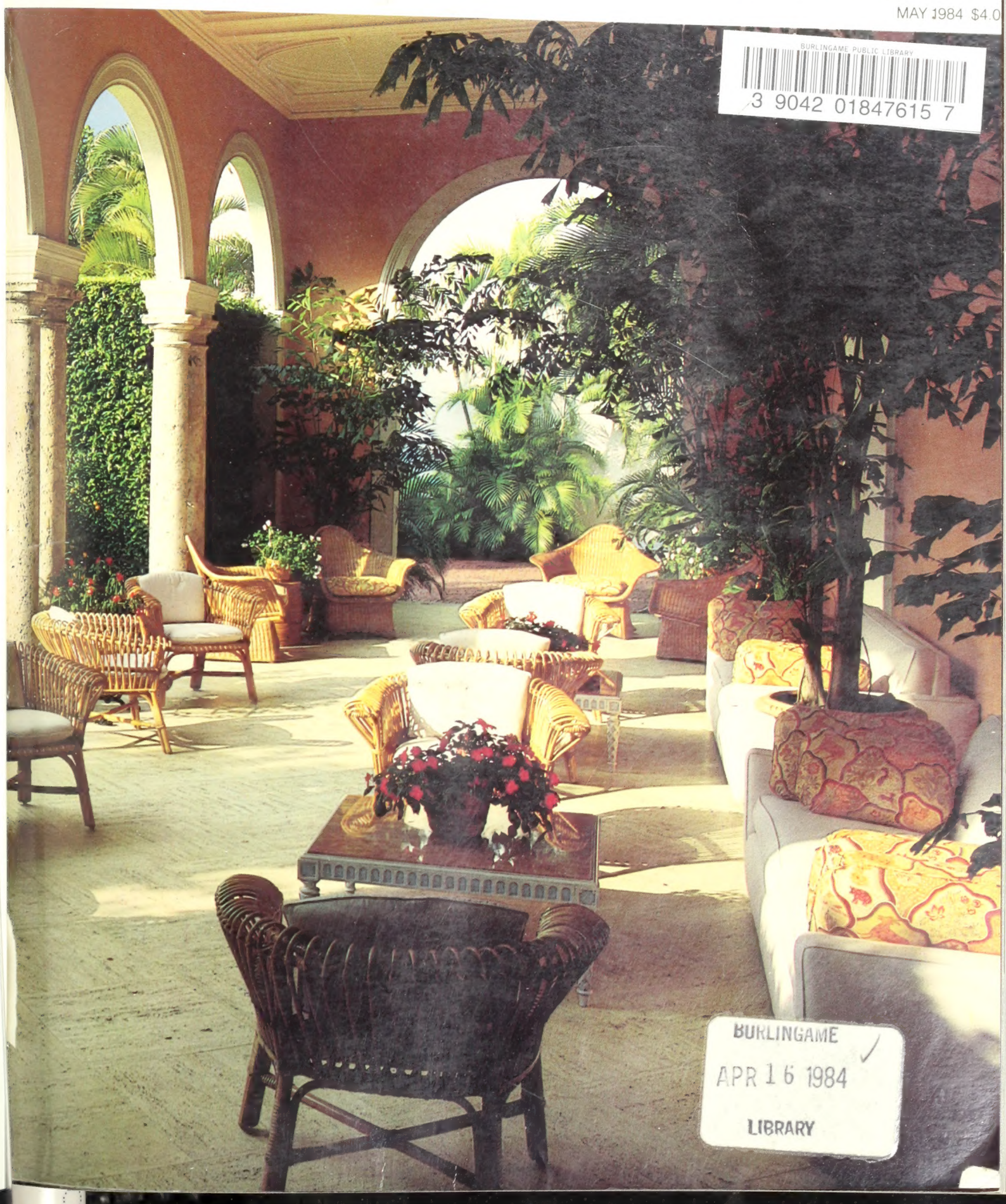
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May 1984

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May 1984

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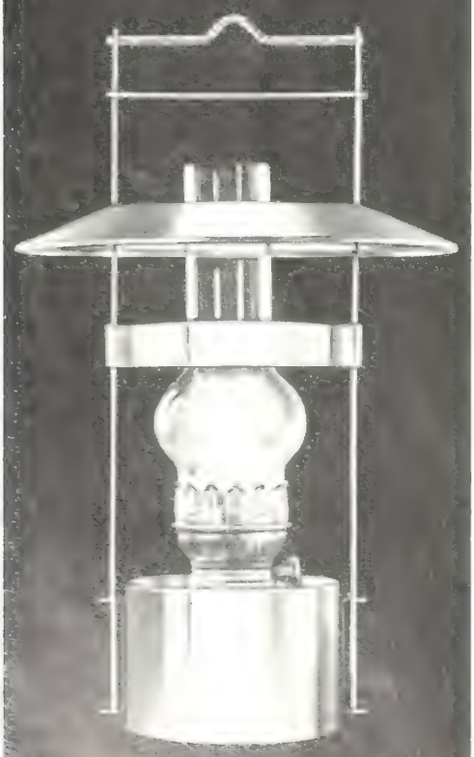
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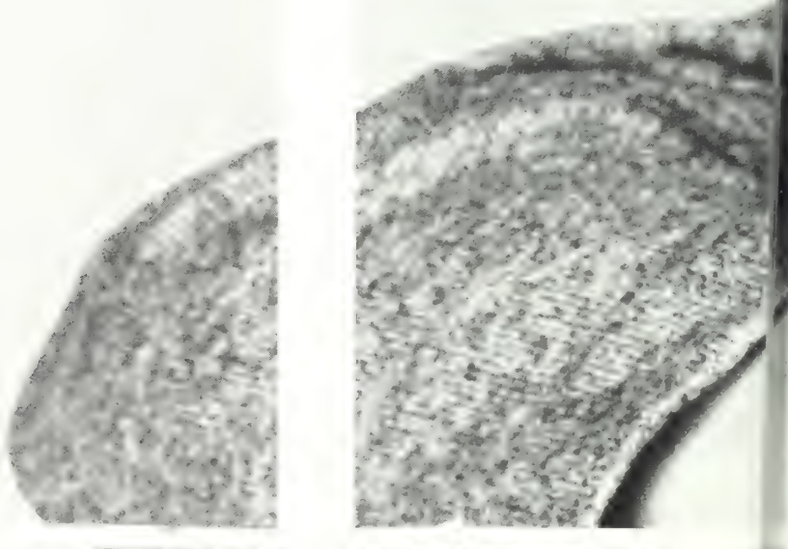
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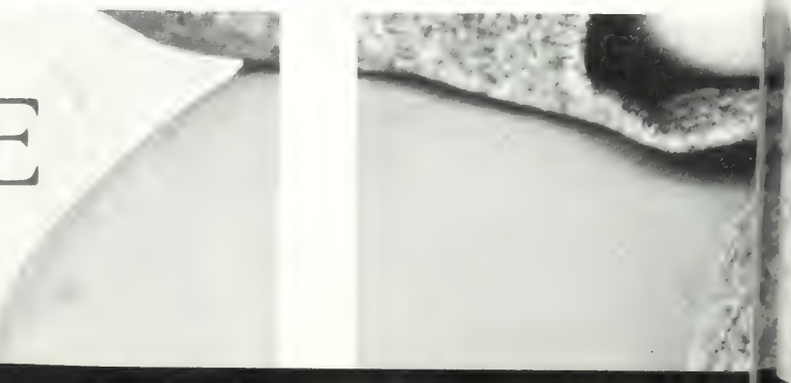
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PAINTING: "An armed merchantman on the River Mersey, off Liverpool," signed Joseph Jenkinson, H. 40", W. 52".

DESK: Important walnut partners desk with unusual caryatid corners, signed Edwards & Roberts, circa 1860, H. 32½", W. 78", D. 47".

CHAIRS: Pair of Nineteenth Century mahogany sidechairs after a design by Giles Grendey.



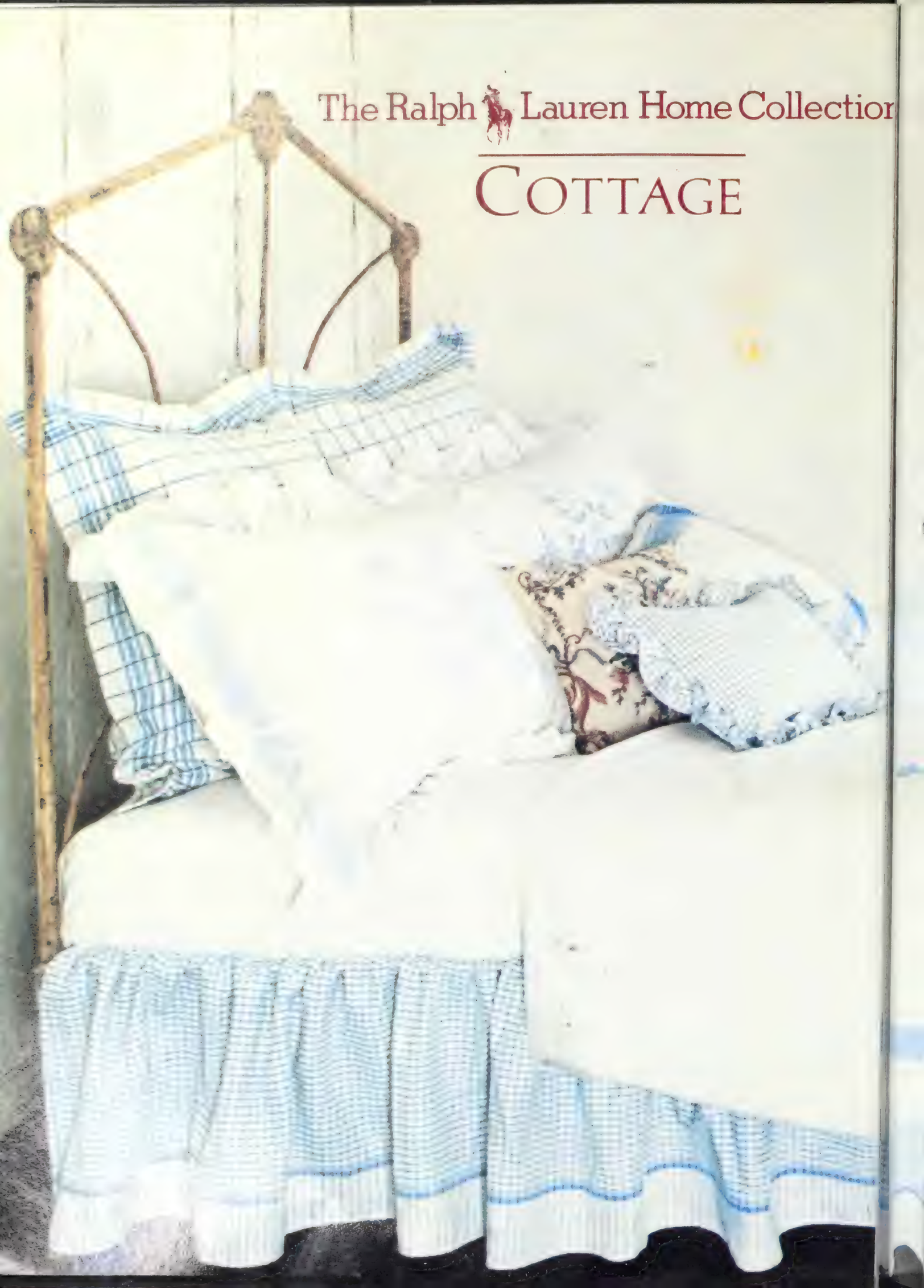
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

We recently [illegible] House & Garden. Our House [illegible] as a new European cuisine [illegible] and we've come [illegible] stew, which includes many diverse ingredients but permits each to retain its integrity while adding to the flavor of the whole.

I thought that was a delicious description of our country, as well as of this magazine, which takes particular delight in the pluralism that characterizes our time and place in history. And this month we've prepared for you an issue of House & Garden that we're especially proud of, with wonderful private rooms from places as diverse as Palm Beach and Boston, the coasts of California and South Carolina, as well as the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, the Arizona desert, even the potato fields of Long Island's South Fork. Each example has a wonderful integrity; together they provide a zesty taste of contemporary life and culture in the United States today.

We are delighted that Jayne Wrightsman permitted us to visit and photograph the fabled Wrightsman house in Palm Beach before the sale of its contents at Sotheby's May 5. The rooms in the house that has been famous since it was first built in the twenties by Palm Beach architect Maurice Fatio have been done over the years by decorators at the height of their fame—first Syrie Maugham, then Stéphane Boudin of the house of Jansen, later another Parisian, Henri Samuel (who also did the Wrightsman Rooms at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York), and most recently Vincent Fourcade of Denning and Fourcade. Feliciano's photographs and Rosamond Bernier's text reveal not only how the house has evolved over the almost four decades Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Wrightsman have been in residence, but also how decoration itself has developed over that same period.

On the other coast, Michael Taylor [illegible] home [illegible] demonstrates another point of view in a house that was built, like the Wrightsmans', in the twenties. In this house elements of nature—river rocks, aged driftwood, and rusted metal—become the materials of decoration in the sophisticated hands of Michael Taylor.

In Boston, a Beacon Hill row house filled with American Empire and other early-nineteenth-century furnishings is arranged in a way that is as contemporary as Michael Taylor's handling of natural elements in Beverly Hills. In her text, Nancy Richardson describes how by avoiding the more flamboyant furniture of the nineteenth century the John DeRemigis house takes on an air of being clean-lined and contemporary while maintaining the formality of nineteenth-century decoration.

Just how important collections can be is seen in the handsome brick house Houston architect W. Irving Phillips Jr. designed for an art collector/dealer in that city. The strong collecting instincts of this American woman began with the copper kitchen molds that still cover her kitchen walls; but she has moved far beyond that traditional decorative collection to one that today ranges from pre-Columbian and African sculptures to Pennsylvania Dutch furniture and Amish quilts to modern art by Dine, Dubuffet, and Willem de Kooning. The range of this collector's taste in art provides a personal example of the eclecticism that seems at times uniquely American.

Still another collection is important to our story on a traditional South Carolina house, built because its owner missed the many things—including an amazing collection of miniature rooms—that she had when she moved south from New Jersey. The simple Colonial-style background of her new house permits her to arrange and enjoy the antiques, paintings, and other objects she has collected over the years.

It was Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown's appreciation of early American architecture that made architect Robert Venturi the first choice of Donald and Elizabeth Petrie when it came time for them to build their weekend house in the Hamptons. "We liked the idea of sponsoring a work of contemporary architectural art—one that would reflect and defer to the original turn-of-the-century shingle and clapboard houses of our near neighbors," Mrs. Petrie says, and Venturi's New England houses convinced them that he was a master at honoring the vernacular in contemporary design.

Not existing houses but nature itself triggered another example of architectural art in this issue: the extraordinary series of architectural sculptures by New York artist and architect R. A. Pat Patterson for Mr. and Mrs. Najeeb Halaby in the high valleys of the Rocky Mountains. Robert M. Adams's description of the magical modern folly on the Halabys' sixty acres in southern Colorado and what it means to the artist-architect and his clients provides one of the best reads in this issue.

Another architectural response to nature is seen in the second of Martin Filler's two-part series on Frank Lloyd Wright, this one covering his years at Taliesin West. For Wright and architecture itself, according to editor Filler, the desert retreat there ranks among this American architect's most brilliant achievements.

Although this is a strongly American issue, we did cross the ocean for three major stories: one on the deeply personal art collection of the Queen Mother at Clarence House; another on a modern apartment in a High Victorian building in London designed by architect Max Gordon for himself and his American art; plus an amazing English garden in France. All of which provide a reminder that it isn't only Americans who know how to cook up a good stew.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

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NARROW PASSIONS

The return of the single bed

By Alexander Cockburn

Above: Claudette Colbert is protected from Clark Gable by "The Walls of Jericho" in the 1934 film *It Happened One Night.*

The pendulum, as we shall see, is starting to swing back, and not a moment too soon. Things were getting out of hand. I stayed in a house the other day where the bed in the guest room was so big that it was hard to decide exactly where on it to bivouac for the night. At dead center I couldn't reach the light on either side. To port or starboard I felt anxious and a fool. It was like sitting down alone for a meal at a table for twelve.

It's hard to pinpoint exactly when the rot set in, but by the mid seventies people had the notion so wedged in their heads that a large bed was the proper advertisement for a joyous union that very often it was impossible to get the bedroom door more than halfway open, given the immensity of the equipment within. "Leave your [illegible]

carrier—deserts of vast counterpane, billowing oceans of quilt.

Of course the amplitude is meant to suggest Olympian abandon and fecundity, but mostly the opposite effect is achieved; and one sees in the mind's eye partners lodged coldly on their opposing sides, far enough apart to communicate only by the separate telephones on their respective bedside tables. The bed—king-size, czar-size, emperor-size—has become twin beds in disguise; the fifties by other, less direct means.

This is not the first time this has happened. I know of one eighteenth-century bed constructed with a crown or camber, like a well-engineered road. By dint of the intervening hillock the couple was spared the unpleasantness of having to see each other at all, while preserving appearances of conjugal unity for the benefit of children and servants. As far back as the days of Og the king of Bashan, who lived before the flood and whose iron bedstead was nine cubits by four, bed size has had as much to do with public relations as with the untrammeled life of the sense. Defeated in battle, Darius told Alexander the Great sourly that he could steal his bed if he wished, but he had better take as well the eight slaves needed to make it.

Sheer bed size, at least in the twentieth century, has been rather an American thing. Up until quite recently British hotels were still reveling in their ancient skills at furnishing guests with narrow beds of diminished length, mounted on noisy yet active casters, propped to shoot forward from the wall and leave headboard and pillow behind. *(Continued on page 22)*

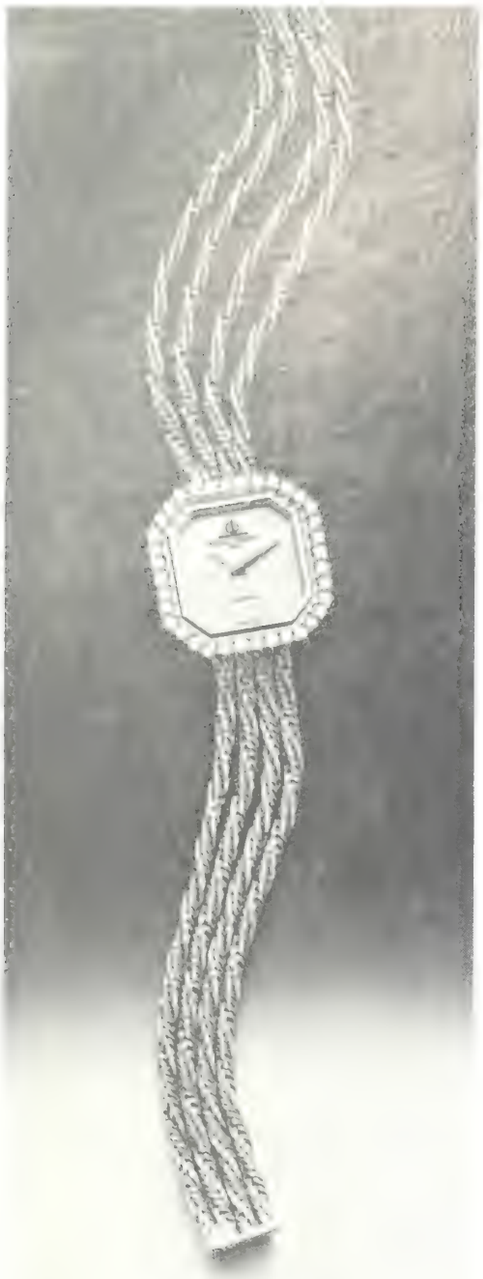


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(Continued from page 20) "Double beds" turned out to be single ones pushed together, this at a time when American motels seemed to find it incumbent upon them to provide each guest with not one but two queen-size beds in case wanderlust should come over him in the night.

It was not size so much as shape which impressed the British. For some reason a round bed was regarded as being hotly symbolic of sensual sophistication. So too were mirrors on the ceiling. One couple I knew yearned for them, but felt they were too near-sighted for the mirrors to be of much use. Eventually they had them slung from the ceiling about four feet above the bed, apt for their astigmatic and excited gaze.

The general view is that the twin beds of the modern era, notably of the fifties, derived from the Hays code, which stipulated that two people could not be filmed having a frolic in a room with a single bed in it unless one person was fully clothed with a foot on the floor. It seemed safer to have one bed per person. So couples are supposed to have looked at the twin-bed world of fifties television and followed suit. I think it had just as much to do with the cold war. Eisenhower's was a twin-bed Presidency. East faced west across the great divide and couples did likewise. Repression and patriotism were arrayed, just like the twin beds, in joyless tandem.

Subversive forces were at work just the same. The play opened on Broadway in 1955, but it was the movie version of Tennessee Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* that in 1958 brought life back into the bed industry. There was Elizabeth Taylor in all her ripeness playing Maggie and being hectored by Big Mama: "I want to ask you a question, one question: D'you make Brick happy in bed?" "Why don't you ask if he makes *me* happy in bed?" Maggie answers snappily enough. But Big Mama plunges on, "Something's not right. You're childless and my son drinks! (Points to bed.)—When a marriage goes on the rocks, the rocks are *there,* right *there*!"

That did it for twin beds. Next thing you knew, the sixties were born. With the sixties came water beds, divan beds, bowers out of Flaubert's *Voyages,* with Thea Porter cushions and tapers of incense mingling with other fragrances of the Dope Generation. With the late sixties came the commune movement and the beds got bigger to accommodate the crowd. Mainstream was not far behind this bow wave of the culture. There, in 1969, was the poster for *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice.* They were all sitting up in the same big bed. Liberation had gone respectable.

People raced out to buy a king-size bed and a copy of Alex Comfort, but the trouble was that the tide had already begun to turn. Liberation had gone cold, and by the late seventies alert trend spotters were beginning to hail the New Asexuality. But no one remembered to tell the beds and they kept on getting bigger and bigger. Worse, since the jogging madness was well under way the beds kept getting harder and harder too as aching vertebrae sought firm relief. There, in all its sterile horror, was the bedroom equipment of the early eighties: a bed like an oversize and thinly carpeted operating table with an exercise bike in the corner.

The result has been a psychic numbing of the sort psychiatrists like to associate with the threat of nuclear apocalypse. I saw a young couple in a department store recently. They were plainly on the verge of marriage, and were being put through their paces by the bed salesman. He walked them firmly past the double and the queen and deployed them, sitting self-consciously on either side of the king-size, which looked hard enough for a dime to bounce on. He told them to lie down and obediently they reclined, like two fish on a slab, four feet apart. I half expected the salesman to pronounce the marriage vows then and there as he quarried relentlessly into their savings.

I returned home in gloom and, to console myself, read the only passage in the *Odyssey* where, in the view of W.H.D. Rouse, Odysseus speaks on impulse. The lines are cited by Alexander, Ishikawa, and Silverstein in their marvelous book about architecture and design, *A Pattern Language,* where, apropos marriage beds, they write, "At the right moment in a couple's life it is important that they make themselves a special bed—an intimate anchor point for their lives; slightly enclosed, with a low ceiling or canopy, with the room (Continued on page 26)


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"Leave your coats in the bedroom," the hostess would cry, and there one would be eyeing a structure the size of an aircraft carrier

(Continued from page 22) shaped to it; perhaps a tiny room built around the bed with many windows. . . ." Dream on.

Penelope, uncertain that it is in fact Odysseus who stands before her, suggests that his bed be brought out for him to sleep in. "Wife," Odysseus bursts out, "that has cut me to the heart. . . . It would be easy for God but no man could easily prise it up. . . . There is a great secret in that bed. I made it myself, and no one else touched it. There was a strong young olive tree in full leaf growing in an enclosure, the trunk as thick as a pillar. Round this I built our bridal chamber. . . . After that I cut off the branches and trimmed the trunk from the root up. . . . This tree I made the bedpost. That was the beginning of my bed; I bored holes through it, and fitted other posts about it, and inlaid the framework with gold and silver and ivory, and I ran through it leather straps colored purple. Now I have told you my secret. And I don't know if it's still there, wife, or if someone has cut the olive at the root and moved my bed!"

Now I agree it would be tough for the department stores to start selling fully grown olive trees, but at least Odysseus and Penelope didn't just go down the road after the nuptials and buy themselves a king-size. What next?

As you might expect, the Japanese have come up with a couple of answers. One solution is what we might call "bed-intensive" and is apparently installed in a couple of Tokyo hotels. It's the single-bed approach taken to its logical extent—a torpedolike tube in which the sleeper nestles like a caterpillar, with all appropriate audio-visual aids, the world shrunk to the bed's feet, as John Donne put it in another context.

The "bed-extensive" solution, perhaps rather more appropriate here, is the one in which bedroom and bed become virtually co-extensive, with the movable futon or exercise mat being folded up and even stored away during the day. This at least allows the bedroom to become something more than a basing silo for megabed, unusable for any other purpose.

Within the Western tradition, given conservative trends in politics and the culture, I think we're ripe for a swing back to the smaller bed; not perhaps fifties twinning, but something around the double mark, which is what most couples spend their nights in anyway until old age or disillusion sets in and he sleeps on the couch in the living room ("dressing room" in higher social echelons).

Men, badly scared by the *Zeitgeist,* are regressing so fast that a woman told me recently in great disgust that at least three of her single male acquaintances are now back to single beds. This is infantile regression with a vengeance and indeed, in a downtown Manhattan store dedicated to chic sleep I saw, surrounded by an admiring throng, a couple of small iron bedsteads, about two-and-a-half-feet wide, of a type familiar from my Scottish boarding school.

As the culture tilts slowly back to Victorian conservatism I think we can expect to see a more Victorian syntax in the sleeping arrangements. Instead of having it all hang out, we'll have it all tucked in: white linen or cotton sheets; the torridly proper romantic, secretive intimacy of the alcove or the canopy; the seclusion of high bedsteads. No longer becalmed at either side of their king-size the late-eighties couple will lurk in this narrower privacy, both secure in the knowledge that at any moment of stress he can withdraw to the single bed next door and thus permit them both the joys of narcissistic yet tranquil solitude. □



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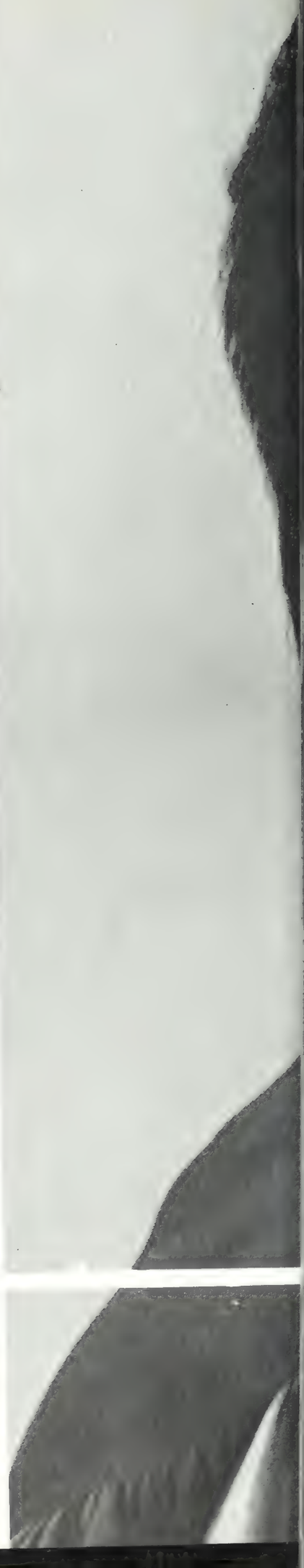
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IN TEPOZTECO'S SHADOW

Summer haunt of Aztec princes, mysterious Tepoztlán still casts a fast spell

By Luisa Valenzuela

It was in Mexico that I came to discover what a mountain really is, even though we have mountains of all kinds in Argentina, and I know them well, and love them. A mountain where mountain people carry time on their backs is a very different matter, however. And different still is the sacred, secret mountain.

TEMAZCAL

More than ten years ago someone told me that in Tepoztlán there were excellent *brujos* (shamans) and purifying Aztec baths called *temazcales*. I had already known that Tepoztlán was very beautiful, that it was popular with such people as the late poet Carlos Pellicer who organized the "homemade," local archaeological museum, or Malcolm Lowry who used to go to El Farolito, a bar now turned into a country store; that it had a wonderful climate, and that it was near Cuernavaca—which is to say, about an hour from Mexico City—but had never lost the enchantment of a real Indo-Spanish village. Something to write home about—if you didn't mind a very dull letter. But suddenly, with the addition of *brujos* and somehow added a *temazcal*—such a mysterious word—Tepoztlán sounded much more enticing.

So one October afternoon we went there, four women ready to dip a toe in magic. What we actually did was dip our bodies in the womb of the earth, for that's what the *temazcal* is when not diluted by the more facile practices of the sauna.

The first delight was the little house where we spent the night. It was hidden among the trees, with a large window overlooking Tepozteco, that mountain so different from all other mountains. Tepozteco is sculpted by the wind; it resembles an organ and almost seems to sing, though you might think it more like the sound of a cricket chirping, or a man calling so desperately his voice whistles like a reed.

All through the long, perfumed, and sonorous night preparations took place for the *temazcal* while we slept; firewood must burn until the early morning hours in the tiny adobe hut. By nine o'clock white-robed women speaking a liquid language awaited us, heating earthenware jugs of water for the purification. The heat inside the adobe oven, where the logs had burned out leaving only black soot, strained the limits of tolerance. An old woman entered with us, ordered us to disrobe, and toned our bodies with branches from the white sapodilla tree. Afterward came the ablutions: the soot, soap, and steaming water cleansed all "evil" from our bodies. From semi-entombed confinement we then crawled out into the yard which is almost in the main street of Tepoztlán. There we were wrapped in enormous white blankets and set to melt in the sun, surrounded by the innumerable flowers brought by the rains—so amazing in contrast to the desert appearance of the dry season.

I decided to stay—for a while. I rented a simple little house, and immediately found myself becoming a part of the local festivals. Tepoztlán seems a chosen place: an imposing phallus-like rock marks *(Continued on page 32)*





Top: From the bell towers on the rooftop of the sixteenth-century church of Santa Cruz one has a good view of the town. *Above:* A view of the valley during the rainy season from the sacred mountain of Tepozteco, according to legend, the dwelling place of the god Topoztecatl.



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(Continued from page 30) the crossroads at the entrance to the town, a natural obelisk, like those traditionally put at the entry to all sacred realms. There is always some festivity in Tepoztlán—sometimes even death is celebrated—especially the long festivals each barrio devotes to its patron saint, with that peculiar mix of indigenous paganism and Catholicism (or vice versa). I had known about the sound of the Tepoztec night, now I learned about its light. Fireworks exploded in the early dawn, red, yellow, and blue flames rising to tell the sun spirit that we were awaiting him.

I adopted stray dogs. At a wake, I sat through the night singing before intricately wrought candles like waxen lace that the following day would burn before the Lord of Ixcatepec, a great miracle maker, I was told.

And as I believe in people who have faith more than in faith itself, I soon was following processions and dancing with the *chinelos* in the market plaza on Carnival days. Unidentifiable *mestizos,* all wearing identical white-man masks, rich velvet tunics, and large headdresses encrusted with pearls and topped by a crest of ostrich plumes.

In August, I followed the supplicants for rain, carrying white flowers (the last time we went too far and it poured for days on end). With the villagers I entered the white sixteenth-century monastery in the middle of town to drink the bitter orange liquor that celebrates rain. Then, traitor that I am, I fled back to New York, where Tepoztlán became a constant nostalgia and formed a part of my writing.

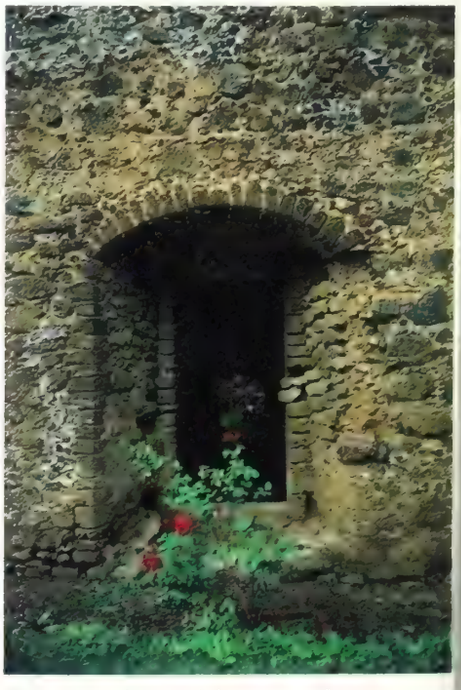
THE HERE-PLACE

But I always want to return to the sources of my language, and Mexico isn't far away and Tepoztlán is a familiar milestone. Until a certain day, on a certain impromptu trip, there it was, bearing a for-sale sign: the little house where I'd spent my first night, with its long, slightly overgrown, terraced garden, the enormous trees, the fireplace, the large window, the gallery. Waiting for me. Who could have resisted the temptation to buy it? It was the thing to do, my Mexican friends tell me, it's so near. Near what? I ask myself when I am gripped by common sense and remember that I live in New York, not Mexico City. But in my heart I know the answer: near me, almost touching me, enveloping me.

And last summer, my first there, as I walked through the garden every morning looking at the new flowers, I felt at least a foot above the ground. We have to weed out those plants, they're a plague, the gardener said, and I, no, no, they have beautiful red leaves, look they even have blooms. That wall *(Continued on page 36)*



A view of the monastery of Santa María de la Natividad.



Stone archway of the sixteenth-century monastery.



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The typical blue doorway of the author's house in Tepoztlán.

(Continued from page 32) in the back, I'm going to paint it white, the gardener said, and I, no, no, I love it the way it is, the color of clay, with the little rows of pebbles stuck in the mortar between the adobe blocks. I don't want my house civilized, it's part of my spiritual backyard. It is made of volcanic stone and adobe, thick beams and mossy red roof tiles. More than a house, it's a box to contain pottery, handcrafted furniture, masks, and reference books for a future work on masks that I could write merely by walking through the market only four short blocks away, on Wednesdays and Sundays. There a profusion of colors, all the fruits of the earth, and all the elements of incantation—incense, amulets, ritual ceramic animals—can be found.

And in the market, it is an easy matter to move from eye to mouth. There are many stands with tacos made with colored tortillas, a specialty of the region where corn can be mauve or blue or violet. For more formal Mexican dishes, I usually choose one of the three little restaurants on the side of the marketplace, sometimes the better-looking one, under the arches. And on weekends the choice is larger: in a very old house by the side of the Monastery of Santa María de la Natividad is the Bistrot del Convento, or the Tibetan restaurant around the corner.

When friends *(Continued on page 40)*


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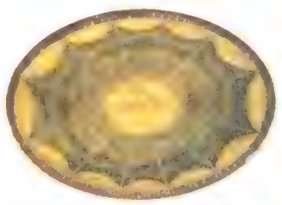
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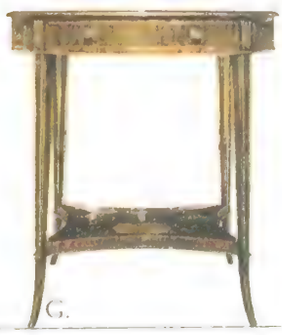
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(Continued from page 36) ask me where to stay I tell them unfortunately the old-fashioned, traditional Posada del Tepozteco is now closed, but that there is a new larger hotel, Hotel Tepoztlán; perched up high it has wonderful views and yet it is cleverly hidden away. Tepoztlán's downtown area—if one may call it so—consists only of a plaza with an old-fashioned gazebo, the lively marketplace and just four blocks with a few shops (mostly specializing in beautiful handcrafts) and two primitive health-food stores meant for those who go to Tepoztlán in search of its restorative powers.

Some feel the bliss has more to do with Tepoztlán's being one of the rare zones of dense negative ions rather than with the rending of the veil about which the Aztec princes knew so much. But the enchantment is not out in the open. It's in the many narrow, cobbled streets, the secret overgrown and abandoned gardens and on the roof by the bell towers of the tiny sixteenth-century chapels that are so much like earthenware sculptures.

UPHILL

We climb. The mountain is called Tepozteco and it is the dwelling of the god Tepoztecatl, one of the creators of the milky, fermented drink known as pulque. It was the summer home of Aztec princes, (Continued on page 44)



The Aztec pyramid of Tepoztlán which can be reached after an hour's climb.

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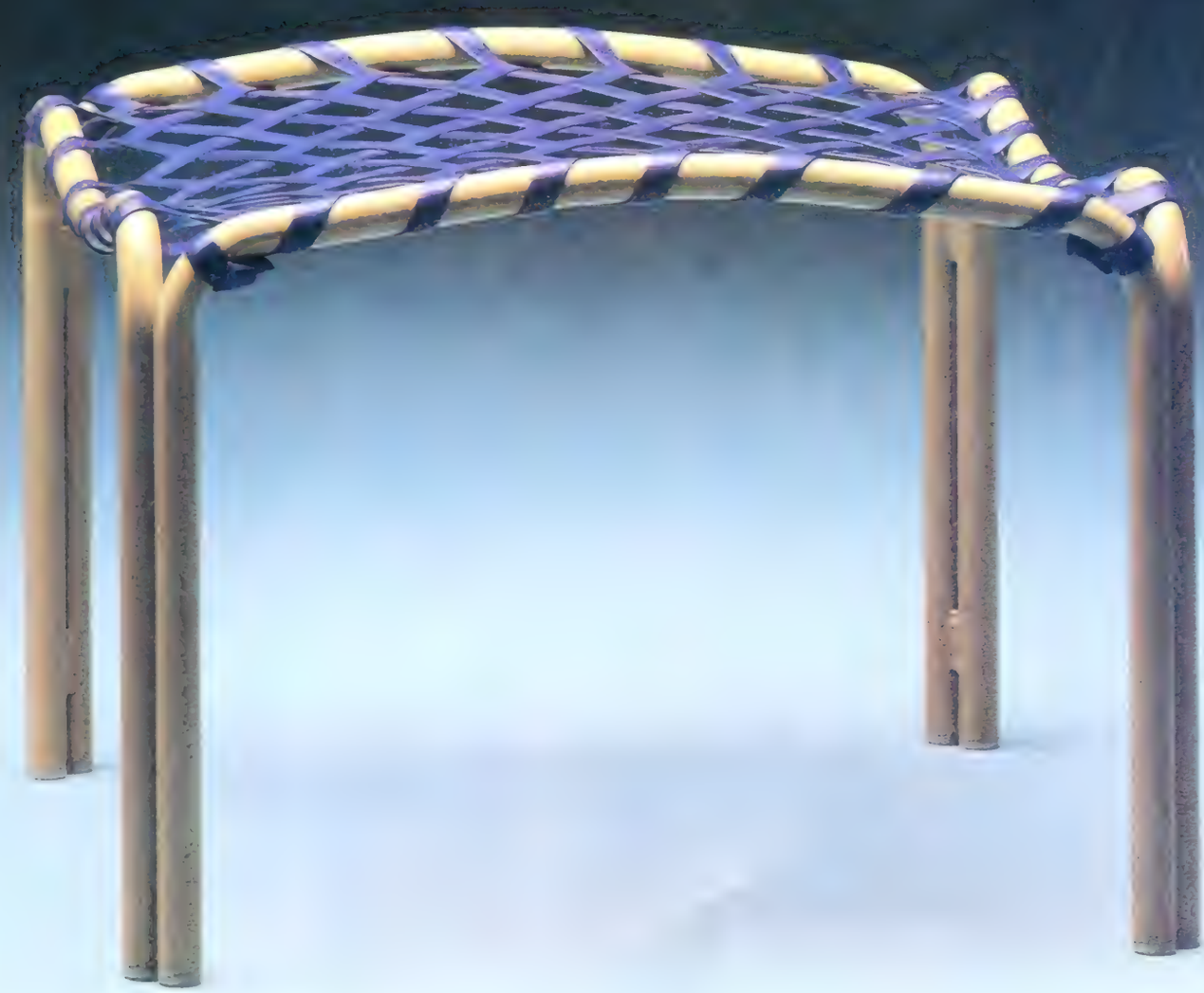


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(Continued from page 40) carpeted with moss and flowers. The ominous forms of the ahuehuetes—the ancient trees—twist high above the arroyo where we are climbing. The ascent is not easy; we follow the cleft cut by erosion; on both sides rise high vertical stone walls covered in dense undergrowth. Lichen hangs above until we reach the blazing light on top of the mountain where there is a view of the entire valley and, in the distance, other mountains, normal mountains with gentle slopes and predictable shapes. But we are on the sacred, jagged Tepozteco, which—according to legend—on nights of fierce storms and Jovian lightning bolts competes with distant Popocatépetl for the love of the female volcano Ixtacihuatl, the "Sleeping Woman." The anthropomorphism of these mountains is closely related to



The *chinelos* in their velvet and maribou costumes, used for dancing at Carnival and Easter.

the mountainous mystery of their creatures. To our right the Corredores del Viento, corridors of the wind; to our left, Tlacatepetl, the bold "Man Mountain" that looks like a petrified giant, hairy with trees.

And, finally, the simple Aztec pyramid of the heights, the sense of command and a command of the view. Below, far in the distance, the long valley bathed in misty blues with glints of gold light and of hope. I recognize the landscape *(Continued on page 48)*



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(Continued from page 44) of my most beautiful recurring dream and I enjoy a waking happiness.

Sometimes instead of climbing I go down to the valley. There amazing mansions are hidden behind bougainvillea-covered walls. From the tameness of the valley the phallic guardian rock at the entrance to the village presents its other side. The apparently solid rock is in reality two rocks facing one another and almost touching at one point. The gringos of the valley call them the Kissing Rocks. The natives must attribute to them some of their beautiful legends, vaguely reminiscent of those Japanese legends of a world beyond the tomb.

My house at the entrance to the town stands on volcanic rock. The valley has water all year round, but up above we sometimes have problems during the dry season. I live in the barrio of San Miguel—neither high on the mountain nor low in the valley—and gradually I am finding out why I chose the middle road. It may, unexpectedly, be connected with semantics: as they call the inhabitants of Santo Domingo toads, they call those of us who live in San Miguel lizards. In writing *The Lizard's Tail* I was more literally a part of the village than I realized.

The *brujos* also seek their own levels: Don Vincente, who is almost inaccessible, lives high on the mountain; he performs his cleansing ceremonies using the egg of a black hen. As he cracks the egg a thick smoke emerges, and a sprinkling of soil—from the grave, he says, and if the evil is deeply rooted, he will sacrifice the black hen itself.

Don Pablo, the valley *brujo,* lays out the cards, prays profusely, calls on the aid of his guardian spirit, and anoints our foreheads with the tiny seeds of the *chía,* a variety of sage, which later will be used to placate any enemies.

The witchcraft of the writer Basurto, on the other hand, consists of the sublime folly of nurturing a crowded little bookshop in the village. And he tells me, "When you mail letters from here, or to here, write on the envelope, 'Tepoztlán, City of Magic.' We have to spread the word."

Not a chance. That's not the kind of information to be revealed on the outside of an envelope. It must be folded inside, and carefully sealed. □

Translated by Margaret Sayers Peden

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ARCHITECTS AT TEA

Eleven well-known designers create silver services that reign, if not pour

By Brooks Adams



Aldo Rossi's tea and coffee set is the only one to have an architectonic framework.

In 1980 eleven architects were asked by the Italian firm of Alessi, which specializes in stainless steel, to design a silver coffee and tea set. Two of the firm's most popular products are the work of Richard Sapper: an espresso maker (in The Museum of Modern Art's Design Collection) and a tea kettle (which whistles in the notes of E, B, and A). The architects' tea sets, however, are not industrial products; they belong to a more hypothetical branch of Alessi. According to Alessandro Mendini, an editor of *Domus*, the man who had the original idea for them and one of the architects involved, the tea sets, "Domestic Landscapes," as he calls them, might form the beginning of an Alessi design museum. In any case, they are for sale, at retail prices ranging from $12,000 to $30,000. Each is made to order in sterling silver in an edition of 99. At present, silver-plate versions of the sets are touring American museums through November.

The architects are all men of a certain age—born in the thirties except for the Barcelonan Oscar Tusquets, who is slightly younger (born 1941), and Robert Venturi, who is slightly older (born 1925). The other Americans—Richard Meier, Michael Graves, [illegible]—are well-known architects and, the last three, as polemicists of the Post Modern movement; Venturi is its unofficial dean. The Italians involved—Mendini, Aldo Rossi, Paolo Portoghesi—are as well-known for their architectural criticism as for their buildings. The one Japanese, Kazumasa Yamashita, is best-known in this country through Charles Jencks's books on Post Modernism. These frequently illustrate Yamashita's Face House (1974) in Kyoto, the elevation of which has windows, ducts, and door in the configuration of a face. The Viennese architect, Hans Hollein, is steeped in the Vienna design tradition, which all of these architects admire.

The illustrations in the "Tea and Coffee Piazza" catalogue show how these architects have drawn on such sources as Wiener Werkstätte silver and Art Deco electroplate. In fact, these styles evolved in the years in which the architects grew up. So perhaps these tea sets function also as autobiographies, fraught with nostalgia and sentimentality.

Although, metaphorically speaking, Portoghesi's is an Italian village, Hollein's an aircraft carrier, Venturi's the Campidoglio, Meier's a Cubist still life, and Rossi's a religious shrine (or a seaside cabana), the fact remains that these tea sets are all very similar. They are concerned not with the way things feel, but with the way they look.

Oscar Tusquets's is the organic set—the one with the gentle pod shapes that look as if they might be comfortable to hold but in fact are not (the ebony handles have not yet arrived). The virtue of his design is its concision. He is the only one in the group to dispense with the coffeepot. The teapot and creamer are each made of two welded shells, recalling not only Eduardo Torroja but Antonio Gaudí.

Charles Jencks's is a stepped terrace on which each *(Continued on page 54)*


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Reminiscent of Goldfinger and Lolita, Tigerman's set is decidedly kinky to touch. Its tray handles are lifelike hands; its spouts pouty lips



(Continued from page 52) vessel stands as a silver column. These would be impossible to hold when hot. Although the coffeepot has three spouts (concealed in the Ionic order) for pouring, the teapot and creamer have none. While I might quibble that the columns don't exactly line up with their square places on the terrace and should have been sunken into it as planned, or that the rams' heads atop the tea column should be the missing spouts, these are minor complaints against an ivory tower stance of utter uselessness that I basically applaud.

Stanley Tigerman is the only one to give tea and coffee a pointedly sexual flavor. Reminiscent of *Goldfinger* and *Lolita* at once, Tigerman's set is decidedly kinky to touch. Its tray handles are lifelike hands; its spouts are pouty lips that open and close; one picks up the

[illegible] designs for [illegible] trays that I hope

Left: Richard Meier's set evokes Cubist shapes. *Right*: Michael Graves's recalls the work of Josef Hoffmann and Dagobert Peche.

Tigerman will go on to produce.

Of the three other American sets, Venturi's is the most "mod." Its gold-plated polka-dot flowers remind me of Mary Quant. Putting the Alessi logo in big letters on the front and back of the coffee urn only advertises the fact that the architect is not averse to labeling. Venturi is Pop, a product of the sixties, and the only one to play around with traditional Georgian tea- and coffeepot shapes. I particularly like the coffee urn's three deliberately flat feet.

Meier's uses the most silver, takes a month to make, and is the most expensive. Like those grassy sites that set off his white houses, Meier's tray is expansive and unadorned. The ivory handles on the coffee- and teapots are proof that in the hands of a master, white is all the color you need.

Graves's is the glitziest. The fluted silver surfaces of his set are inspired by Josef Hoffmann and Dagobert Peche's twenties silver for the Wiener Werkstätte, only turned inside out. There is a problem of overcrowding on Graves's tray. The lids of his pieces feel too light for their massive look and the blue aluminum balls are chipping. But his fake ivory handles feel perfect, and his attempt to mix color with silver and precious metal with industrial plastics is praiseworthy.

The Italians are up against the same problems, but I don't feel their solutions are as successful. From the illustrations in the catalogue we realize that many of their good ideas remained on paper or were scrapped in production. Whatever happened to Aldo Rossi's espresso maker? Rossi's substitute coffee- and teapot, with their conical bodies, their necks in blue stove enamel, and their conical hats, look like two bishops about to celebrate mass in the shrine-shaped storage unit.

Portoghesi's *(Continued on page 56)*

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Lee Jofa

(Continued from page 54) set, with its black-and-white enamel border, recalls the design of his E.N.P.A.S. hall (1958) in Florence, which in turn was influenced by, among other things, Josef Hoffmann's first Wiener Werkstätte exhibition hall. Portoghesi's original idea seems to have been to evoke Filippo Raguzzini's rococo Piazza S. Ignacio in Rome, but his hexagonal coffeepot ended up looking like a Romanesque basilica. Because the coffeepot is so big (it could easily serve six), the teapot is reduced to the same size as the creamer and sugar bowl, and could only serve enough tea for one.

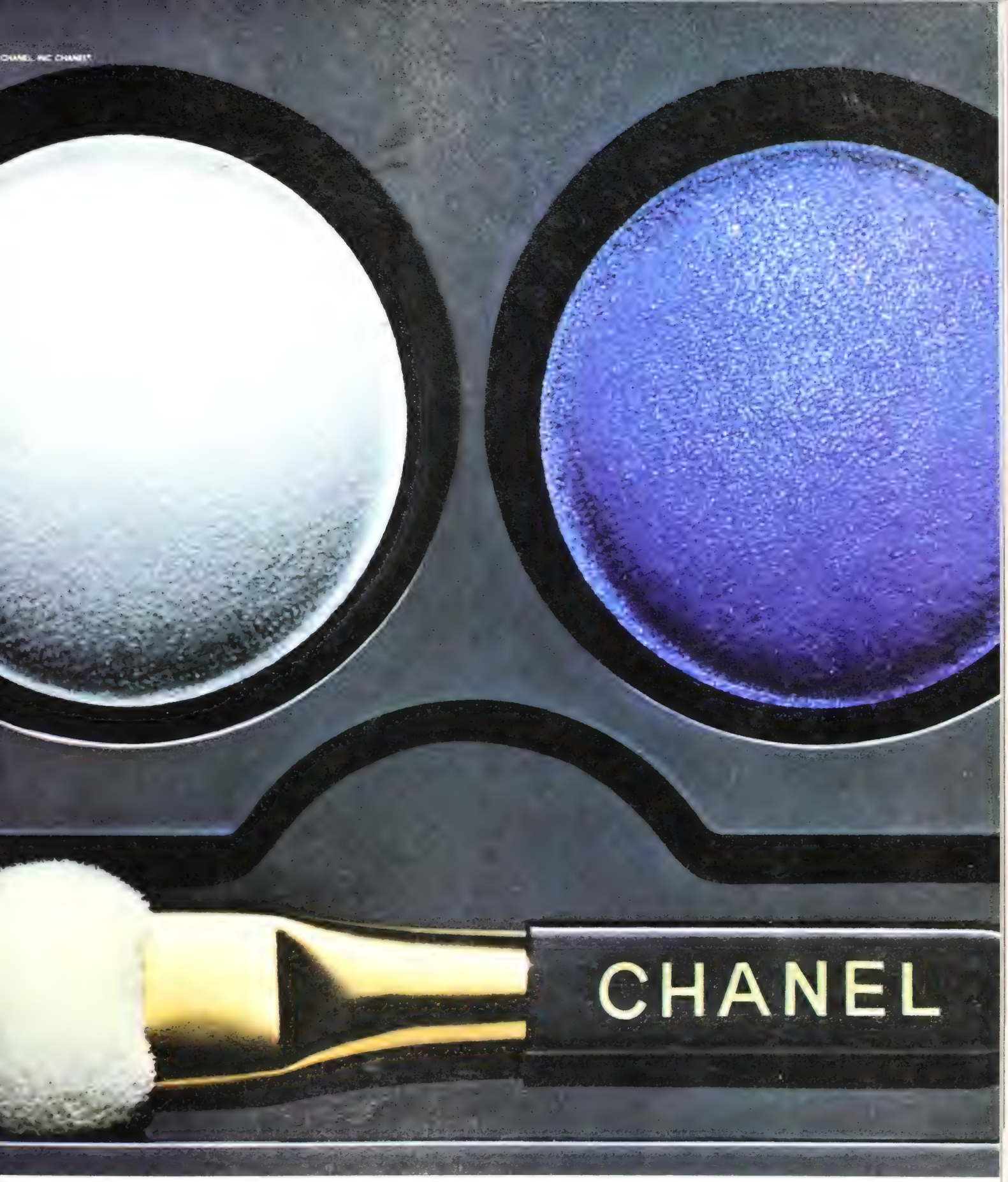
Mendini is the only one to revive the idea of coffee urns on pedestals. He made the prototypes with their lids on a tilted axis; they looked like hats on little heads. He got rid of this idea, made them level and less funny. But then he added little waving silver flags that look like ear-wings and seem vestigial.

Without being overly serious or fascistic, Yamashita and Hollein's sets are the strictest and most militaristic. Yamashita's pieces line up on a single axis (like Jencks's); all are the same width, and each fits into its own grooved place. Although the sugar and milk places are interchangeable, their vessels are not: the curving knobs atop each piece spell out "C" on the coffeepot, "T" on the tea, "S" on the sugar, and "M" on the milk—a tongue-in-cheek on the semiotics, or sign language, of Post Modernism. The nicest thing about this is the way you don't see the letters at first, but only the abstract play of the arabesque. All the spouts and *(Continued on page 60)*



Robert Venturi's set is engraved with flowers and on the coffee urn, the Alessi logo.

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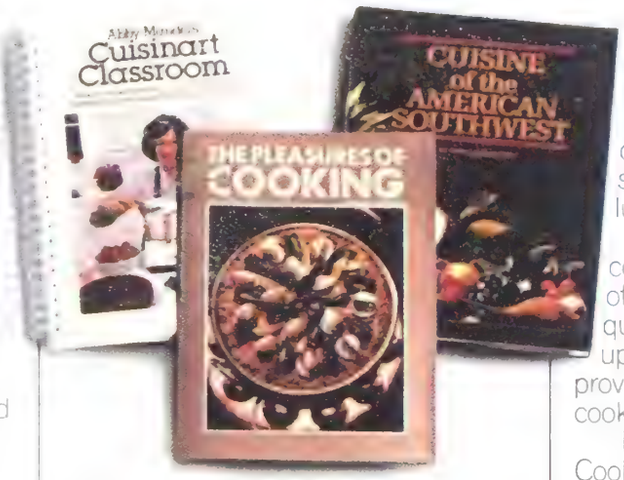
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Paolo Portoghesi's set is on a hexagonal tray.

(Continued from page 56) handles look like some immensely efficient circuitry, when in fact they are largely unfunctional and too hot to handle.

Hollein's aircraft carrier is probably the best-designed set. It's a pleasure to open his ellipsoidal teapot with its funny blue pointed feet and swooping handle both in heat-resistant metracrylate. Move any of the other pieces out of place, and the whole design falls apart. Yet it looks so casually arranged. The transversal band (or tire skid) on the tray has a satin finish—a sexy fillip, almost New Wave in feeling, because at first you think it might be a mistake. The tray doesn't look like anything on its own; it needs the other pieces, and God forbid you get their positions wrong. As the catalogue warns: "They have a precise planimetrico-spatial arrangement." This may be necessary in the Navy, but does it have to be this way in a tea set?

Today, when issues of traditionalism are alive and kicking, these architects' tea sets are noteworthy as an attempt to bring back precious craftsmanship. If this can't be done, it is not entirely the fault of the present. Holding one of these architect's tea sets in our hands, we are heir to a formidable, almost overwhelming past. That these architects have handled it with a certain lightness and sense of humor is proof of their wisdom. They know what we sometimes forget, that all silver had to be new once, and that theirs will be old silver soon enough. □

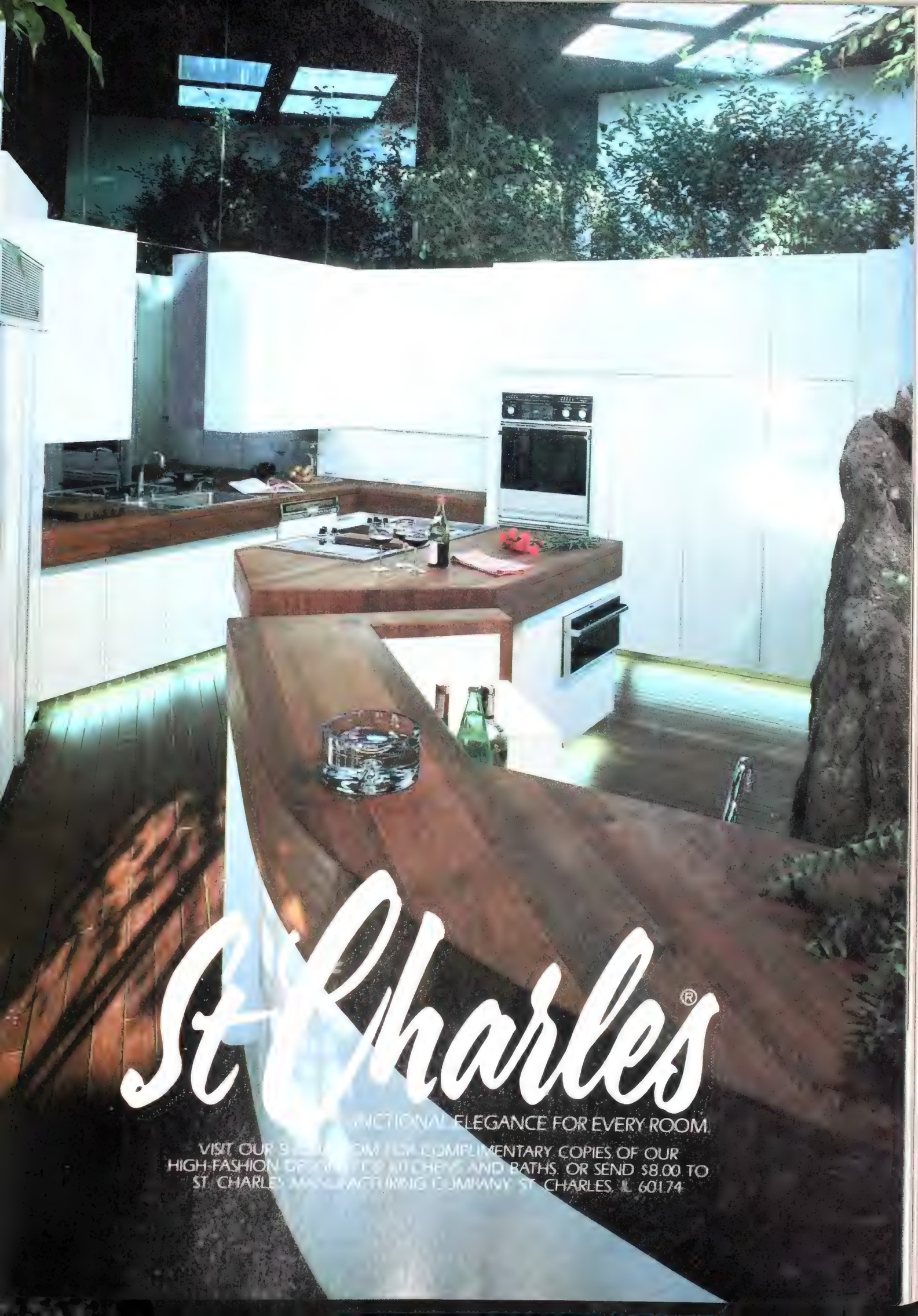
Max Protetch will exhibit the sterling silver sets at the Chicago International Art Exposition, May 10–15. The plate-silver sets are on view at the La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, April 28–June 3; the Seattle Art Museum, June 15–July 15; the Renwick, Washington, D.C., August 1–November 30.



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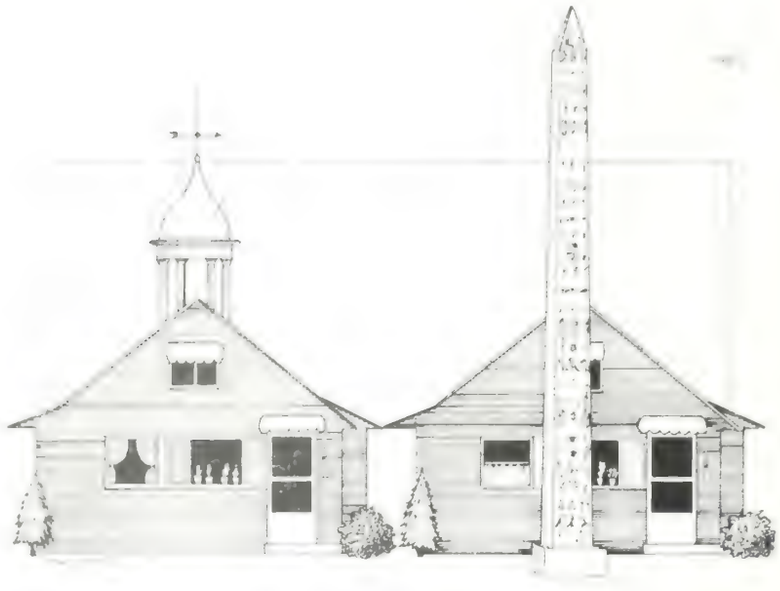
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THE LAST FORBIDDEN SUBJECT

Two new books look at America's ambivalent notions of status and mobility

By John Richardson



CLASS: A GUIDE THROUGH THE AMERICAN STATUS SYSTEM
by Paul Fussell
Summit Books, 192 pp., $14.95

CLASS ACT: AMERICA'S LAST DIRTY SECRET
by Benita Eisler
Franklin Watts/Grove, 318 pp., $18.95

Two recently published books insist that class has replaced sex as "a forbidden subject." You can outrage people today by mentioning social class, Paul Fussell maintains, while Benita Eisler makes the even more dubious claim that "Class is America's last dirty secret." And in justification she recounts how a local matron was slapped by her grandmother when she called a friend "middle class"; not for the good reason that little pots shouldn't call kettles black but because, to believe Grandma, there were "no classes in America—upper, lower, or middle." Wishful thinking! America may never have permitted itself the luxury of an aristocracy, nor, since the Civil War, much in the way of landed gentry, but it can certainly lay claim to a middle and proletarian class ("prole" to Fussell) as well as even lower orders that Fussell designates as "destitute" and "bottom out-of-sight."

No, in its own peculiar way America is as class-ridden as any other civilized country. The main difference is that, unlike European society, which is going down a bourgeois drain, American society is going up a bourgeois spout—upwardly mobile, but with nowhere much to go. For, as de Tocqueville predicted, the absence of an aristocracy dooms people with social aspirations to ultimate frustration, to "the ravages of inordinate and unsuccessful ambition"—such a recurrent feature of American life to this day.

To my mind, class only constitutes "a forbidden subject" insofar as climbers are obliged to be cagey about the sordid maneuvers that gentrification necessitates. The surprising thing is that several of the upwardly mobile men and women interviewed by Eisler (notably a nauseating young artist who envisages artistic fulfillment in terms of "career management") come across as more self-congratulatory than shamefaced; in the same way that one newly rich old woman I know regards the P.R. man who vainly tries to propel her into social orbit as a status symbol rather than a "dirty secret."

In very different ways both these books illuminate very different aspects of their subject. Basing herself on Studs Terkel–like interviews, Eisler slices through the strata of the middle and lower classes and, to her credit, does not flinch from the ticklish problems of ethnic, religious, and sexual minorities. Too bad, however, that the author concentrates exclusively on mobility ("The immobile are not my subject," she says), because established members of this or that class are the only yardsticks by which we can appraise the progress—downward as well as upward—of her cleverly contrasted subjects. Granted, much of the American class structure is in a state of flux, but there is still enough stability to make the prototypes as vital to study as mutants and mutts.

Far less absorbed by the dilemmas of upward mobility is the pseudonymous Paul Fussell (in fact Professor Donald T. Reagan of the University of Pennsylvania). Did he, one wonders, adopt a *nom de plume* because he takes such a poor view of his homonym, the President? Reagan "violates virtually every canon of upper-class or even upper-middle-class presentation. The dyed hair is . . . an outrage . . . ." This, I am afraid, sets the tone of *Class*. Half in jest, half in anger, Fussell sets out to study "the visible and audible signs of class"—that is to say the more obvious externals. Fortunately Fussell has a Betjemanesque eye and ear for solecisms and shibboleths as well as a sly sense of humor and style, none of which will be news to admirers of *Abroad* (his pioneer study of travel writing between the wars). As a result his book has a certain lampoonish liveliness, *(Continued on page 66)*

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Half upset, half in anger, Fussell sets out to study "the visible and audible signs of class"—that is to say the more obvious externals

[illegible] and is dominated by pre-pure-food-and-drug days [illegible] more like Durrell and Greene.

But in the last event Fussell's study of the American class system is falsified by a disinclination to see it in the light of history or economics, changing [illegible] and by a refusal to see how this "forbidden subject" is affected by the no less or no more forbidden subjects of race, religion, and sexual orientation, which Eisler courageously confronts. For it is only when these decisive elements are taken into account that the topic of class takes on depth and complexity. We can then apply the principles of our choice: Marxist, Proustian, or (Emily) Postian. If we look hard we may be able to discern some kind of pattern in the carpet, or appreciate how even the most trivial things send out social signals: how a Boehm bird or a Wyeth print, a mink cape or a man's elbow patch (depending on whether it has been added to a worn or unworn jacket) can denote discrimination or enhance status in certain circles and have a diametrically opposite effect in others. In matters of class *everything* is relative.

Place, too, is inextricably bound up with class. In New Orleans one might adorn the living room with a glass case containing the effigy or a photograph or portrait of a forebear dressed as Queen of Carnival; north of the Mason-Dixon line such a display might be thought comic or discreditable. But instead of exploring regional anomalies, Fussell tries to get a rise out of the reader. For instance he claims that "Los Angeles would rank low less because it's ugly and banal than because it was owned by the Spanish for so long. A similar fact explains why St. Louis outranks San Antonio." (Outranks it? Surely not in class or charm.) No less tendentious is the author's claim that "true class desirability" of cities is in an [illegible] Peoria, Fussell's list of "socially impossible" places includes Midland, Texas. Does the fact—overlooked by the author—that Midland has one of the highest per capita incomes in the USA prove or disprove his theory? Or should we apply a separate set of standards to Texas?

Fussell has devised a no less specious method for determining the class of flowers: "one way to learn which flowers are vulgar is to notice the varieties favored on Sunday morning T.V. religious programs . . . primarily geraniums (red are lower than pink), poinsettias and chrysanthemums." Apart from reservations about the word "lower," I would go along with this provided 'American Beauty' roses, anthurium, and strelitzia were added to the list, on the grounds that they look artificial. But this game can get out of hand, and even the most exigent plant snob might question Fussell's decrees: "declassed also are phlox, zinnias, salvia, gladioli, begonias, dahlias, fuchsias, and petunias." It all, of course, depends on how they are used; even gladioli and red salvia can be planted or arranged in an imaginative way. As for zinnias, I would have thought it was—well—vulgar to find zinnias vulgar, especially that wonderful green variety called 'Envy'.

Another area where Fussell is more diverting than accurate is decoration. "Approaching any house," he says, "one is bombarded with class signals." And he contrasts such enjoyable "prole" manifestations as "defunct truck tires painted white with flowers inside" and "a statue of the Blessed Virgin inside an old-fashioned bathtub propped upright" with the would-be WASP garage complete with cupola and weather vane. "One surefire prole stigma . . ." he claims, "is the Christian emphasis . . . self-congratulatory mottos on little mock wooden plaques . . . 'When you help someone up a steep hill you get nearer the top yourself,' . . . these . . . assert that God loves proles, which He doubtless does, although there seems to be no reason for constantly harping on it." If only Fussell would cut the cackle and explore the religious aspect less facetiously he might explain why Catholic knick-knacks carry fewer class stigmas than Protestant ones, or why, conversely, the trappings of the Russian Orthodox faith confer stylishness, at least to judge from the way smart but quite un-Orthodox people deck their four-poster beds with Russian Easter eggs and icons. Alas, Fussell's parameters do not permit a class-rating of Judaica.

Fussell's recipe for transforming a middle-class living room into a prole one is nothing if not precise: "You'd add a Naugahyde Barcalounger and reinvite ideology back into the pictures, but the ideology would be the sort conveyed in the popular chromo 'Christ at the United Nations.' Thick transparent plastic would cover the upholstery, fringe would appear around the bottom of the sofa, and little woolly balls would dangle from the lampshades . . . . These things would satisfy the prole hunger for, as decorators put it, 'lots of goop.' "

Fine, except of course for the fringe. Readers of this magazine hardly need reminding that fringe is one of the costliest items in the decorator's bag of tricks and, thanks to the vogue for Second Empire upholstery, it has become a status symbol. Much the same goes for "goop"—"good" goop, that is. But again and again Fussell ignores or misunderstands the extent to which class, style, and fashion reflect one another in constantly changing ways. A glaring example is his contention that one item, "although not indispensable in an upper-class setting, is never found outside one. It's the table top obelisk made of marble or crystal." Obelisks, unless made of Blue John, are indicators of nothing except possibly sexual orientation. But even that is a moot point because these attractive objects are now *(Continued on page 70)*


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(Continued from page 100 so dated—shades of the East Fifties in the late fifties—that their display no longer carries any equivocal or would be with-it connotations.

Fussell likewise goes too far when he concludes a lengthy analysis of mail-order catalogues by claiming that "catalog-buying delivers the illusion of power without the social risk of encounters with others who might dispute your power." Nonsense! Except for people who are too busy, too idle, or too remote from department stores to shop in person, mail-order customers are addicts of that great American pastime, conceptual shopping. Given the element of uncertainty, conceptual shopping is also a form of gambling: who knows whether the coveted item will turn out to fit, suit, or work, let alone correspond to the illustration?

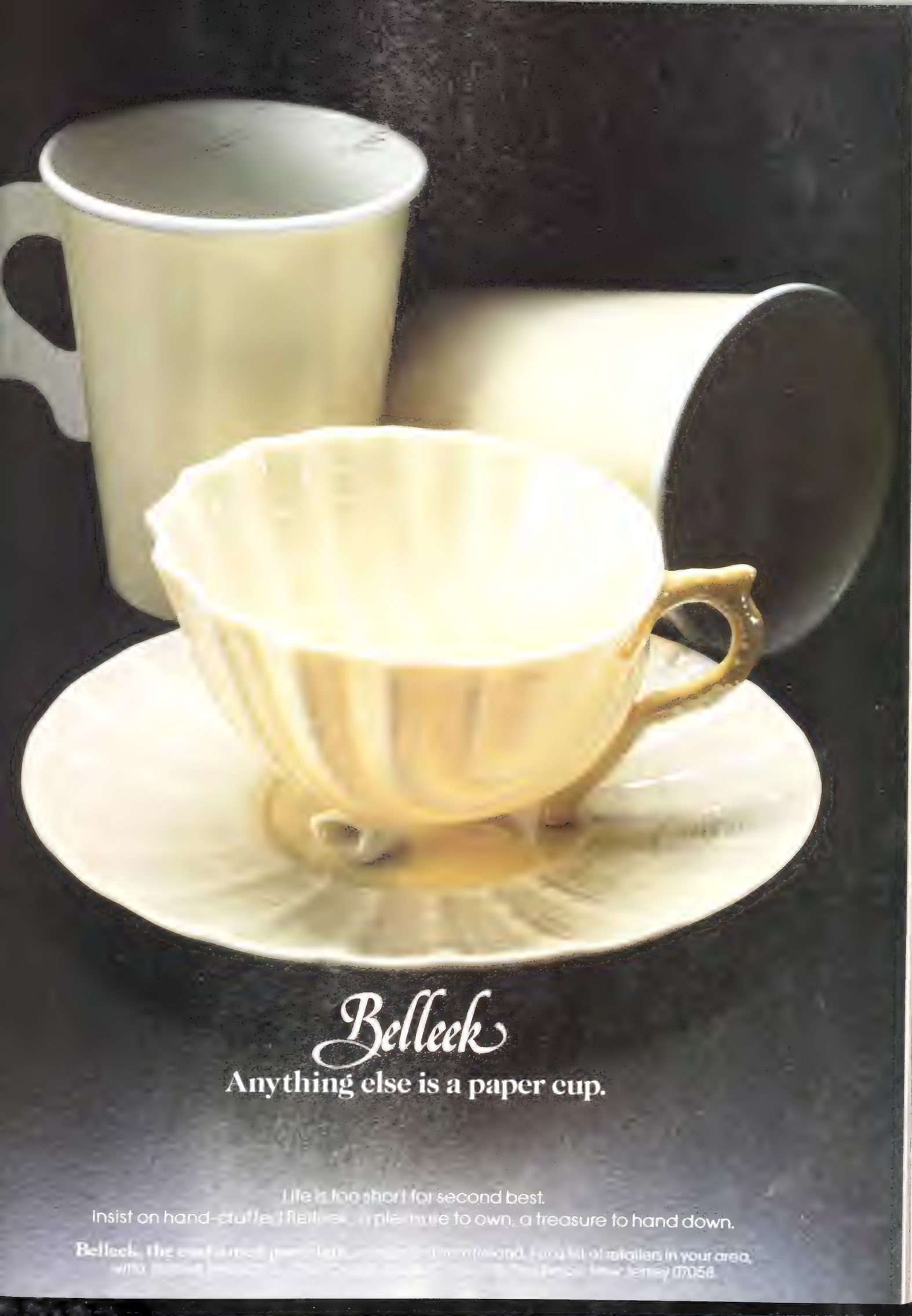
The author's class-rating of these catalogues is no less whimsical. A catalogue, he claims, "is upper class if it sells a life-size metal suit of armor . . . for $2,450. . . . You can either display the suit on a stand or . . . wear it to a party and [drink] through the visor." One could hardly imagine an object less likely to appeal to upper-class taste, more likely to find favor as a conversation piece for very rich "proles" —a newish class that Fussell might have included if he had researched the Sun Belt as well as the East Coast.

Unlike the middle and lower strata of society, the "top-out-of-sight" class and old money are spared Fussell's strictures because the former are difficult of access. As for the latter, "the quasi-aristocratic upper class," he regards this as "the least interesting place in the indigenous class structure"—a perverse view that suggests there may be a chip or two on the professorial shoulder. Are the inhabitants of Newport really less interesting than those of Peoria or Dubuque? Nor does Fussell have much to say about the so-called "Beautiful People," except to quote from a silly book (*Live a Year with a Millionaire*) by Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, who typifies his class about as much as Jerry Falwell typifies Christianity. Like them or not, these are the groups which provide climbers with role models and, more importantly still, social ladders in the form of galas and benefits which enable new money to meet old money on payment of tolls masquerading as philanthropy. Since these rituals are recounted in gossip columns that are read all over America, they should present no problems to a diligent researcher.

The reason for Fussell's disdainful tone becomes clear in his last chapter. The author is out to disassociate himself from the existing class system, and promote a new class—Class X—with his own way of life as exemplar. X people are apparently free spirits—self-cultivated, self-employed, independent-minded: "loose in carriage and demeanor. They adore the work they do, and they do it until they are finally carried out, 'retirement' being a concept meaningful only to . . . wage slaves who despise their work. Being an X person is like having much of the freedom and some of the power of a top-out-of-sight or upper-class person, but without the money. X category is a sort of unmonied aristocracy."

And Fussell goes on to say that "anything recommended in a sound home-furnishings magazine" will not appear in an X living room. What will appear, however, turns out to be left over from the days of flower power. "The guiding principle will be parody display . . . lots of campy fabric. . . . The nearer you approach pure X the closer to the floor you find yourself sitting. . . . There will usually be a large . . . working fireplace, less because it's pretty than because it's fun to copulate on the floor in front of it. . . ."

From the above it is clear that Fussell confines Class X to the swinging groves of academe. Better if he had worked it out in broader terms, for his concept has potential. It could be an effective antidote to "the constraints and anxieties of the whole class racket"; to the social insecurity which leaves otherwise sensible people at the mercy of the bogus imperatives of "in" and "out"; above all to the cloning of America, the reduction of class differences to a genteel pecking order ordained by push and cash and tacky notions of status. Despite Fussell's tumbles into the trap of value judgments which he has dug for himself, all of us would do well to heed the evangelical appeal in his last lines: "The society of Xs is not large at the moment. It could be larger, for many can join who've not yet understood that they have received an invitation." □


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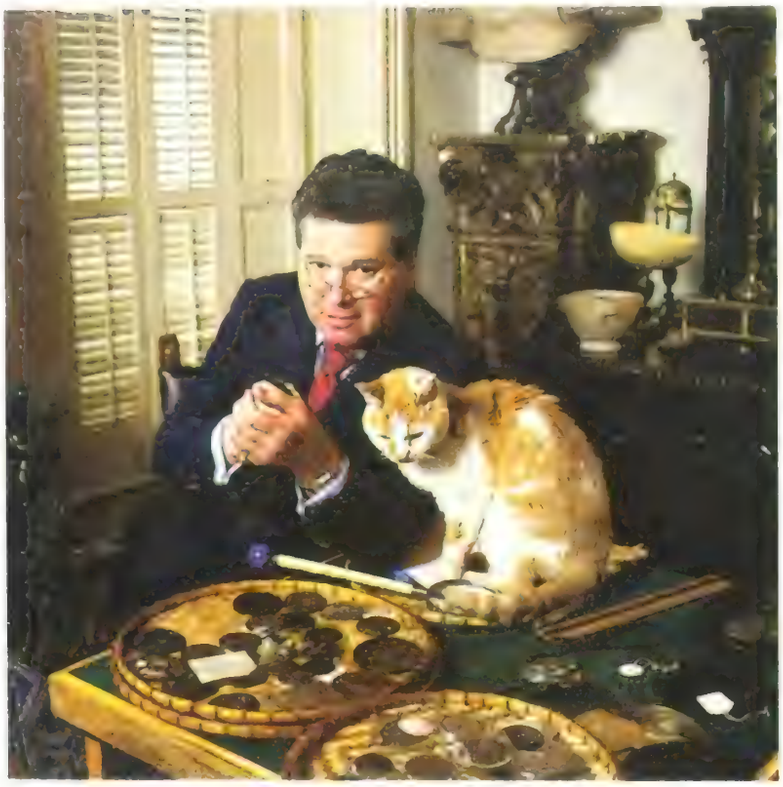
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CAST IN BRONZE

Michael Hall gave up the stage and screen and put his vast collection in the lights

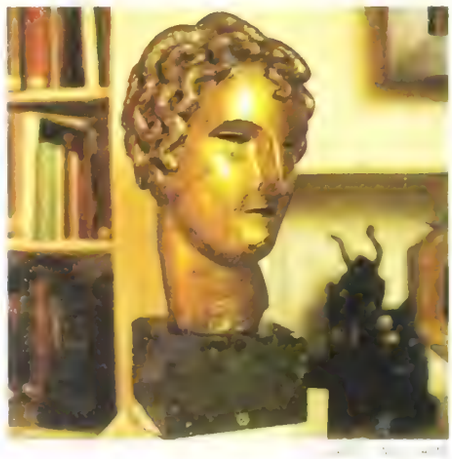
By Michael Boodro





Left: Michael Hall and his cat "Boy" with commemorative medals in bronze and silver. *Above:* A bathing Venus by Giambologna of about 1560 is flanked, left, by Cordier's nineteenth-century Tunisian dancer, and, right, a seventeenth-century Roman gilt-bronze bishop. *Below:* A bust of 1906 by Elie Nadelman.

It could be any Manhattan warehouse —the metal security desk, the concrete floors, the pervasive smell of mothballs in long, dim labyrinthine halls in the center of which are large metal freight containers, lined up like giant model railroad cars. Bare, low-wattage bulbs hang from the ceiling and cast murky shadows on thick metal doorways. But behind the heavy padlocks of eight of these doors lies the domain of perhaps the most extraordinary sculpture dealer in America. Michael Hall's eight rooms in an Upper East Side warehouse, together with his town house a block away, are a strange wonderland, a treasure-trove of three-dimensional art of six centuries. In these storage rooms, resting amid remnants of brown paper and half-opened crates, bubble wrap and plastic foam chips



are bronze portrait busts of Inigo Jones and Henri IV by Jean-Baptiste Lemoyne, a terra cotta of Madame Du Barry by Augustin Pajou, a polychromed bas-relief by Donatello, a Jean Antoine Houdon seated portrait of Voltaire, a bust of Christ by Verrocchio, dancing Columbines, laughing satyrs, sedate royal advisors, leaping horses, and sleeping children.

Michael Hall's history is nearly as varied and diverse as his holdings, as convoluted and complex as the folds in the drapery of one of his favorite Giambologna bronzes. Hall, a short, slightly rounded gentleman with a quick smile and waves of salt-and-pepper hair that would have happily engaged the attention of any of his favorite sculptors, began his career as a child actor. He first played the son of Fredric March and Myrna Loy in *The Best Years of Our Lives,* and then went to New York to study acting and to perform young male roles in two Broadway hits, *Best Foot Forward* and *Strange Bed-* *(Continued on page 78)*

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Continued from page 74 follows. Upon his return to Los Angeles, he made several "terrible" Westerns and worked in a few early television series.

Hardly the usual background for an art dealer, and one tries to picture the young actor who could ride and do his own stunts hunting for *objets d'art* in the wilderness of Los Angeles. "All this time I was fairly poor," says Hall of these early days, "and I wanted to live in a grander style. As I only like the best and I couldn't afford good modern design, I bought antique furniture. I began haunting the auctions."

Los Angeles after World War II was a strangely ideal place to begin collecting because, Hall explains, "There was a large colony of European émigrés in Los Angeles. Many were Jewish refugees who moved to L.A. because it reminded them of the Riviera. They brought great collections of furniture and art which their heirs weren't interested in, so after they died most of their stuff was sold at auction." Once he began buying, Hall couldn't stop. "I literally bought myself into being a dealer," he says now. "I'm an obsessive pack rat and buyer. In order to collect more, I had to sell things. It's still terribly hard, even after thirty years. I never buy things I wouldn't like to keep, that I wouldn't want to live with forever."

Because his interests were so catholic and eclectic, Hall found himself acquiring everything from African art to Navaho rugs to seventeenth-century drawings. But an early and seemingly innate disposition toward sculpture, as well as the fortunate influence of a series of aesthetic mentors, refined and focused his eye. Hall relishes the story of his grandmother, whom he characterizes as "a good Missouri girl," taking him to the first museum in Kansas City a week after its opening, when Hall was six years old. "As we were leaving she asked me, 'What did you like the most?' and I pointed to something blue and shiny above the door. 'That's a della Robbia,' she explained. 'If you work really hard in your life, someday you might be able to afford one.'" Then, years later, on a visit to Washington for a White House dinner with the Trumans in honor of *The Best Years of Our Lives,* Hall had his first contact with Renaissance sculpture at the National Gallery. He found himself particularly drawn to the plaquettes and medals in bronze, silver, and lead. "Then, back in New York," he recalls, "I actually found one, very cheap, on Third Avenue. I couldn't believe my luck, couldn't contain my excitement." Hall is in the process of donating his collection of medals and plaquettes, now totaling almost six thousand pieces, to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. It is the most extensive such collection ever assembled, three or four times larger than the Kress collection.



One of Hall's storage/display warehouse rooms containing mostly quattrocento and cinquecento pieces.

While at UCLA, Hall wrote his thesis on that age-old debate, the argument made famous by Michelangelo and da Vinci, on which art was greater, painting or sculpture. For Hall there was never any question. And then he feels there may be a personal explanation. "I can paint," he says. "Not too badly, really. But I've tried to sculpt, and it's a disaster. I can't do it."

If his fascination for sculpture is instinctive, however, it was his first mentor, the extraordinary art historian and museum professional William Valentiner who had the greatest influence on Hall's eye. When Hall met him in 1954 Valentiner was the director of the L.A. County Museum. Prior to World War II, he had been curator of decorative arts at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. "Valentiner had an interest in the collection of furniture I had accumulated," explains Hall. And in 1956, when he became the first director of the North Carolina Museum of Art in Raleigh, he suggested that they tour Europe together, since Hall had decided to give up his acting career, tired of *(Continued on page 80)*

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Sarouk Carpet (partial view)
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Kashan Carpet (partial view)
18' x 14' circa 1900



Tabriz Carpet (partial view)
16'3" x 12'9" circa 1880



Bijar Carpet (partial view)
18'6" x 12' circa 1860



Oushak Carpet (partial view)
16'4" x 8'5" circa 1890



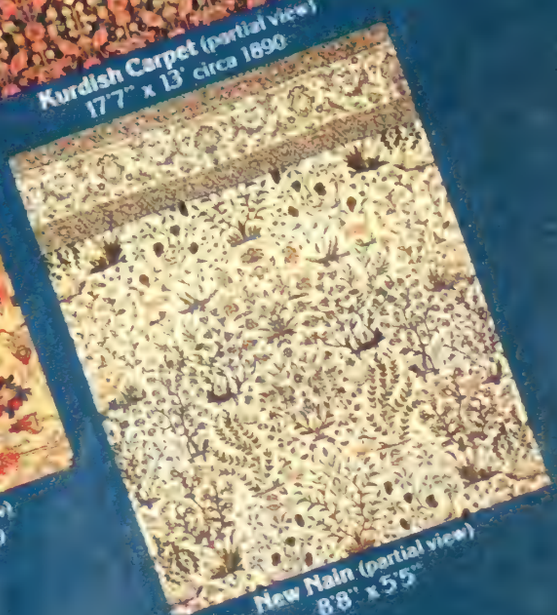
Kurdish Carpet (partial view)
17'7" x 13' circa 1890



Tabriz Carpet (partial view)
19'6" x 13'3" circa 1850



Serapi Carpet (partial view)
11'10" x 9'10" circa 1880



New Nain (partial view)
8'8" x 5'5"



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(Continued from page 78) "forever and ever" playing the boy next door.

Valentiner later introduced Hall to Sir John Pope-Hennessy and Sir Francis Watson. "Watson wanted me to study French furniture. But I couldn't. I just don't like French furniture. It's not my style." But it was Pope-Hennessy who urged Hall to move to England, telling him that he would find "serious" sculpture there. Hall did, and he stayed for one year, finally moving back to New York in 1961.

Los Angeles after World War II was a strangely ideal place to begin collecting

Although he says "99 percent" of his clients are museums, he does have individual customers, and Hall feels that neither the scarcity nor the prices of his pieces prohibit the formation of strong private collections. He mentions two of his private clients, David Daniels and John Gaines. Gaines, he points out, has formed his collection only in the past three to four years. Nonetheless, Hall's enterprise remains far outside the mainstream art market. He jokingly tells of having at one time placed a series of dignified ads in art journals. "I think we had about three responses over ten years," he laughs. But his relative anonymity has not prevented his having an impact on the art market and the popularity of certain periods. He cites nineteenth-century bronzes as an example. Hall says he began buying these pieces years ago when virtually nobody wanted them, no one even looked at them. But Hall thought many were beautiful, and he began buying them quite cheaply. At a recent popular exhibition of bronzes of that period, Hall was startled to find that more than sixty percent had, at some point or another, passed through his hands. "It makes one realize that one can influence taste," he says, still somewhat surprised at how far his own enthusiasm has been adopted.

But Hall also realizes that while one of his enthusiasms may now be fashionable, there are others, equally precious to *(Continued on page 82)*





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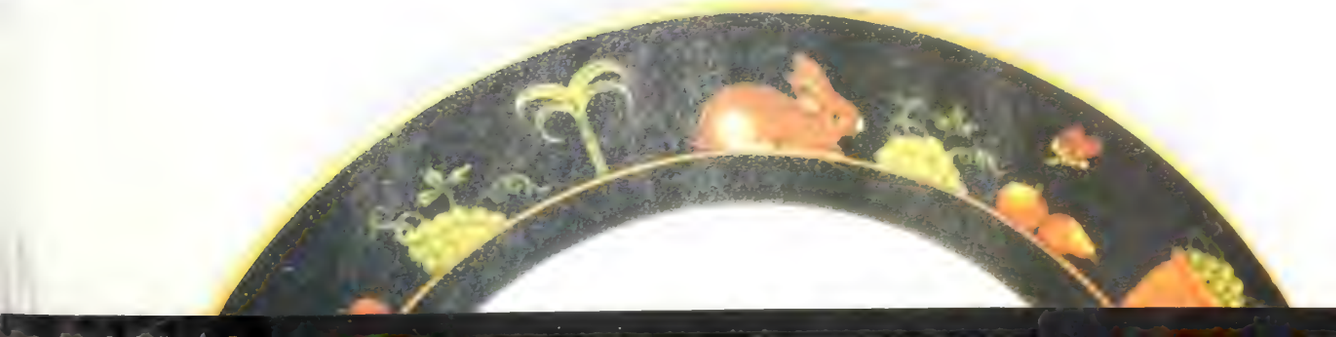
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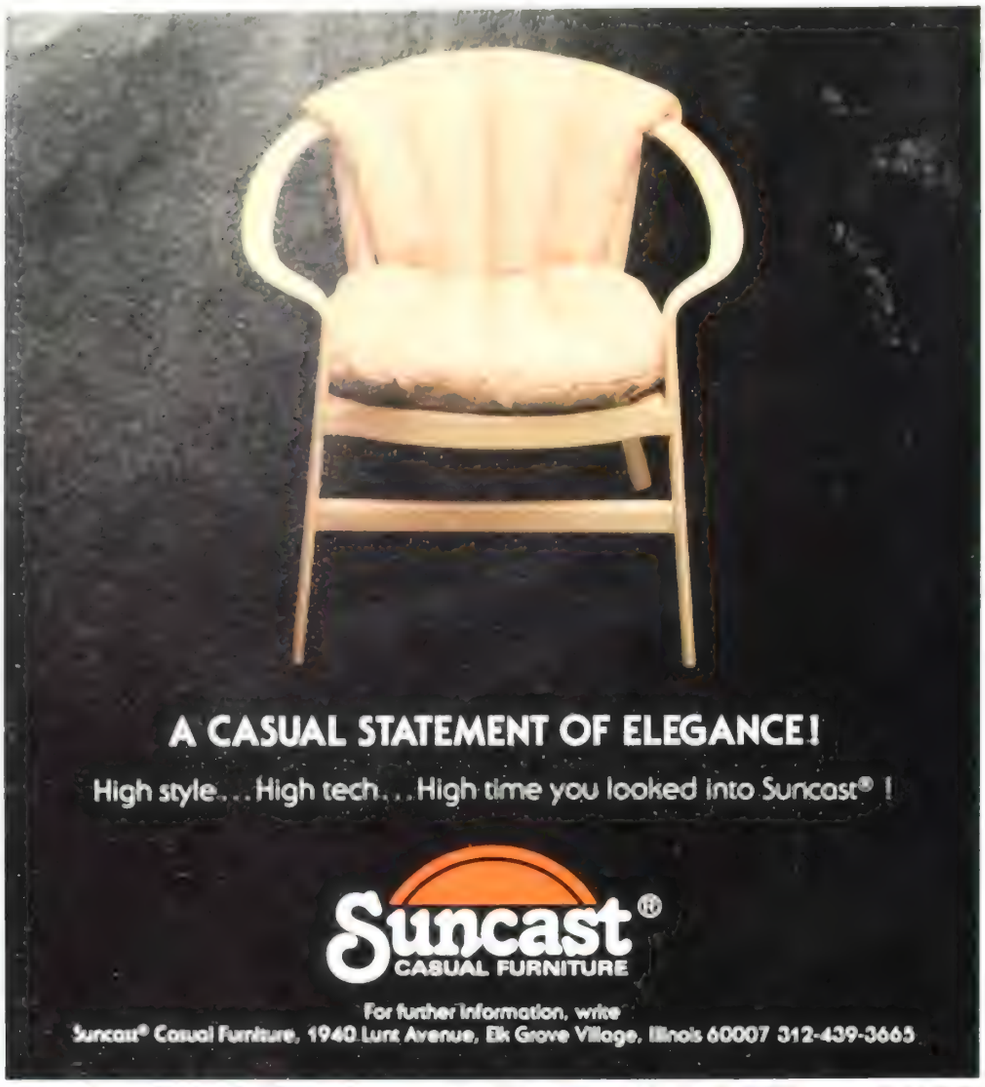
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(Continued from page 80) him, that are not. "I am sorry the Renaissance, from the quattrocento to Baroque, is just not popular." He knows sculpture itself will always be a specialized taste, "the stepchild of painting," as he terms it. "Sculpture requires more space; that's a problem. And today's interiors are simpler." He pauses for a moment, grins. "But not among the cognoscenti."

In his own town house a Bernini bronze sits next to a Florentine lamp from the sixteenth century and a Houdon stucco bust of George Washington, while a rare Fontainebleau tapestry hangs over a table that holds, among other treasures, an Etruscan bronze hand mirror and a small bronze horse and rider by Gilbert, a study for his monument to the Duke of Clarence. Hidden behind the doors of an armoire are a profusion of small objects, including two Bernini bronzes, a small Roman marble figure, a portrait bust of Voltaire by Pigalle, and a carved marble baby by Buffon. Sculptural presences are everywhere. One corner is dominated by a life-sized Venetian portrait bust with inlaid silver eyes by Simone Bianco; on either side of a sofa are the marble busts of a young couple commissioned from Thorvaldsen while they were on their honeymoon in Rome. There are discreet hints of his Hollywood past, including a magnificent polychromed bed that belonged to Marion Davies and was once installed at San Simeon, a charcoal portrait of Ethel Barrymore by Sargent, and a small marble head by Nadelman, which Hall, with a smile, says, "looks like Doris Duke to me." His stairway and hall are lined with drawings, another collection burgeoning to the point where he begrudgingly acknowledges, "I guess I'll eventually have to sell some." This is a prospect to gladden numerous collectors, as his holdings include works by Boucher, Tiepolo, the studio of Titian, Callot, Guercino, Passarotti, and both Agostino and Annibale Carraci.

But for Hall, dealing began and remains secondary. He sells only to give himself the opportunity to buy more. Dealing is primarily an excuse, a purger of guilt, a legitimization of his desires to indulge his acquisitive nature. Dealing is a pretext to utilize and gratify his unrestrained eye. As Hall somewhat sheepishly admits, "I like everything that's good." □





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STOLEN TIME

A treacherous tale of sharks and watches

By Steven M. L. Aronson



In our days at Yale we'd been whales for pleasure, we two. And now some sober years later we were back in New Haven—back at the very tables down at Mory's—not eating barracuda, eating swordfish, when we encountered a shark of a sharper tooth.

To undergraduates Mory's was a kind of collegial teething ring. To graduates all through the years it was hallowed ground. There every Monday evening of the college year the Whiffenpoofs still sing "To the tables down at Mory's," sending a nostalgic thrill along the marrow.

My dinner companion was Jay Mellon—heir—not hostage, to fortune, one of the world's mammoth ones. Directly after graduation he had moved to Kenya, the country of his heart's desire. A far cry then from the tourist-trampled game park it is today, Nairobi for five intrepid years had served as Jay's headquarters for the hunting and scientific expeditions he made all over Africa. Now, with his comprehensive collection of African trophies, more than a hundred of them records, Jay could truly be said to have embroidered his own real-life unicorn

[illegible] with Africa's most

meat and drink to him. Nobody else of my acquaintance—indeed, of the acquaintance of any of my acquaintances, living as we all do in the postwar twentieth century—had hunted sitatunga on the Sese Islands in Lake Victoria or white-tailed gnu in South Africa, let alone stalked Abyssinian ibex, Somali Soemmering's gazelle, Hunter's hartebeest, Mrs. Gray's lechwe, Lord Derby's eland, vaal rehbok, bontebok, blesbok, and dibatag. It was good to see Jay again.

"Yale was hell spelled backwards, and you can say *that* again!" he expostulated good-naturedly as we were shown to our table. "Remember 'The History of Ancient Rome'? I signed up for that course because I'd heard the Romans knew how to enjoy themselves better than anybody else and I wanted to find out how they did it. But the guy who taught it was the greatest Rembrandt-genius of boredom I ever met. If he couldn't put you to sleep in twenty minutes, you were an insomniac!" So it was to be an evening of easy reminiscing.

As Jay went on, I noticed he was wearing two watches, one on each wrist—stainless steel on the right, gold on the left. "This one tells the time in Nairobi," he explained, tapping the gold.

The last time I had seen Jay was in the British Virgin Islands. A group of us had gathered there to explore the wreck of the *Rhône,* the great propeller-driven steamship that had sunk off Tortola in 1867. We were about to dive in when a barracuda, about six menacing feet long, was sighted lurking by our boat. We all stared over the edge, intimidated. Suddenly Jay dove into that sea of danger, and the barracuda shot away at the splash. As far as I was concerned, if Jay never did another thing in all his life, there would always be a touch of Spartacus to him.

I reminded him now of his moment of glory. "Hell," he dismissed it, "with a shark I wouldn't have done that. But a barracuda would never bite anybody. I don't know how they got their bloodthirsty reputation. Maybe because they *look* nasty. They've got all these big teeth and they're constantly opening and closing their yaps underwater. So people *think* they're going to bite them. It's ridiculous. You can float right past a *(Continued on page 88)*


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Grand Marnier.

big—indeed, rather barracuda-like. [illegible] bar's and water for me, rum and Coke for Jay.

"That's a helluva good looking watch you've got there," he remarked to Jay. "Hey, you've got a *couple* of good-looking watches there. I've always wanted to own a good watch. Do me a favor, let me try one on."

Jay dove right into this shark scenario and handed over his watch—the stainless steel one; it was, after all, the one that was telling New Haven time. The waiter buckled it around his wrist, thrust his arm forward the better to appraise it, then went on to wait our dinner. For an appetizer I ordered the Welsh rarebit, Jay the golden buck.

For the main course we each ordered swordfish. It was delicious. Jay, who had laid down his arms for the evening, seemed nonetheless to enjoy this fish he had not speared himself.

But one fish leads to another, or at least to the memory of another, and now Jay was spouting shark: "I caught a big blue shark off Southampton last summer and dumped it in a friend of mine's pool in the middle of the night. She always dove in without looking. My only regret was it wasn't still alive. I tried to revive it before I put it in. It sank to the bottom and, luckily, turned right side up—so she couldn't *tell* it wasn't alive. She hasn't spoken to me since."

Jay continued in a more wistful mood. "I was having lunch with a woman I know the other day and the subject of her nubile daughter came up, and when I didn't rise to the tantalizing bait, she said to me, 'You may *be* the world's most eligible bachelor, Jay Mellon, but it's high time somebody told you the story of the boy who walked through the woods where there were all these divine fresh flowers everywhere, and he just kept passing them by, passing them up as he went on his merry way, thinking he'd find a better flower up ahead, but then he came to the edge of the woods and there *were* no more flowers.' And *I* said to *her*, 'I know a little story, too. Once upon a time there was a guy who was going through the woods and kept passing up the flowers right and left, and then he came to the edge of the woods and there was a whole *field* of nothing *but* flowers—of about fifteen million flowers, to be exact, each one better than the one before.' Well, I'll tell you, she was so angry she stabbed the potato on her plate with her fork. Then she sputtered, 'I've asked my daughter to *(Continued on page 92)*

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HAVILAND LIMOGES: SETTING THE MOOD SINCE 1842

(Continued from page 88) join us for coffee.'"

"That's the most dangerous shark of all," I laughed. "The fortune-hunting-mother shark. Bare frontal cupidity."

Our waiter, seeing that we had finished our entrées, removed the plates. As he did so, I glanced anxiously at his wrist: it still boasted Jay's New Haven–time-telling watch. Not that Jay gave the appearance of having noticed—his thoughts were keeping pace with his gold watch, which told Nairobi time, for he had just begun to tell a Nairobi tale.

"...I was coming back from this fancy ball outside Nairobi, in a Nairobi taxi, which is one of those Third World taxis that's held together with baling wire. Naturally it broke down—in the middle of nowhere, mind you—no street lights, nothing. So I said, Okay, I'm going to hoof it, and I paid the driver off and started to walk to town, which was a good three-hour walk. After a while I saw a car coming toward me from a long way off and in its headlights I saw the silhouettes of two Africans walking in the middle of the road. They had plenty of time to just simply move out of the way to let the car pass, but they literally *jumped* out of the road and *dove* into the bushes.

"I kept walking, but I wondered where the hell those Africans had gone, because in the headlights I'd seen that they were both carrying long machetes. I was getting to the place where they'd disappeared into the bushes when I heard a slight clinking sound, which I thought was the change in my pocket. I stopped, and the clinking continued for a second. I mean, it stopped but it didn't stop when *I* stopped. I was scared stiff—I was just a hopeless city fool with my tuxedo on and my slippery lacquered tuxedo shoes, which you can't run in or anything, after this damn French ball.

"Suddenly one of the Africans darted out of the bushes just ahead of me and shined a flashlight right in my face. Meanwhile the other one had come up behind me and was holding the point of his cane knife against my back, a good heavy cane knife—one whack of that and you're dead. They ordered me in Swahili to give them my valuables. I handed them my wad—I happened to have a hundred bucks' worth of East African *(Continued on page 94)*



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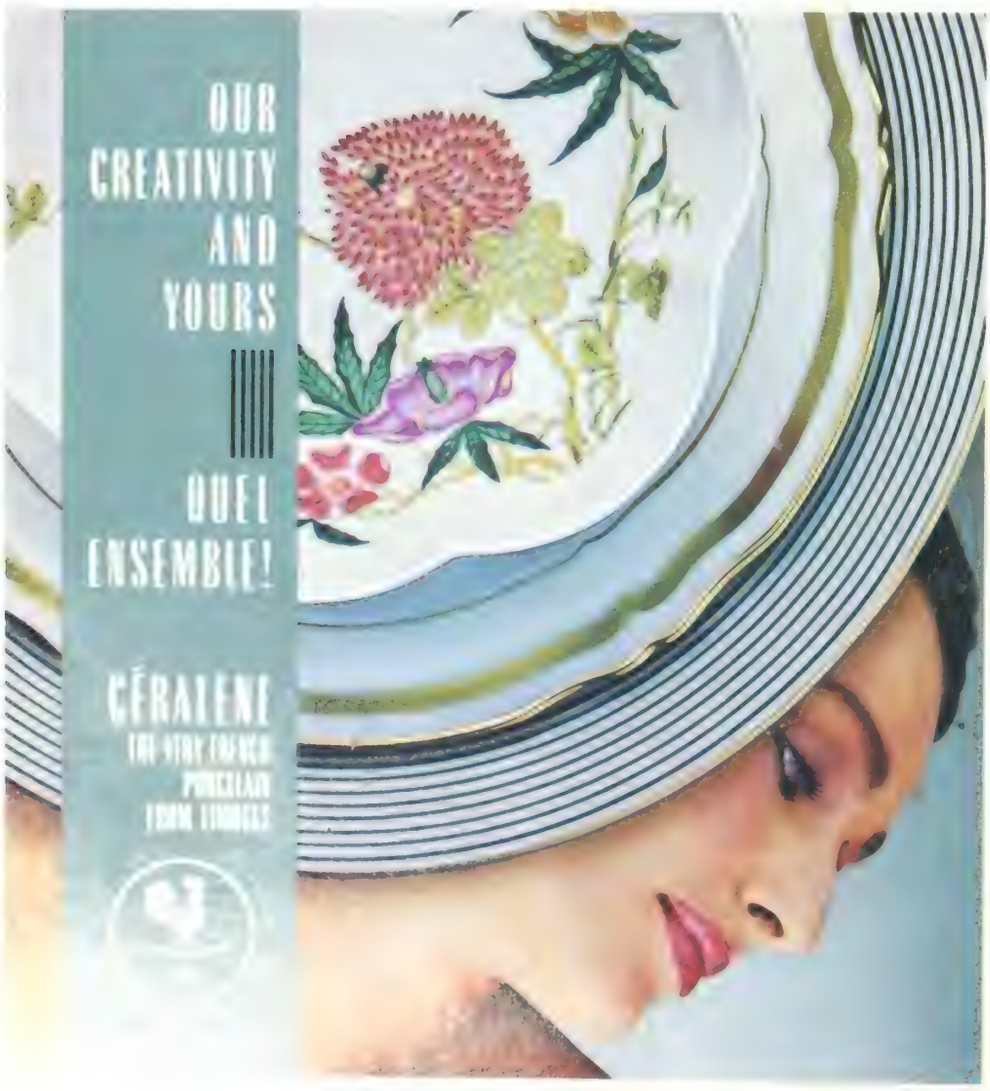
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(Continued from page 92) shillings in my pocket—but I refused to give them my watches. And you want to know something, these two fellows were so delighted with the money that they actually said 'thank you' in Swahili. Then they ran away. I walked into town and got the cops and we came out there with a police dog to try to follow the spoor of these guys, but the dog wouldn't follow—he was too lazy. So I lost all my money, but never mind, I still had my watches."

Jay laughed in his high-keyed way, the African wilderness dissolved to the tables down at Mory's, and as if on cue, our waiter—still wearing Jay's watch—materialized, asking if there was anything else we wanted. Here was Jay's chance to ask for his watch back, but all he said was, "Let's have the bill." When it came, he routinely doled out dollars, leaving the waiter—I couldn't help noticing—a handsome tip. And then, his dark eyes blazing with pleasure, as they always did after a good meal, Jay led the way out the door. I was astonished.

Why, I wasted no time in asking him, had he countenanced the waiter's highway robbery?

"I let him get away with it," Jay replied. "If a man robs me with some imagination, I grant him his booty. That waiter will never have a better watch in his life."

"How noblesse oblige of you, Jay Mellon," I laughed. "The rich can afford to bide their time. You'll get back at that waiter at the gas station. Every time he drives up to a Gulf Oil pump, he'll be paying for your watch."

Joke as we did, I had to try to find a more psychologically satisfying explanation for Jay's complicity as his watch changed hands. Was it perhaps that the pleasures of the table soften and reduce one's territorial self-assertion? Tables, after all, are neutral zones, places of safety and haven.

Or could it be that Jay, who had faced with unfaltering equanimity African highway robbers, barracudas, blue sharks, and even fortune-hunting-mother sharks, didn't have the guts to ask the waiter for his watch back? Or was he just one of those who would "rather die" than make a fuss, especially in such a congenial place as Mory's?

In the event, it simply wasn't worth the time—or possible indigestion. □

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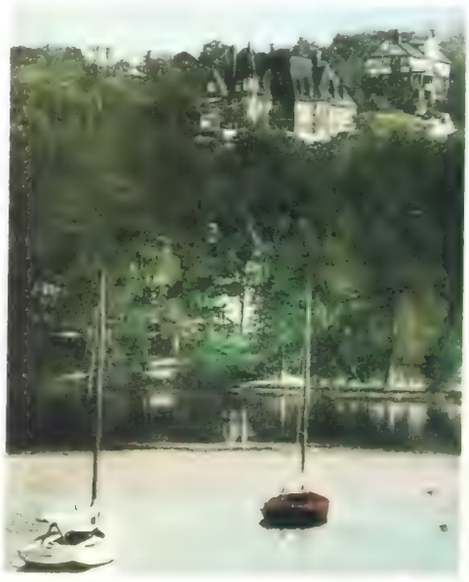
TUXEDO PARK

A New York society resort, the birthplace of the dinner jacket, looks to a more democratic future

By Laura Furman

The nearly one-hundred-year-old community of Tuxedo Park was born of the same human desire that has brought into being such divergent institutions as Brook Farm, British men's clubs, and rural communes in the sixties; it is a common enough urge—to be with one's own and to play one's own games, to live with a group larger than family and less random than a village. But in the case of Tuxedo Park, the impulse was carried out to a degree and on a scale that has been rarely matched. In the end, the remarkable thing about Tuxedo is not so much its physical beauty or the pedigrees of its citizens, but that it lasted as long as it did so close to its original incarnation.

The founder of Tuxedo Park was Pierre Lorillard IV, an heir to the tobacco and snuff fortune, who owned with his brothers and sisters about 13,000 acres on the west side of the Hudson in Orange County, New



Top: Built by Stanford White for Henry W. Poor (publisher of *Poor's Handbook of Investment Securities*), this early Tuxedo house is now a monastery. *Above:* An old postcard depicts a view across the lake from the Tuxedo Club of a house that has since vanished.

was to transform this timber country into a hunting resort park with its own nearby village; with the interested approval, though not the capital, of his fellow members of New York City's Union Club, he proceeded to buy out his relatives (and also to win some of their land in poker games). With five thousand acres secured, Lorillard himself drove a farm wagon into the unwelcoming hills on a rainy September day in 1885, to look the place over with architect Bruce Price.

The site Lorillard had chosen for his exclusive utopia was called the Wood-Pile and once had provided fuel for the wood-burning engines of the Erie Railroad. In the more distant past, it had been mined for silver and iron, then allowed to return to forest. Hilly, with dense woods lightened by a chain of lakes, the area lacks the drama of the hills to the west, the graciousness of the upstate dairy country, or the wild glory of the Adirondacks. It is melancholy, tucked into *(Continued on page 102)*

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(Continued from page 98) itself primeval and craggy, not unlike much of the rocky history of Tuxedo Park itself.

As described by the architect's daughter, Emily Price Post, Lorillard was a breath-taking client. He "ordered houses in the same way other people might order boots," she wrote in 1911. "He talked rapidly, and thought twice as fast as he talked, and he wished his orders carried out at a speed that equaled the sum of both.... If, when he saw the plans, he did not like them, he insisted upon new sketches being made then and there...rejecting or accepting from a few penciled lines. He always knew what he wanted, never forgot a detail of one of the forty-odd buildings, and never changed his mind about them."

In the late fall of 1885, fifteen to eighteen hundred workers were brought from Italy and Yugoslavia. In eight months, before the age of power tools and despite the severity of the winter of 1885–86, the workers built eighteen miles of road (extended to thirty in 1887), a clubhouse and bachelors' annex, a water and sewage system, icehouse, swimming tank, fish hatchery, boathouse, stables, tennis courts, and fifteen five-to-ten-bedroom "rustic" cottages, stained russets and grays to blend with the trees. At the gate, which Lorillard had decreed to be "important" looking, a police station with a small jail was supplied. The five thousand acres were enclosed by an eight-foot barbed-wire fence. Outside the gate, at Lorillard's detailed request, a toylike village was built, with a block for the Tuxedo Stores Company, and seven "freshly painted red houses with green window boxes."

For all the deliberate naturalness, there was something of the stage set about Tuxedo from the beginning. To create the illusion of age, the gray stone of the gatehouse and lodge had been chosen with "as much lichen and moss... as possible," according to Emily Post. Lorillard's gate was intimidating, "suggesting... the character of the Park, as the prelude to an opera hints at what is to come." Indeed, Bruce Price, engineer Ernest Bowditch, and landscape architect James Smith Haring had taken wonderful advantage of their setting. And on opening day, June 1, 1886, gamekeepers attired in the club's green livery and Tyrolean hats appeared on the road on a coordinated schedule to wave to the seven hundred guests who had arrived by three special Erie trains. "As the coaches and wagonettes drove around the Park," writes Cleveland Amory, "beds of flowers lined the roads, while private Tuxedo policemen, chosen for their height and good looks, pointed the way....Out on the lake crews in blue-and-white sailor suits manned eight-oared sight-seeing barges."

The new Park was to be owned and run cooperatively by the Tuxedo Park Association, set up before the physical completion of the Park by financial arrangement with Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard. The association, in turn, leased land and game and fishing rights to the Tuxedo Club, which also existed before "a single tree was felled." In a neat arrangement that kept control over the Park for over sixty years, no one was permitted to own land who was not accepted as a member of the club, and membership was limited to the financial and social elite of America. (If an unsuitable person managed to buy land in the Park, club membership was denied and the association bought back the land, at no financial loss to the buyer.) In the village, also owned entirely by the association, things were run, according to Park memoirist George Rushmore, "in the best feudal medieval tradition." All its houses and shops were to be leased on short terms; competition was nonexistent.

The social tenor of the Tuxedo year in the early decades stressed country life "as near to simplicity as is consistent with people and place." The women did wear dinner dresses, but ones left over from the Newport season, and the men, as a concession to informality, donned the English dinner jacket introduced by Griswold Lorillard at the first Autumn Ball of 1886—known forevermore as the "tuxedo." The Autumn Ball continued as an important debutante event until the seventies, and the now-defunct horse show—"Why does it always rain during horse shows?" asked Emily Post—was the height of the spring season. Amateur theatricals on the legendary circular stage of the first of the three clubhouses produced such well-known society actresses as Mrs. James Brown Potter and Elsie de Wolfe. The Fourth of July (Continued on page 104)



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(Continued from page 102) the works marked the end of the season when the less hardy fled Tuxedo's often uncomfortable summers.

Though it prospered socially, Tuxedo had less luck as a hunting camp. The same zeal and extravagance that had built the Park in eight months went into importing game: ring-necked pheasant and white-tailed deer from New Jersey, quail from North Carolina, wild turkey from Texas. Whether this fancy game disappeared, perished, or jumped the fence, it in any case proved unsuitable. Favorite Tuxedo fables include hunters spotting a doe wearing a pink ribbon around her neck; of wild turkeys eating from the hand of a Park cook.

At the turn of the century, and in the twenties, Tuxedo enjoyed a building boom. Mansions, still called cottages, as far as possible aesthetically from the rustic Price cottages, were built, with forty or fifty rooms, requiring sixteen to thirty-two servants, staffs whose burdensomeness contributed to Old Tuxedo's eventual downfall. Italian Renaissance, Georgian, and Tudor houses arose, an especially extravagant one designed by Stanford White for Mr. Henry W. Poor, publisher of *Poor's Handbook of Investment Securities.*

By 1911, when Emily Post was protesting that Tuxedo was "just like any other place," Lorillard's community was famous. Though Mr. Lorillard himself had left in 1896 and only visited until the end of his life, there was an established circle of people who knew each other well, too well for the comfort of some. The well-known decorator of the twenties and thirties Dorothy Tuckerman Draper, whose family was among the early cottagers, said, "I couldn't stand Tuxedo. I can't stand any place with a fence around it. Tuxedo had holes in its fence and I escaped through one of them . . . ." Emily Post, though, was staunch and loyal, and she chose to live until the mid twenties in a Bruce Price cottage she had inherited from her parents.

"There is a fixed idea in the mind of the general public," she wrote, "that Tuxedo is inhabited by a stiff-necked, snobbish, and equally gay set of people, whose chief fear is that someone from the outside may evade the ceaseless vigilance of the guard at its gates and enter the citadel. There is a certain foundation for this supposition." Tuxedo, she claimed, is no "halfway house to Newport. . . . The social climber would, I think, make much better headway in Newport than in Tuxedo. . . . Newport loves to be entertained; Tuxedo does not care a bit." Perhaps one reason Tuxedo didn't care was because it was no longer a resort but a true residential community.

In the twenties, when New York rents and real-estate prices skyrocketed, the more modest cottages requiring fewer servants were at a premium. It had become (Continued on page 109)



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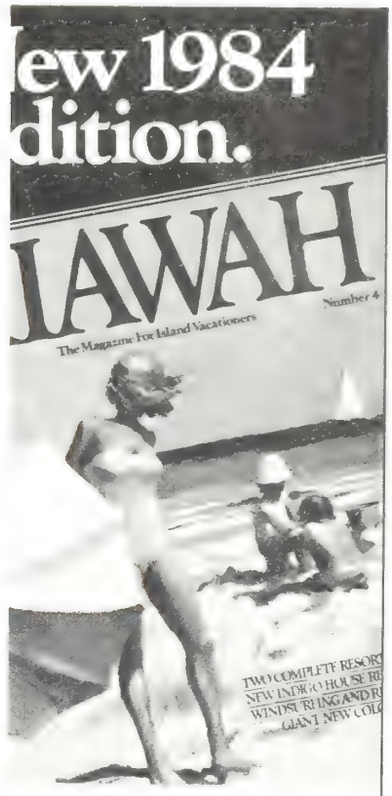
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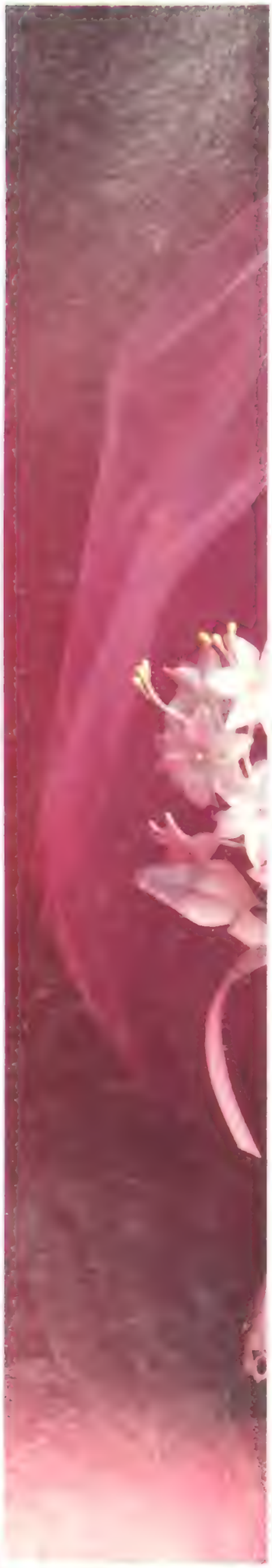
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When you can find collector dolls of comparable quality and size, you can expect to pay up to $100 at retail. But the Danbury Mint is making *Julia* available to you at the remarkably low original issue price of just $55, payable in two convenient monthly installments of $27.50 each. And there is no extra charge for the stand. To reserve *Julia*, send no money now. Simply complete the attached reservation application and return it promptly.

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(Continued from page 104) harder and harder to persuade servants to live at Tuxedo, and Edwin Post writes that "someone asked a well-known Tuxedoite how many servants he had. The answer was 'Ten. Five going, five coming.'" But Tuxedo, like much of America, believed that prosperity would last forever. A new clubhouse was built and a new swimming pool; the roads were improved. And these expensive improvements, writes George Rushmore, "were finished just in time for the stock market crash of 1929."

During the Depression and the forties, Tuxedo suffered its darkest period. Many of the large houses were closed up, deliberately burned down, or razed to avoid taxes. Remaining houses and gardens fell into disrepair. By 1940, recalls one resident, about half the houses were empty. Into the fifties, Tuxedo remained "a gloomy place," and in 1952, Cleveland Amory declared Tuxedo Park "...one more on a list of social ghost towns." But for Park children, at least, whose predecessors had roamed freely through the woods of Tuxedo, the failed, Brontëesque Park was a thrilling place; some, now in their forties, remember climbing into the abandoned houses through coal chutes and having the time of their lives playing in the glamorous, dust-covered interiors.

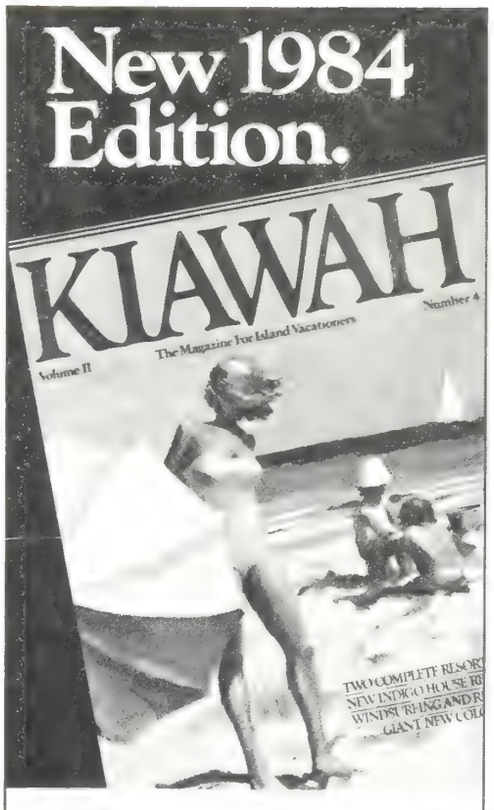
Changes in Tuxedo Park came about gradually, and the Park Association was instrumental, however reluctantly, in the metamorphosis of the place. By 1940, the association was financially unable to control ownership of Park property by buying property back from buyers it deemed unsuitable, and Tuxedo gained its first Jewish property owner. This crack in the Park's exclusivity contributed to making it an attractive place for new people. In 1952, nearly half of Tuxedo Park incorporated as a self-governing village within the township of Tuxedo, and some charges those property owners paid became village taxes, deductible from federal income tax, opening another attractive chink in Tuxedo's armor.

From the fifties on young people bought in the Park not for such social advantages as invitations to the Autumn Ball but because it was a great buy. (The club did, however, make memberships more generally available.) Tuition was low at the school, and the quality of teachers high. Commuting to New York, though not easy, was manageable. Some houses began to be used as weekend retreats by people who lived in New York.

Today, less than half the residents of Tuxedo Park belong to the club, and there are associate members who live not in the Park but in nearby communities such as Saddle River. The only vestige of grand Old Tuxedo society is the annual racquets tournament and ball each spring. The club also keeps afloat by occasionally renting out its facilities to employers of its members, such as Time Inc. One long-time Tuxedoite is pleased with the changes but regrets the rigidity and prejudice left over from a previous era. "In the old days," he says, "we had philanthropists, generous people here. Now there are some mean-spirited, gossipy people who want to keep others out."

But the others are in, and have been for years now, to the advantage of the community. Though Tuxedo still has no black property owners or club members, descendants of the original immigrants who built the Park and served in the great houses are now Tuxedo property owners. Stables, servants' houses, a ballroom, carriage houses—structures left standing after the destruction of the long depressed years—have been made into houses, and older, large houses have been rehabilitated. New buildings go up on occasion, some in the style if not the scale of the old days. Rumors that Tuxedo Park Associates (a limited partnership formed in 1978 to replace the association) may develop some of its approximately 2,600 acres outside the gates (or even inside, where they also own land) have from time to time alarmed Tuxedo residents, but so far no development has taken place. The Park is on the National Registry of Historic Places, and is zoned for one and two acres per dwelling.

Tuxedo Park will celebrate its centennial starting next year. Though Mr. Lorillard's gateway can still seem chilling, the Park has emerged from its dark age, newly swept and trimmed, painted and patched, its landscaping mature, possibly looking better than it ever has. After all, many buildings there are now genuinely old and the antiquity so long craved is now authentic. □



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THEY DID IT THEIR WAY

The Linsky Galleries at the Met will reveal a quiet couple's uncanny instinct for the rare, the beautiful, the best

By Nancy Richardson

Just after World War II, Jack and Belle Linsky, both children of Ukrainian immigrants, began to build up a company called Swingline. It was a stapling machine business that would permit them—for over forty years—to indulge a taste for eighteenth-century furniture and porcelain, Renaissance bronzes and jewelry, and paintings of several centuries.

Relying on a circle of friendly dealers but buying largely at auction and definitely making their own choices, the Linskys mystified the art world. Why was it, puzzled those well aware that money itself would never make a great collection, that the Linskys were such incredible pickers of art? Operating without the benefit of expertise or much formal education, it would have been easy to buy fine things that were dull, conventional, and occasionally even ugly. What the Linskys collected, however, is considered by the most exacting standards to be rare, beautiful, and major. Some experts even consider the collection to be, item for item, the best of its kind formed in the forties, fifties, and sixties.

When Jack Linsky died in 1980 and Belle Linsky began to feel the responsibility of daily life with what has been described as $60 million of art and furniture, she sent out feelers to see what could be done. Christie's, Sotheby's, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Frick Collection, the Getty Museum of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Israel Museum eventually lost out to The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the





Top: The Linskys collected many small paintings of excellent quality, including this *Portrait of a Geographer* by Rubens. *Above:* A splendid commode by A.C. Boulle, c. 1710–32.

What the public will see at the Metropolitan by the middle of June is a series of six small and intimate galleries filled with the Linsky's treasure. It is being arranged under the direction of Olga Raggio, chairman of the department of European sculpture and decorative arts, by the well-known Paris decorator Henri Samuel and his American partner Harold Eberhard. In a space formerly used for offices and storage just off the medieval sculpture hall and near other galleries of European decorative arts, these new rooms will retain the look of a personal collection in that the furniture, porcelain, paintings, bronzes, and jewelry will all be exhibited together.

At this writing the walls of the new galleries were up and Mr. Samuel's maquettes and drawings gave an idea of the rich but simple galleries Mrs. Linsky and Miss Raggio had in mind. The collection itself was under the museum's roof in storage rooms and blocked-off galleries waiting to be installed. It was an ideal time to see if the visual clout attributed to these masterworks would be evident without the encouragement of labels, lighting, lampas-lined walls, and the glamorous juxtapositions planned for the June installation. The furniture and porcelain were easily accessible.

As though stored in a royal *garde meuble* or the attic of a great château in an off generation, the furniture filled a shadowy main-floor gallery where the entry was closed off by a screen. Huge plastic drop cloths hung over commodes, desks, and tables the way coolers cover race horses in a barn. Crowded *(Continued on page 112)*



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[illegible] and sometimes cramp the walls as if to ignore [illegible] forty splendid pieces of French furniture constituting an anthology of examples from each of the major styles of the century. Straddling a corner of the room and barely discernible in the light loomed a massive commode attributed to André-Charles Boulle. It is one of the first commodes Boulle made raised up on high legs, and in keeping with the feeling that this could be an almost mythological creature and not just a chest of drawers, it has six legs instead of four. Its paws and the spiraling spurs behind them are gilt bronze. Gilt-bronze heads of winged ladies on the top corners of the commode reinforce the heroic and monumental mix of animal and human elements. It seemed dour and majestic and embodied for me the atmosphere of Versailles and a great king in the first decade of the eighteenth century.

Nearby was a Cressent commode with an undulating body and a thick and harmonious encrustation of gilt bronze, which not only protects the corners but is spread across the front in a forceful rococo design. This commode sums up the 1740s as effectively as the Boulle example does the Baroque. In another corner a Roentgen commode with a straight-lined carcass covered with bold trompe-l'oeil scenes in a deep perspective was symbolic of the 1780s. It is unique in the world. In a spirit quite opposite these three great commodes were two ladies' writing desks made by Martin Carlin and inlaid with porcelain plaques, a combination that made Carlin famous. They seemed frivolous, fine-legged, and small-boned as they stood in the center of the room eschewing corners and shadows like two clotheshorses at a cocktail party. Near them was a different sort of lady—fuller, self-confident, and talented. "She" is a masterpiece by Jean-Francois Oeben, a mechanical table in marquetry made for Mme. de Pompadour. The legs are see-through, each one pierced with six openings bordered in gilt bronze. Experts get weak over these legs.

Mrs. Linsky was after such a table for years. In the sixties one came up at a sale in London, and the Linskys were the underbidders to the American-born Duchesse de Richelieu. In 1971 an even finer example by Oeben came up at the Martha Baird Rockefeller sale in New York. Claude Serre, an expert in French furniture, had lunch with the Linskys the day before. Over six dollars' worth of hamburgers it was decided that one would have to be prepared to go twice the estimate of $200,000 to be sure of getting the table. The following day Jack Linsky paid $410,000. Mr. Serre and dealer Frederick Victoria helped the Linskys take the table home with them in a Checker cab after Linsky decided not to ship it to Florida and avoid a $40,000 sales tax.





Top: Boucher's *Jupiter and Callisto,* 1763. *Above:* Meissen *Harlequin and Columbine* is one of over two hundred eighteenth-century European porcelains in the Linsky Collection.

In his catalogue entries William Rieder, associate curator of European sculpture and decorative arts at the Met and now at the Getty, packs into a scholarly shorthand the dramas and changes of fortune for this furniture—tales of ownership, attribution, and passion that are as much a part of the pieces as is the workmanship itself.

The Linskys did not accumulate quantities of French furniture; they were interested in masterpieces, which the market produces in an erratic trickle, and their apartment would only take so many commodes, desks, and tables. The furniture became the framework over which paintings hung and around which a quantity of bronzes and porcelains proliferated. The porcelain, being small, proliferated mightily. As a collection it is one of the finest ever assembled in America. As it stood not long ago in racks in one of the museum's European decorative-arts storerooms over two hundred pieces strong, it made an eloquent case for a taste a younger generation of collectors has almost completely ignored.

"Americans have historically collected porcelain they could use for the table," remarked Clare Le Corbeiller, associate curator of decorative arts who is in charge of porcelain. "The Linskys, on the other hand, collected porcelain figures. Their collection includes excellent examples of well-known things and wonderful examples of little-known things. Beyond that, what is so extraordinary is that the Linskys knew the difference between a whizz-bang model and a humdrum one." And then Mrs. Le Corbeiller walked to the steel racks engineered not to move even in an earthquake and began to take down single figures and groups of figures to have a look. There were a pair *(Continued on page 114)*


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Colonial Candle of Cape Cod

(Continued from page 112) of Russian made monkeys and twelve Russian figures, each one representing a different ethnic background. From Naples there was a group *The Rabbit Catchers* in soft-paste porcelain. Mrs. Le Corbeiller pointed out that the calmness of the design shows that it was outside the pull of fashionable northern European styles at the same period. The man is reaching for the rabbit. We see a broad rear end humorously clothed in pants covered in a dense, delicate pattern of flowers. Far more dramatic and fashionable is a Meissen *Harlequin and Columbine*, which is smaller than the Capodimonte pieces. The Meissen group is hard paste, the colors jewellike, and the motion of the figures vigorous and swirling.

What made the Linskys' choice of porcelain so special apart from its variety? Mrs. Le Corbeiller lined up several examples of a well-known Meissen model, some taken from other museum collections, some that were the Linskys'. No two were alike though made from the same mold. What distinguished one from the next was the sophistication with which they were painted. I could see that the Linskys had chosen examples on which the flowers were wittily arranged, the fur of a rabbit drawn differently from the hair of a man or the mane of a horse, and the costumes of the figures bold and unsentimentally colored. I saw that delight for the eye means quality.

Visual pleasure was also the guiding principle in the Linskys' choice of bronzes. Bronzes are perhaps harder to like and to judge than furniture and paintings, and their subject matter is more difficult to relate to. But the Linskys clearly liked bronzes for more than the fact that they make handsome dark objects in rooms that could use something that glimmers in a different way from gilt-bronze mounts.

In addition to administering the Metropolitan's department of European sculpture and decorative arts, Olga Raggio is curator of European sculpture and an expert on bronzes. She is well aware of patterns of connoisseurship and the habits of collectors: "The Linskys never bought predictable bronzes nor did they fall into the trap of buying objects of curiosity or examples of technique," commented Miss Raggio. "The pieces had to be works of art. They were particularly attracted to bronzes that had strength, character, and rareness, but the balance between the beautiful and the rare was always there. Nineteenth-century German connoisseurship, which established the taste for Italian Renaissance bronzes, still influences collectors' choices. Apart from fine Paduan bronzes and two Renaissance masterpieces, both satyrs—one a cast by Antico for Isabella D'Este, another by Riccio—the Linskys had the courage and insight to collect lesser-known northern European bronzes of the period as well as Baroque pieces. Their collection reflects much more than conventional taste in bronzes."

The Linskys' taste in paintings ranged over four centuries, with emphasis on small early Flemish and Dutch canvases as gemlike as any of their collection of Renaissance jewelry and as finely executed as the bronzes. One of the finest paintings in the collection is an early Rubens, not more than six inches high, painted on copper, and supposed to be the earliest signed Rubens on record. It is a minutely detailed portrait of a man—a geographer—which in real life is smaller than the transparencies of it used for reference.

One painting in particular seemed to be the favorite of everyone working with the collection. Oddly, it is enormous. Painted by a little-known eighteenth-century Spanish painter, Luis Melendez, it is a still life in which the melons and clusters of grapes are easily a foot in diameter. It is probably the best painting Melendez ever did. "This choice is typical of the Linskys, who wouldn't just buy big-name painters," observed Keith Christiansen, associate curator of European paintings. "They were not tied to one period or school and no single pattern dominated over thirty years of collecting. There are fifteenth-century Flemish and Italian pictures, sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century Italian paintings, eighteenth-century French pictures, and one Spanish still life. Most people who collect Dutch and Flemish art don't collect Italian things, but the Linskys did it all." □

The Linsky Galleries at The Metropolitan Museum of Art will be open to the public after June 19.



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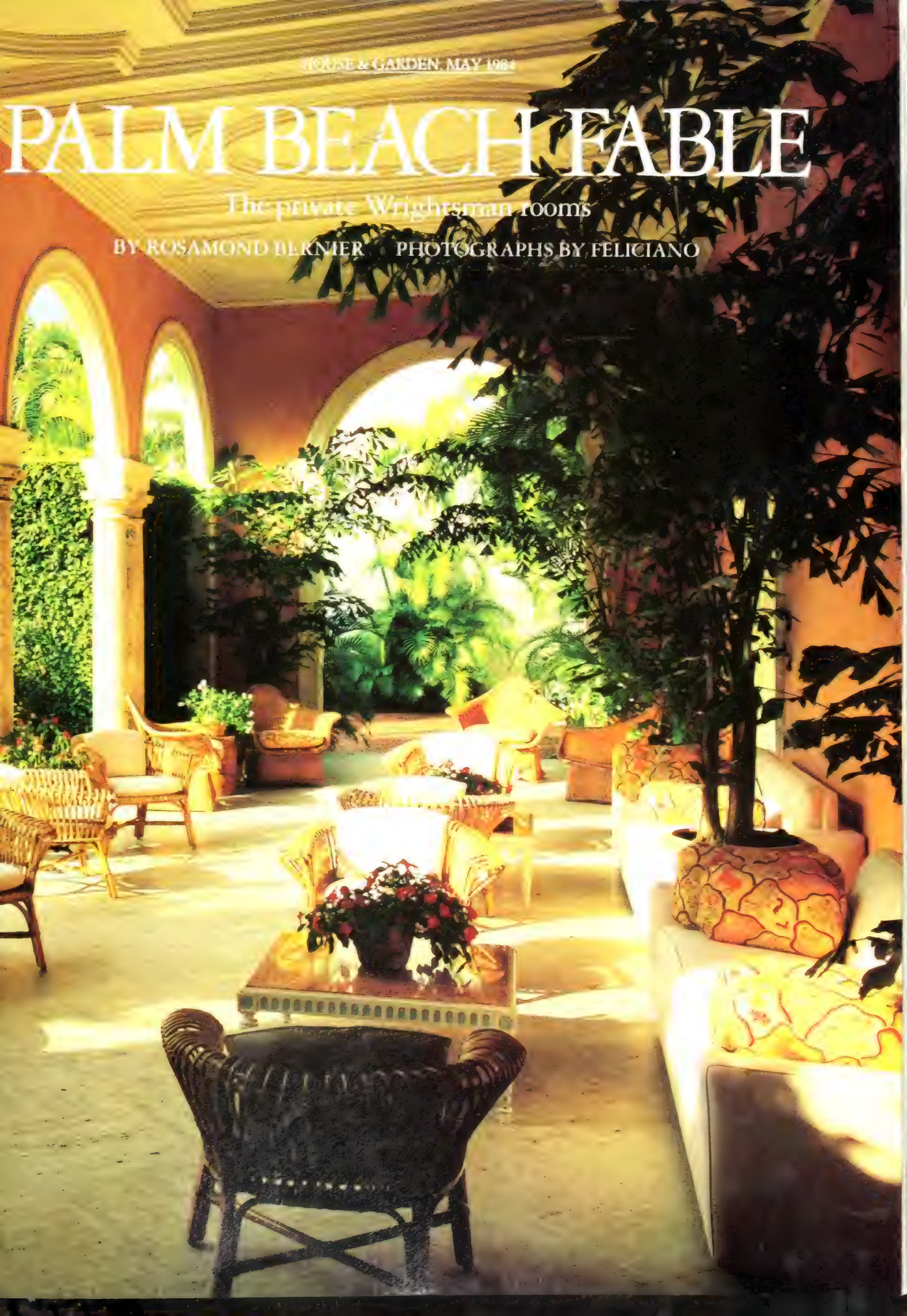


HOUSE & GARDEN, MAY 1984

PALM BEACH FABLE

The private Wrightsman rooms

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO





Preceding pages: The loggia, as decorated by Henri Samuel. *Above:* In the entrance hall between two Indian chairs in ivory-veneered fruitwood stands a Languedoc marble jardiniere from Versailles overflowing with lilies from the Wrightsmans' garden. Shell engravings are from books commissioned by Frederick of Denmark and Norway and by Maria-Theresa of Austria. *Opposite:* Louis XV gilded-wood armchair is covered in a meticulous re-creation of a material designed for Mme. de Pompadour's Château de Bellevue.

There are not many secrets in Palm Beach, but the best-kept among them is the identity, the location, and the look of the house that over the last thirty-some-odd years may well have sheltered more great works of art than any other house in the United States. The house in question is the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Wrightsman, and it is now up for sale. Charles Wrightsman is 88 years old, and it is no longer convenient for him to walk up and down stairs, no matter how subtly those particular treads may have been calculated. The Wrightsmans live between London and New York, and there is a limit to the number of moves they now wish to make every year. Great possessions are great burdens, and two establishments are quite enough. On May 5 almost all of the contents of the Palm Beach house will be sold by Sotheby & Co.

Meanwhile, the house is not on public view. High ficus hedges hide it. Impenetrable as any donjon, they would grow three feet higher every year if they were not clipped once a month. The same high hedges hide the short and narrow drive. Though numbered, the house is nameless. As to its look, its size, and its ownership, no clue is vouchsafed. Of "curb appeal"—a phrase devised by Californian real-estate agents to talk up a house that looks well from the road—there is no trace whatever.

Even when we approach the inner gate, there is no indication that this is anything but a two-storied villa—white, with a red-tiled roof—in good standing. That it has an indoor staff of twenty and an outdoor staff of eight would not be believed. In fact, it is not a house that ever comes across as "a mansion," even if its main drawing room is very large indeed. Though distinguished beyond all expectation, it is never overpowering. Only by going down to the beach—an adventure much discouraged by

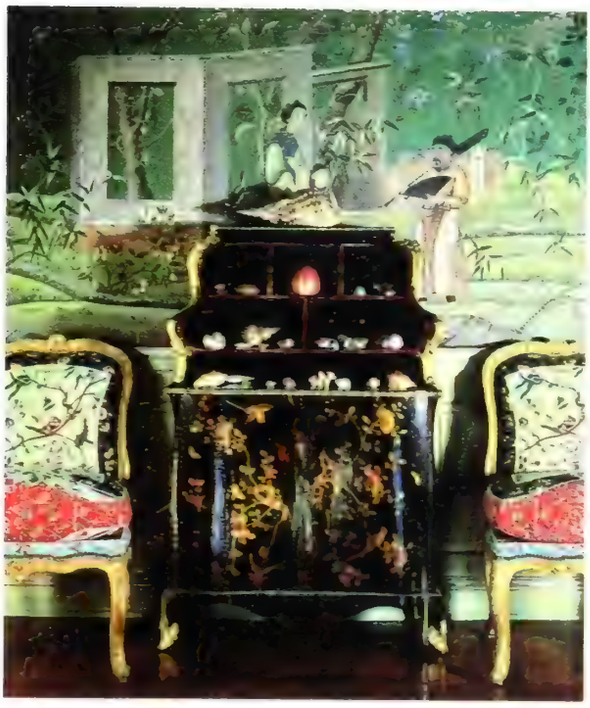


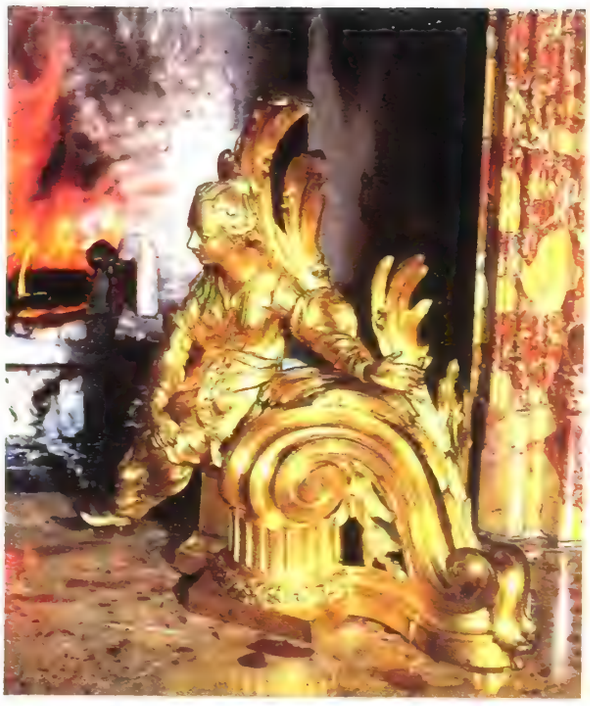




The Wrightsmans' immense drawing room has been changed often over the years, its only decorative constant the green Chinese wallpaper. Now with the extroverted fabric found by Vincent Fourcade and the green pleated lampshades he designed the room seems like the inside of a vast emerald. Rare Louis XV tric-trac (backgammon) table by Jacques Dubois. Nineteenth-century Bessarabian carpet.











In another view of the drawing room, *opposite*, an ample double canapé helps cozily to preclude the seating problem such a large room can present. Lacquer table is Ming, seventeenth century. Small ivory and cinnabar object at left caged a live chirping cricket while a Chinese scholar worked. Festive chandelier is tôle and white Saxe porcelain flowers. *Above, upper left:* Black and gold lacquer cartonnier holds the shells Mrs. Wrightsman especially loves. Louis XV gilded-wood chairs. *Upper right:* One of a pair of splendid chenets, transition period Louis XV to Louis XVI, in the drawing room. *Lower left:* A Régence console table with one of four volumes of La Fontaine *Fables* illustrated by Oudry (all the Wrightsman's rare books are destined for the Morgan Library). Pineapple candelabrum was made for Louis XVI. *Lower right:* Louis XV chair at desk of the same period topped by a table fountain with Meissen swans, Ming porcelain set in French mounts.



its present owner—can we see the full extent of the house.

Built in the twenties by Maurice Fatio, it has been a famous house for many years, though not many people have got to see it in recent times. In the thirties, it belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Williams, who were known not only for a way of life that would have made Jay Gatsby look parsimonious but for the elegance and originality and unity of style that had been brought to their house by Syrie Maugham, then at the height of her fame as a decorator. (The Harrisons gave her a retainer of $50,000 a year, which in those days was very big money.) Faced with the drawing room, the library, the terrace, and the pool that the Harrisons had built onto the originally quite small house, Syrie Maugham gave them her famous white treatment. Not only was everything covered in white, but there were white fur rugs in the drawing room and a superabundance of white flowers everywhere.

As Mrs. Williams was one of the great beauties of her day, with very large and perfectly green eyes, a flawless complexion, and hair that was bone white by the time she was thirty, this interior suited her very well. (The beautiful eighteenth-century green painted Chinese wallpaper in the drawing room didn't hurt, either.) People were always thrilled to be asked to the Harrison Williams house, and when they got there they had a very good time in the style of the day. Among the people who were invited for the first time shortly after the end of World War II were a couple not long married called Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Wrightsman. They wanted to live in Palm Beach, and they had looked here and there without ever finding anything they liked. Mrs. Wrightsman, who was very young at the time, thought the Harrison Williams house was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She loved the inside, and she also loved the outside. Mona Williams was a devoted gardener, never happier than going round with trowel and secateurs in a capacious gardening apron, and her garden was very pretty indeed.

"I suppose that house will never come on the market," said Mrs. Wrightsman to Mr. Wrightsman. "Everything is for sale in the end," said Mr. Wrightsman, who whether in the oil busi- *(Text continued on page 216)*



Opposite: The Louis XV stools, stamped Cresson, and the book table at one end of the drawing room are prime examples of the upholsterer's art of cutting, which can make one fine fabric seem like another. Louis XIV stone dolphin was bought for the New York apartment but turned out to be too big so will go into sale. *Above:* A Louis XV side table in black and gold *vernis martin* with figures in the Chinese taste. On top are Battersea white and green enamel candlesticks and an eighteenth-century tôle vase filled with roses from the Wrightsmans' garden, which are grown on special stock and bloom incessantly for about four years.



Enfilade, *this page*, running parallel to *[illegible] right*, is floored with parquet [illegible]ns in the Palais Royal, [illegible] Wrightsmans by the [illegible] of Jansen, Paris, who [illegible] the entire house. [illegible] says is "shades of Sync[illegible] It does not date from her day [illegible] is Louis Marie chair bought [illegible] with carved [illegible] of royal [illegible] Louis XIV [illegible] Louis.





One view into the dining room, *opposite*, is past three panels of a very rare, late-seventeenth-century Chinese screen. The other three panels are in the Wrightsmans London apartment. On back wall is one of two pairs of fine Louis XV appliques in this room. Mantelpiece holds black Japanese vases; below are firedogs of mermaid-sphinxes. *Above*: The twelve Louis XV chairs in the dining room were recently reupholstered by Vincent Fourcade in a Scalamandré fabric copied from an eighteenth-century English document based on an Indian pattern. Boiserie is also Louis XV. Painting by Oudry *fils*. Plates, each with a different leaf, were painted by the late French *femme de lettres* Louise de Vilmorin, a friend of Mrs. Wrightsman's. Muguet on table was grown in the Wrightsmans' greenhouse.





The Wrightsmans planted some three hundred palm trees, *opposite*, and added canopy shading the length of the swimming pool (kept at ninety degrees), beyond which is the sea. Nimbler gardeners climb trees to remove seeds and coconuts so none fall on any heads. *This page:* Pool house was once the tennis pavilion.





Detail of an extraordinary Queen Anne-style Indian ivory chair, *opposite*, from Hever Castle. *This page:* In the reception room, where the Met's *Head of a Girl* by Vermeer once hung, the Wrightsmans placed a gilt-framed window for a Magritte-like view of the sea. In this room are the last two of five ivory chairs on their way to the Met. In foreground, a seventeenth-century "Polish" Persian carpet.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

Natural materials in the sophisticated hands of Michael Taylor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VAUGHN

In the redecorated living room, seating is freshly slipcovered in ribbed cotton. Michael [illegible] from flagstone from the [illegible] and [illegible]







Above. Beyond the new room's glass pocket doors, cypress and pepper trees lend a soft green contrast to Guy Dill's tinted cement sculpture *Sillili.* A Barragán-inspired waterfall wall by the swimming pool provides tranquil water music. *Opposite.* The river-rock table and ottoman make a down-filled love seat look all the more comfortable. A 1982 Robert Therrien canvas, ancient Jerusalem jars, and a firewood niche frame the archway to the media room and bar.

The pace of life in Beverly Hills calls for decorating that accommodates the need for both serenity and sociability with equal aplomb. For Marc and Jane Nathanson, active in the cable-television and real-estate industries, such finesse was the province of San Francisco designer Michael Taylor, whom they asked to decorate their circa-1920 house and add on a large and airy wing by the swimming pool and tennis court, around which they like to entertain.

Like the original living room, the new room is white, wood-beamed, and equipped with a working fireplace. Boldly scaled furnishings underscore the monumental [illegible] Natural materials—Philippine rattan chairs of Mr. [illegible]'s design, Oaxaca slate flooring, and the diag- [illegible] cotton-duck Kravet used for the slipcovers—[illegible] the consistent California sun and give a [illegible] feeling. The stone tables that complete the landscape are either river rocks Michael Taylor gathered on expeditions to northern California or ancient columnar capitals.

Mr. Taylor's only nod to modern technology, besides the industrial-style downlights, is the white *faux*-stone chair frames that he molded of powdered rock sprayed on the underside with fiberglass. Thanks to the designer's and owners' natural feeling for proportions, textures, and a broad palette of earth tones, the room has the visual vigor of larger-than-life sculpture—and yet it is as uncontrived as the river rocks within.

The Nathansons are delighted with how cozy the 25-by-30-foot space is for small groups, and it's become their favorite place for dining and bridge parties. The addition also enables them to entertain as many as 150 guests at once—and that they do handsomely, several times a year. □ *By Margaret Morse*







Right. In the new skylit addition, old telephone poles serve as crossbeams. The iron assemblage is by Michael Taylor, of pieces salvaged from exhausted gold mines. *Above.* A Laddie Dill canvas plays a visual pun on the door to the courtyard. In the dining room (detail *below*), a large table seats twelve. Old Mexican shutters repeat, indoors, the Santa Fe–primitive style of the porticoed exterior.



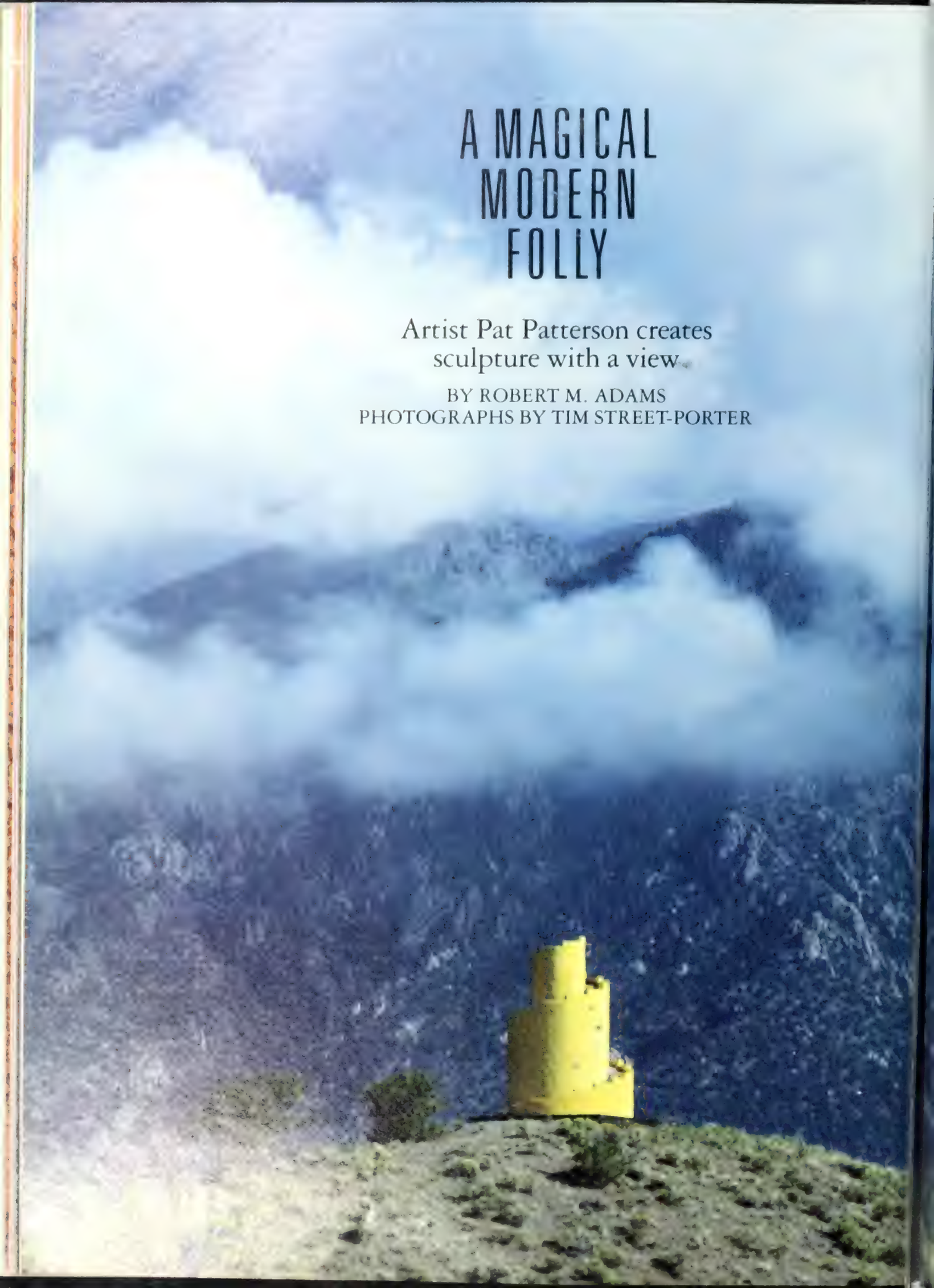




A MAGICAL MODERN FOLLY

Artist Pat Patterson creates sculpture with a view

BY ROBERT M. ADAMS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER







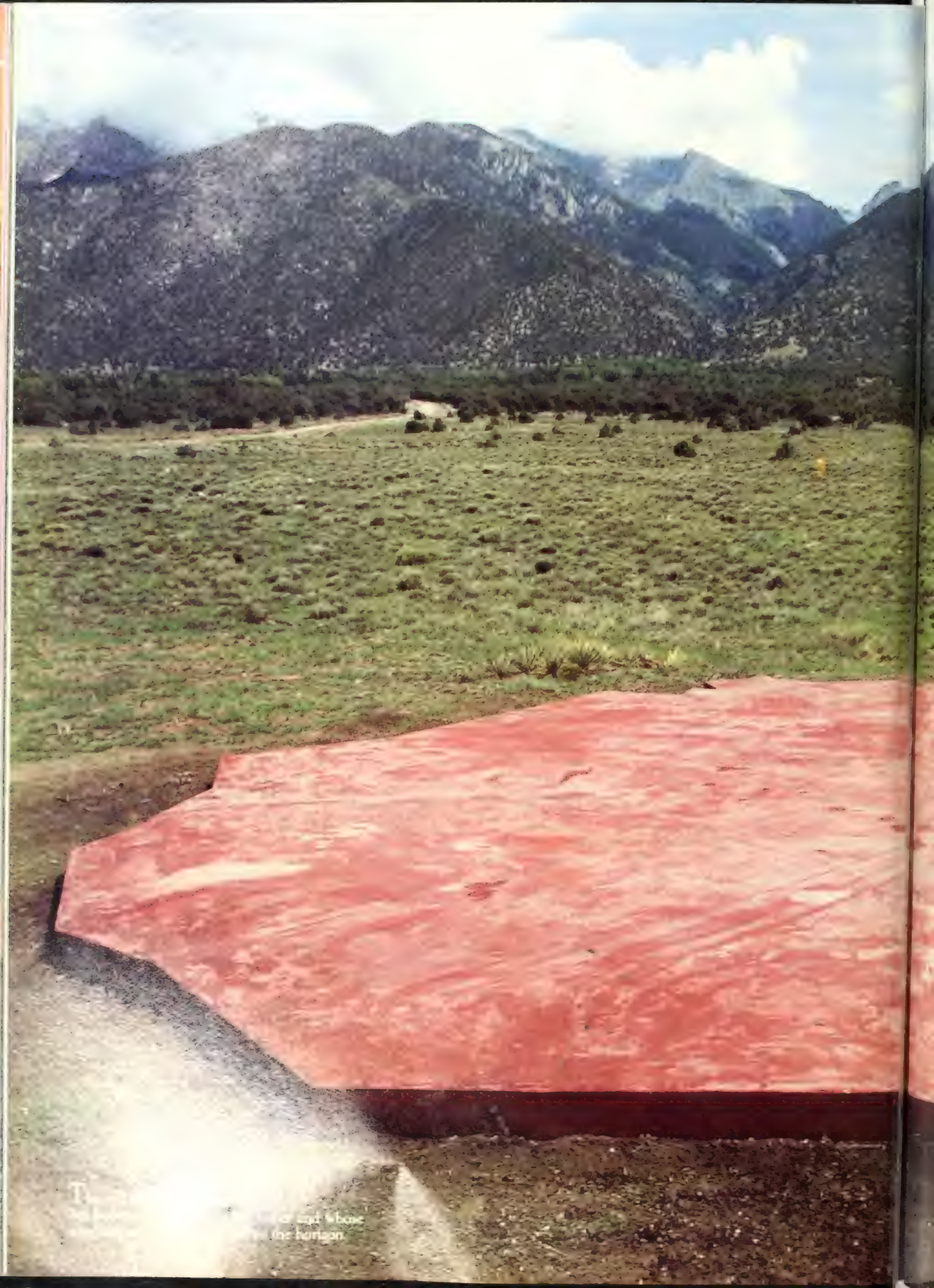
Preceding pages: The thirty-foot tower, overlooking the great sand dunes, is dwarfed by the dramatic landscape of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, which rise like a great rock wall to 14,500 feet at their highest point. *Above:* Mr. and Mrs. Najeeb Halaby on top of their tower. *Opposite:* The view from the glass doors of the living room toward the pool, and sculpture. It is just beyond the pool that Mrs. Halaby has her massive border of brilliantly colored southwest wild flowers for six months of the year.

In the high valleys of the Rocky Mountains, out of which three great rivers take their rise (the Arkansas flowing off to the east, the Rio Grande to the south, and the Colorado to the west), nature's dimensions are vast and control everything. From north to south, the San Luis valley in southern Colorado stretches 110 miles; from east to west, it is up to 65 miles wide. Flat as a table to the eye, its floor imperceptibly rises from a scant eight thousand feet at its foot to nearly nine thousand at its head. And it is ringed with mountains, many of which rise above fourteen thousand feet, doffing their snowcaps only for a few brief months late in the summer. Particularly on the east side of the valley, the Sangre de Cristo range in the north forms an unbroken sawtooth wall of abrupt and jagged peaks. Farther south, the mountains are separated by little valleys, even passes; their shapes are rounded, they support trees amounting almost to forests. But in the north they are spiky, abrupt, dramatic, and continuous, as if dancing hand in hand. Close to this wall of rugged [illegible] an unfenced stretch of the San Luis plain is the [illegible] of Mr. and Mrs. Najeeb Halaby.

[illegible] rectangle of some sixty acres, with only a few [illegible] native growth, and hardly landscaped at [illegible] long wild-flower border around the [illegible] hardy a thou- [illegible] makes it special is a tripartite construction built on that front "terrace" which stretches away imperceptibly more than a hundred miles to the south, and more than sixty miles to the west. On its door and window side the house faces south, looking across a swimming pool and then off to the horizon. On the east, its view is limited by the rock wall of the Sangre de Cristos, and on the south, less dramatically, by a low ridge at the end of the property. This ridge is rather like a spur of the mountains, reaching out into the plain and gradually fading into it. But from the house, it cuts off the view of the district's most amazing natural feature. This is the great sand dunes, now a national monument. They consist of about fifty square miles of unbroken sand piled into dunes, some of which rise up to a thousand feet above the valley floor. Nature, it would appear, funneled the prevailing winds over the centuries into a natural sand trap at the foot of the mountain wall, and gradually built there a set of mini-mountains, which shift, eddy, and form into fantastic shapes, but no longer move.

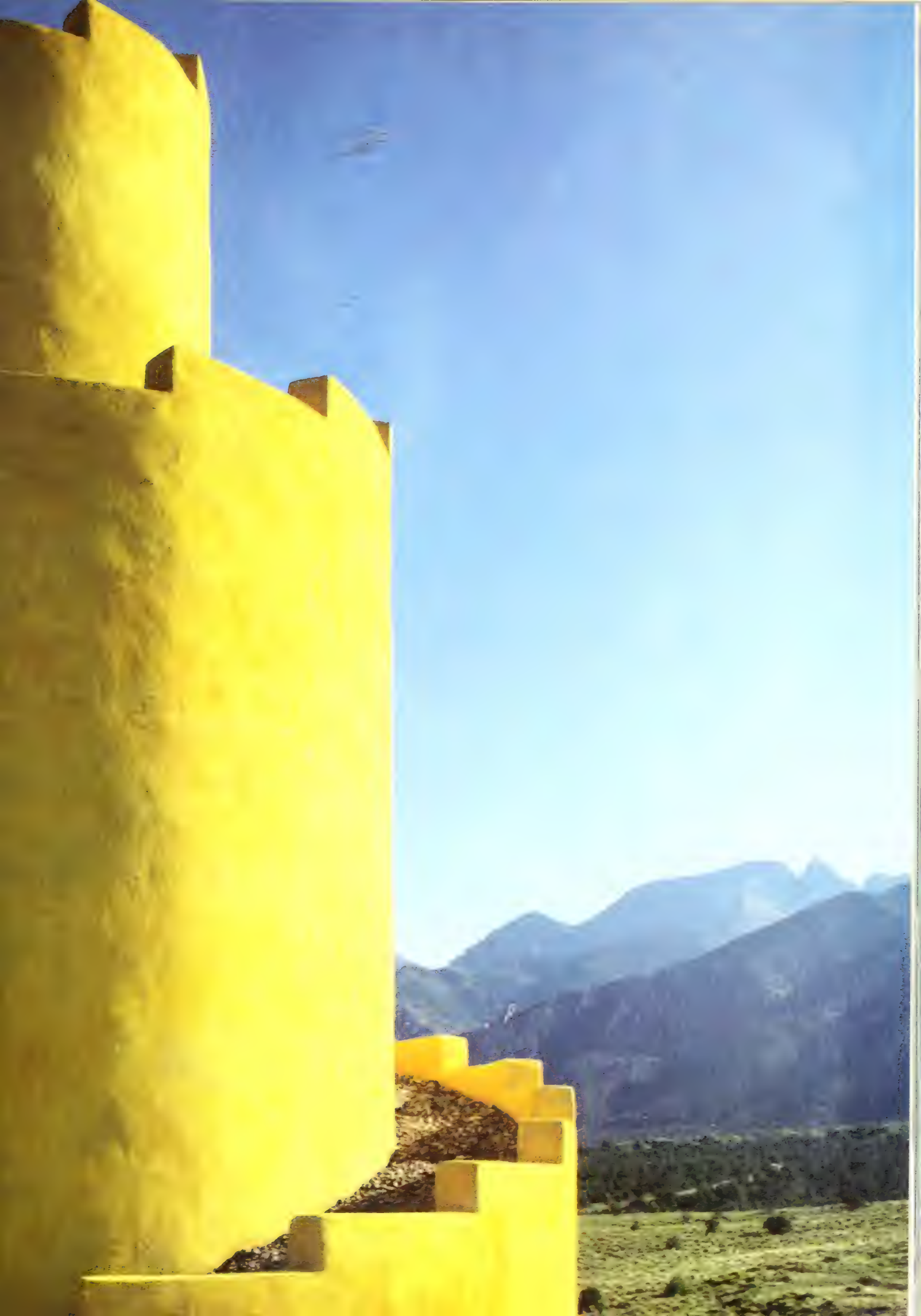
To overcome the ridge which separated his land from this spectacular element of the view, Mr. Halaby and R.A. Pat Patterson, a New York artist and architect, originally planned some sort of lookout or elevated platform atop the ridge. It stands there now, but in the course of planning and building acquired a somewhat special shape. It is a solid tower *(Text continued on page 244)*















ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?

Katharine and Parker Cook decorate a traditional South Carolina house

BY MARGARET MORSE PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

The woman had lived in two smaller houses on the South Carolina coast, but she missed the many furnishings she'd put in storage from an earlier New Jersey house. She wanted to build a large house so she could once again have under one roof her heirlooms and veritable "collection of collections"—antique furniture, lacquer chinoiserie, Dorothy Doughty porcelain birds, silver trinket boxes, Japanese inrō, lusterware, and miniature furniture.

She told McGinty Associates, Architects, that she pictured her promontory on the Intracoastal Waterway with a modern rendition of the mansions she'd seen on girlhood tours to Natchez, Mississippi, but otherwise she gave the firm free reign. Like many Natchez mansions, her new house has white columns and a copper roof that resonates when it rains. But project architect J. Dean Winesett also provided some unexpected turns: the Palladian-windowed room where the ballroom would have been is a solarium with a swimming pool. The otherwise traditional façade incorporates two lean-to greenhouse windows—sunny, plant-filled pauses in the arched passageway that traverses the front of the house.

Opposite: The south hallway leads to the dining room, which has a greenhouse window, and guest suite. *Above:* Whimsical trompe l'oeil brightens the guest bath.

Photographs and measurements of the furniture enabled the architects to plan specific wall areas for specific pieces. Decorators Kitty and Parker Cook of Islands Décor suggested com-



Left and above: From the front porch, the owner enjoys visiting grandchildren, gardening and crabbing. Reclaimed Savannah brick extends indoors, paving the central foyer and front hallway. *Right:* In the dining room, geraniums bloom in a "Crystal Palace" planter from Mexico City.





Above: The sherbet-toned living room displays selections of the owner's lusterware, Parian hands, silver trinket boxes, children's chairs, and dolls "Flame Tapestry" cotton fabric by Decorators Walk. Custom-colored Pride-of-Kashmir rug by Schumacher. Throw from Mabel's, New York. *Below:* In the wall outside the owner's library is a miniature counterpart by Eugene Kupjack.





Above Flamboyant sunsets inspired the strié-painted walls. Reproduction Chippendale chairs by Baker surround an 1818 Massachusetts table set with Royal Copenhagen "Flora Danica" plates and Henri Bendel napkins. Scottish mantel has seascape carvings. Portuguese petit-point rug from Stark.
Below This miniature music room was made by Virginia Merrill.





Above The master suite has a custom bed with gilded putti in two corners of the canopy. French doors on either side of the bed lead out to the river. The "Du Barry" blue silk on the bed and "Geranium Stripe" chintz on the chair and stool are by Kent-Bragaline. French provincial pine armoire is by Chapman. *Opposite* A flowering hibiscus, carved stork, and picture-framed recesses of miniature rooms line the north hallway, outside the library. An English Regency mirror hangs over a Queen Anne lowboy, near the master suite.

patible wall and window treatments; in the front hallway, for example, *[illegible]* wallcovering—"Teawood" by [illegible]—the slate gray version to the south of the foyer, the coral colored to the north. The companion chintz appears in the master suite.

The collector asked Dean Winesett to provide a simple Colonial-style background—archways, wainscoting, and cornices proportioned to the various ceiling heights of the rooms. Woodworker Charles Lovely executed them. The owner searched out an antique front door and five antique man-[illegible]

Lights to reproduce them. For a seashell-encrusted table beneath a John Sloan oil of Gloucester, she had a silk lampshade made to echo the shells' curves. An obi evening coat was sewn up into sofa-pillow covers.

Kitty Cook found the trompe l'oeil artist Jerry Underwood and persuaded him to paint "an abstract sunset" on canvas panels for the dining-room walls. Underwood also did the fanciful window and rug in the guest bath.

The owner's collection of miniatures harks back to the dollhouse her grandfather built for her mother. She remembers that when she was a child in the thirties and went to see the miniature Thorne Rooms at the Chicago World's Fair, her mother could scarcely get her to leave.

She now has 21 miniature room settings, some of her making and some by the Kupjack family that helped make some of the Thorne Rooms, which are now at The Art Institute of Chicago. Eleven of the owner's room settings are recessed in the walls of the house. Others will be installed in the Gibbes Art Gallery in Charleston. Like her mother, the woman also collects antique dolls and children's furniture. The second collection displays the first and provides an amusing intermediate scale between the one-twelfth-scale miniatures and the life-size furniture in the house. □ *Editor, Lynn Benton Morgan*





A [illegible] bedroom door, and one moves into a world of salt air and [illegible] birds, savored from the balcony on the south side of Donald and Elizabeth Petrie's house. Symbolic painted panels [illegible]



EXTRAORDINARY ORDINARY

Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown design a year-round Hamptons retreat

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



Just a get-together house. Down [illegible] and [illegible] like someone doomed and broke it. Still in the planning stages of his own house, he was contemplating the newest entry in the Hamptons architectural statement sweepstakes: a cluster of slant-topped [illegible] with a fin wall punctured by huge blank openings. "I don't feel that kind of house belongs with these," he added, gesturing toward the modest, well kept old farm buildings nearby.

Another way to go these days on the south fork of eastern Long Island, New York—an area where the recent nationwide slump in housing starts went unnoticed—is Post Modern Shingle Style, much turreted, gabled, and eyebrow-windowed. A third popular possibility is a line-for-line reproduction of a local Colonial classic. But Donald and Elizabeth Petrie, long-time renters in the Hamptons, had a different idea for their wooded site on a salt pond behind the ocean dunes in the tiny town of Wainscott.

Elizabeth Petrie recalls, "We liked the idea of sponsoring a work of contemporary architectural art—one that would reflect and defer to the dignified turn-of-the-century shingle and clapboard houses of our near neighbors and the earlier examples not far away."

From the Petries' land you can hear and see the ocean surf, sparkling in the famous Hamptons light that attracts so many artists to the area. They wanted to exploit their surroundings in a house that would serve the year-round weekend needs of a couple with four grown children and an increasing tribe of grandchildren. They envisioned spaces that would contract into a warm

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Gadsbow. Front façade is similar
House flanks have many planes: the gable





Looking through the house from the entry [illegible] Atlantic. This is the main room, measuring 23 by 36 feet. It contains two large seating areas, a space for dining, a fireplace, and four sets of double doors. Walls are a pale neutral color because the [illegible] deep eaves keep the [illegible] shadowy; color is



In summer, wide openings on opposite sides pull fresh sea air through the deeply shaded rooms and the porches become extensions of the interior. In winter, double glazing, thick walls, and outside shutters create a snug shelter



refuge for two in winter and expand to a wide-open pavilion that could house three times that number in summer.

Architect Robert Venturi was the Petries' first choice. His New England houses, and most of all his 1975 Bermuda house, convinced them that he was a master at honoring the vernacular in contemporary design.

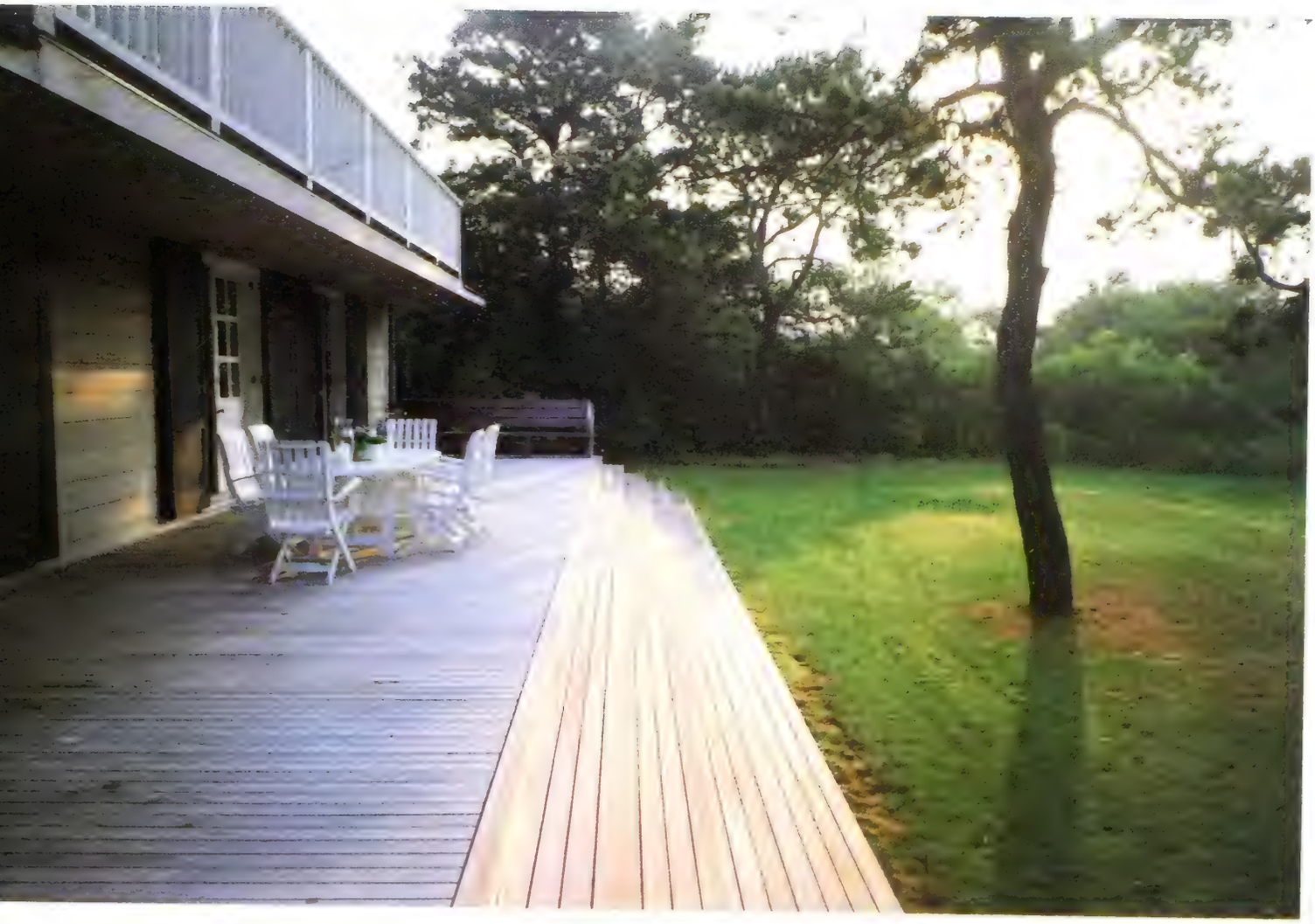
Elizabeth Petrie is an experienced architectural client who currently heads the building committee for the Whitney Museum's addition by Michael Graves. Her husband, an investment banker, was a novice client, but he plunged into the design process from the start, helping Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown site the house. People living down the road still talk about seeing Donald Petrie high on a borrowed scaffold on the uncleared land finding the best ocean view, then covering every inch at ground level to measure the wind. An avid sailor, he insisted that wind, not machinery, cool

says, "The building is purposely understated, and then there are touches that show you that we *mean* the understatement—for example, the use of painted panels on the dormers. The waves symbolize the nearby sea and the owners' love for sailing; on another level, this ornamentation is saying, 'Here is not a wall but a window that was left out.' " The architect finds precedent for this decorative treatment in H.H. Richardson's Queen Anne houses, where long dormers might include bas-relief in stucco.

Venturi, the advocate of contradiction and complexity, says, "I don't design to justify my theories, but naturally designs correspond to a designer's feelings." Some of the contradictions that vitalize the Petrie house are the formal symmetry of the house and its outbuilding and the informality of their juxtaposition; the tight little parterre garden and the wild meadow and woods close by; the big countrified chair rail and cornice dentils in the living room and the modern (or ancient) way they are painted. On the latter, Venturi comments, "Ordinary elements become extraordinary when you do something 'wrong' with them. In this way, we *exemplify* old traditional house details."

As important as style and symbolism were to the clients and their architect, there was a practical program to fulfill. The Petries asked for and got a versatile, comfortable place to live in. Two main rooms occupy the lower floor. One is a large, white kitchen equipped for occasional ambitious cooking (such as for their housewarming for 250 guests), with double doors on the south and north and a ribbon of west windows. The kitchen floor is terra-cotta tile, and in the sitting/dining area a dark-blue enameled wood stove stands against a wall of white tiles whose few random dark-blue triangles resemble sailboats. The second room, a multi- *(Text continued on page 242)*

Above: Outbuilding is pool house/boathouse/garage. It faces main house casually to form a small compound. Venturi's fence design has a nautical wave. *Opposite above:* Near the house, a patch of lawn is enclosed by native trees, shrubs, and meadow plants. *Opposite below:* A medley of woods: red cedar roof, white cedar walls, mahogany decks and benches.







AMERICAN EMPIRE RISES AGAIN

A Boston row house shows a new way with nineteenth-century decorating

BY NANCY RICHARDSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

A pier table with mirrored back stands on either side of the mantel in the rear parlor of John [illegible] Boston. A large gilt-wood mirror hangs above each. *Opposite:* Clock, made in France for the American market, is on loan to The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Ormolu wall sconce is French nineteenth century.







Opposite and *above:* White-and-gold armchairs were made in Baltimore around 1830. *Above:* A view from the back parlor into the front one. The armchairs, scroll-ended sofa, and a worktable now used to hold a tea tray make a new kind of contemporary seating arrangement. Tea things are from Marika's Antiques. Three-panel needlepoint rug is American Empire. Murals of Classical scenes are new—by C. Hazard Durfee.

This row house on Beacon Hill in Boston was built in 1823, and early-nineteenth-century furniture, rugs, objects, and wallpaper belong in it the way spots belong on a leopard. The owner's arrangement of these things, however, coincides with the impulse to use nineteenth-century elements in a "new-old" style that depends as much on the renewed appreciation of nineteenth-century paintings of interiors and still lifes as it does on the current fashion for romantic decoration and its influence on photography.

When John DeRemigis bought the house in 1972, his idea was to re-create it as it "might" have been in the 1820s. The instinct to take the best of a period instead of trying to furnish the house as it literally would have been opened the way to creating the mood of the original house rather than getting caught in a historical exercise. With a friend, Richard H. LaCroix, and the help of Boston dealer Richard Faber, Mr. DeRemigis began to assemble a wide-ranging and pleasant group of Boston, New York, and Baltimore pieces, both American Empire and the American equivalent of Biedermeier, known as American Classical.

The house had a pleasant, typically Bostonian sobriety about it; the use of more flamboyant furniture of the early nineteenth century, with a lot of carving or gold, would have been inappropriate. And the avoidance of such furnishings is what now gives the house an air of being clean-lined and contemporary. There is a sense of formality to the house, however, which was achieved by the choice of colors rather than by the furniture. In the double parlor, dark Empire forms and gilt-bronze furniture and fixtures stand out against gray walls, yellow curtains, and chimney pieces in Italian marble. A pair of bold white-and-gold Baltimore chairs are an unexpected reminder that not all Empire furniture was dark mahogany or rosewood. To each side of the chimney piece in the back parlor sit examples of one of the most typical items of Empire furniture, and in John DeRemigis's case some of his best pieces. Pier tables and mirrors were often placed on the wall—or pier—between two windows. Their design and demeanor were as much a part of the treatment of nineteenth-century wall decoration as console tables were to the eighteenth century's. In the DeRemigis sitting room pier tables and mirrors make large architectural elements that lighten the room with reflections.

These two rooms also include several examples of the



Above: The mahogany dining table set for dinner. Damask napkins are from Henri Bendel; silver compotes from Marika's Antiques. More Classical figures appear in the carved gilt frieze above the overmantel mirror. Patinated brass and ormolu chandelier is French; figures of angels hold several candlecups. *Opposite:* Paris porcelain centerpiece sits on a dining-room sideboard. Four biscuit caryatids support a pierced oval basket in white and gold.

current craze for off-handed but carefully thought-out arrangements of early-nineteenth-century sculpture, bronzes, and porcelain. On a round library table an equestrian bronze surveys a landscape that consists of books, candlesticks, and a pot of flowers. The mantel provides another excuse to make a romantic still-life composition. A pair of dark cornucopias sit on either end, a small gilt-bronze bust of George Washington mounted on a pedestal inset with a clock face is in the middle, and wedged in between is a little black metal bowl of overblown roses. It's the old idea of a *garniture de cheminée,* not revisited seriously but reinerpreted with an appreciation of the odd number of elements it implied as well as with an understanding that the charm of these five elements consisted in their variety and differences in size.

The dining room combines three other elements typical of Empire decoration. Grisaille scenic wallpaper from Zuber came from an old house in Pennsylvania. (Zuber was famous for vividly colored wallpaper panels in which each "repeat" was a different scene the size of a mural. Such panels in shades of gray were unusual in Zuber's time and today seem very contemporary.) A white-and-gold porcelain fruit basket supported by four columnlike [illegible] sideboard looking handsome and appropriately oversized. And having nothing to do with its usual early-nineteenth-century placement in a hall or sitting room, a Recamier sofa covered in black horsehair becomes a bench at one end of the room.

Empire beds and small, strictly proportioned fall-front desks are other trademarks of early-nineteenth-century interiors. They appear over and over today in the way John DeRemigis uses them—as functional and sophisticated antiques that fit charmingly into tiny bedrooms.

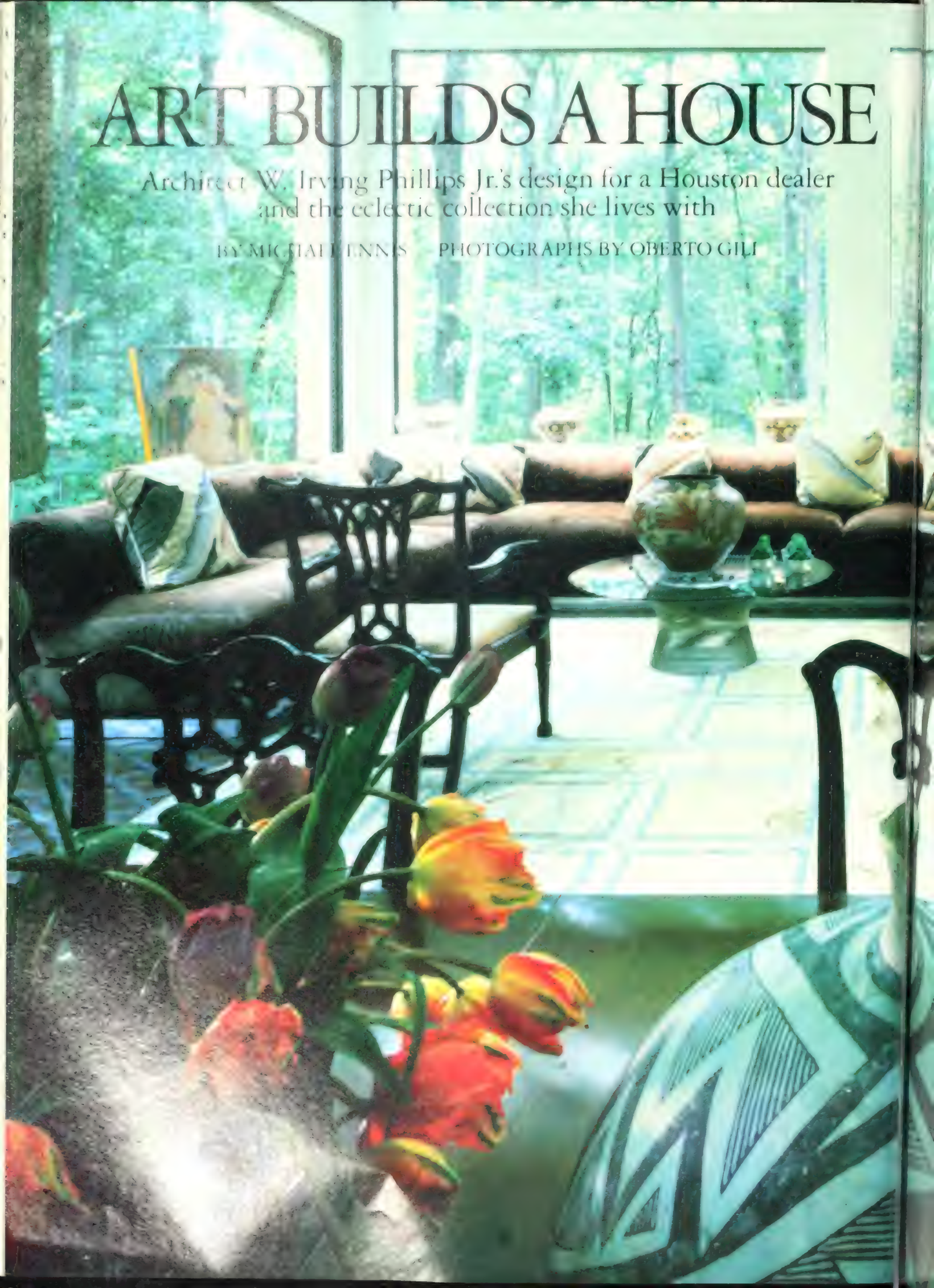
In a spirit that is characteristic of the way many people are furnishing houses and apartments, John DeRemigis has assembled a collection of furniture and objects without much thought about "decorating." He has chosen furniture whose original function would still apply, and he has learned its history in order to have an idea of how to arrange it. Though considered high-style, simple Empire and Classical furniture goes for relatively little at auction. John DeRemigis is one of many collectors, dealers, and museum curators who in the last ten years have been rediscovering and sorting out the facts of nineteenth-century decoration because they could afford it and because it looked "new" to them. The result of their efforts is that the public is becoming more familiar with the colors, proportions, and arrangement of nineteenth-century interiors and can begin to differentiate between those elements that belong only in a museum and those that fit the mood and purposes of contemporary life. □



ART BUILDS A HOUSE

Architect W. Irving Phillips Jr.'s design for a Houston dealer and the eclectic collection she lives with

BY MICHAEL ENNIS — PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI





One exchange of ideas is something like playing a Baroque concerto. She finds an object, and I create a space for it. Or I do something with a space, and she elaborates with a piece of art." That is architect W. Irving Phillips Jr. describing his collaboration with the collector for whom he built this suburban Houston house. And clearly the fluent responses of one professional to another—she has her own art gallery, Balene, Inc.—account for this plainly stated yet frequently wry and surprising communion of art, architecture, and pure function.

This collector is a playful empiricist rather than a horder, open to trading off an entire houseful of art in pursuit of new directions. She started with copper kitchen molds; unlike most of her early acquisitions these were never deaccessioned and still liberally cover the kitchen walls. Her first gallery-shopping expedition, twenty years ago, brought a brief disaster; she didn't like the modern art she bought, so she exchanged the entire lot for pre-Columbian sculptures. That taste endured, and today some of her finest objects are ceramic figures from Veracruz, Nyarit, Chupícuaro, and Colima. Her repertoire of primitives expanded, and it now includes an array of African masks, guardian figures, ritual markers, and carved tribal-chief's stools, as well as the energetic geometries of Apache Indian baskets, Navaho blankets, and Pueblo, Socorro, and Zia Indian pots. European and American folk art is another emphasis: quilts and hooked rugs, Swiss and Pennsylvania



Dubuffet's *Treeside Thicket* wraps the largest room in the house, creating an appropriate backdrop for the big-horned African Baoule mask, Dubuffet's antic sculpture, nineteenth-century Pueblo Indian pots, and the Tabriz garden carpet







Louis XVI fireplace painted, ornate, crowned by a de Kooning oil and flanked by pieces of pre-Columbian ceramic figures, is a restrained but stately centerpiece for the exposed-brick-walled living room. Through a tall, rain-spotted window, Nancy Graves's cast-bronze camel legs celebrate the owner's flair for caprice.



[illegible] wildly ornate [illegible] by Depression-era [illegible] Rococo-style antiques attest to her [illegible] with Left Bank antiquaries, and she is a faithful customer at New York Oriental rug dealer Vojtech Blau. Along the way she also found modern art she could live with—Dine, Dubuffet—a monoprint and large oil by her friend Willem de Kooning, and works by Texas artists Charles Umlauf, Dorothy Hood, and James Surls.

The architecture is just as varied as the art. The site was a heavily overgrown promontory (machetes were needed for the initial surveys) beside Buffalo Bayou, a historic Houston waterway that still provides high anxiety when it crests with torrential spring rains. The minimal, hard-edged forms of the unadorned brick façade, brick pergolas, and long, slate-sided reflecting pool quickly impose order on this almost primeval chaos, while the monolithic but lyrical fountain solves a problem peculiar to Houston—even in this apparent wilderness, noise from a nearby freeway had to be masked.

The rooms spiral around the hill, unfolding in a fan pattern divided into functional units by two intersecting hallways. Formal areas were an important requirement—both the collector and her husband are active in local business and civic affairs—but hardly traditional ones. What is usually called a living room is here referred to simply as "the rectangular room." It is the most formal space in the house, but there's no frosted-on old-world grandiloquence; exposed Mexican brick walls *(Text continued on page 248)*

[illegible] Arnold Wood branch) [illegible] collection of [illegible] Hankins.)

Pennsylvania German painted bench, [illegible] from a single [illegible] folk



Riviera Garden with an English Accent

BY FLEUR CHAMPIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARIANE



The Château de la Garoupe has a romantic and skillful blend of wild and ordered landscapes, rare and native plants

Even since Lord Brougham, on his way to Italy, stopped at Cannes long enough to build the Villa Eléonore (ca 1859) for his ailing daughter, the Riviera has been a winter heaven for delicate northerners and their rich relatives. In no time at all, this forgotten corner of the world became equipped with roads and railways, casinos and very grand hotels, villas and Russian churches, imported palm trees and other birches. . . . The original landscape of goat-eaten hills, olive or orange groves, as well as the traditions and expectations of the natives changed radically.

At that time, notes Vita Sackville-West in *The Edwardians*, ". . . the Americans were discovering Europe far more rapidly than the Europeans had discovered America." Newport sent its most famous tastemakers: Edith Wharton had a convent at Hyères, Ogden Codman Jr. a Neoclassical villa at Villefranche, Mrs. Belmont a diminutive and much coveted island near Beaulieu. As for Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, in the middle of "peasant-looking," that is, olive-planted terraces she built a Cistercian-inspired mansion, for which Achille Duchêne designed spectacular gardens. A few years later, another successful American launched the Côte d'Azur as the summer paradise it still is today. Together with the inevitable Elsa Maxwell, the Gerald Murphys, and other fashionable young couples, Cole Porter swam, danced, and sang his way all through the summer of 1922 at the Château de la Garoupe, on Cap d'Antibes.

As it is not open to the public, La Garoupe is one of the lesser-known great gardens of France, and a special one at that: a third-generation English garden in the warm climate of the Riviera. Three generations of dedicated plantsmen have loved it and looked after it, each bringing new ideas and new plants, as well as new solutions to the eternal problems of maintenance and climatic vagaries or changing habits in gardeners and guests. For all its eighty years, and despite two world wars involving the removal of two thousand land mines in 1946, it is gloriously alive today.

The first Lord Aberconway, while turning Bodnant into what many consider as the most beautiful garden in Britain, bought in 1905 about forty acres of pine woods and *garrigue* on a peninsula overlooking both the snow-covered Alps across the Baie des Anges, and Corsica (or its reflection) across the Mediterranean, with olive trees and vineyards growing on the more sheltered site. While he was organizing a modern market-garden (roses have always been grown on Cap d'Antibes), he commissioned Sir Ernest George, an admirer of classical landscapes and Italian architecture, to build the house: long, white, and many-columned, it sits on top of the crest covered with roses and exotic climbers.

Lady Aberconway designed and planted the south terraces, organized orchards well protected from the mistral, made her own wine (and wisely did not drink it!), and created a wild garden on the best Robinsonian principles. A true gardener, she always selected the best plants, and placed them for the best impression: what Robin Lane Fox has called "the gospel of better gardening." Every year she would cross France on dusty roads and spend the season from Christmas to April in her beloved garden.

After her death the estate passed to her daughter, Lady Norman, whose knowledge of the Mediterranean plants was equal only to her love for the place she had helped to choose after exploring every peninsula from Naples to Toulon. Adapting a still fairly large place to postwar conditions, she created a summer garden and planted masses of fragrant roses, old varieties almost impossible to find anywhere else. Today, her son, Antony Norman, keeps improving his gardens, reclaiming vistas, fighting the fast-growing vegetation in the woodland (where there is always a risk of fire), and adding modern varieties to the already impressive collection of rare plants.

As you drive through a wood of Aleppo pines and Holm oaks, with masses of round-shaped lentisks and rockroses, the great surprise is the lush green carpet of naturalized freesias, turning intensely white and fragrant in the spring before being scorched out by the summer sun; the seeds come from England: time, good soil . . . and the birds have done the rest. In the forecourt, the north steps look inviting, framed with a family of centenarian cycas with minds of their own: boys will grow on the left and girls on the right, but they die if you switch them. On a rocky slope local strawberry trees and lentisks set off a young collection of mimosas while on the other side, the blue haze of the right kind of teucrium (*T. fruticans azureum*) keeps the woods from being overpowering; on your way to the Roman bench down below, everything is white, spireas, exochordas, or fragrant viburnums underneath the Japanese cherries and crab apples. More cherries and crab apples surround the orange orchards, underplanted with the newest roses from the nearby Meilland nurseries, on a rich red soil background. The orchards are enclosed between avenues of olive trees covered with Banksia, 'Mermaid', 'Wedding day', and other climbing roses; so as not to have too many weeds, masses of flag irises, mown once a year, have been planted at the foot of the trees and bordered with colorful cyclamen. The effect, on such *(Text continued on page 250)*

Preceding pages: Framed by Aleppo pines and cycas, the spring garden and orchards offer a panorama of Cannes beyond the Roman bench.

Opposite: Old walls and venerable olive trees with pink and white Japanese flowering cherry trees and beds of flag iris in a corner of the sheltered spring garden.







Top: In the *jardin de curé,* one of the many small sheltered gardens that surprise and refresh the visitor to La Garoupe, four carefully pruned orange trees in heavily loamed santolina-bordered beds of white stock around a central astrolabe. *Above:* Circles of clipped boxwood ringed with boxwood cones and wedges of lavender, santolina, and rosemary—all sun-loving and salt-resistant—compose an unusual and aromatic parterre for the main terrace on the south side of the house.



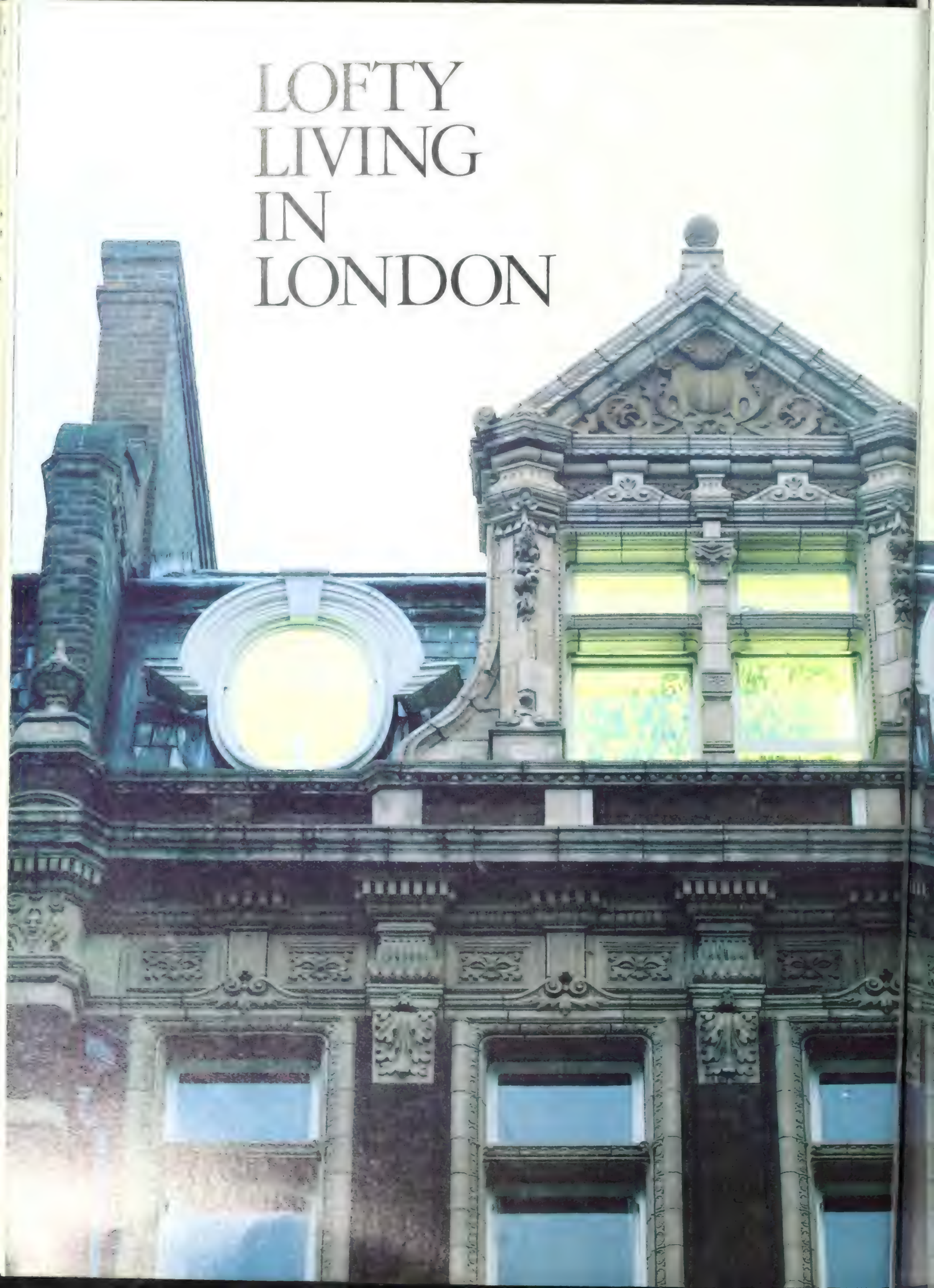


Top: On the south slope, the *garrigue* in full spring colors. To subtly improve this mixture of wild plants like cistus, broom, myrtle, and French lavender so typical of the region, larger-flowered cultivated varieties have been intermingled with their native cousins. *Above:* The woodland in springtime carpeted with naturalized freesias. *Overleaf* Allées of olive trees surround the orchards: behind them delicate flowering cherries and drifts of white spirea, and at their feet bands of German iris and borders of pink and white cyclamen.





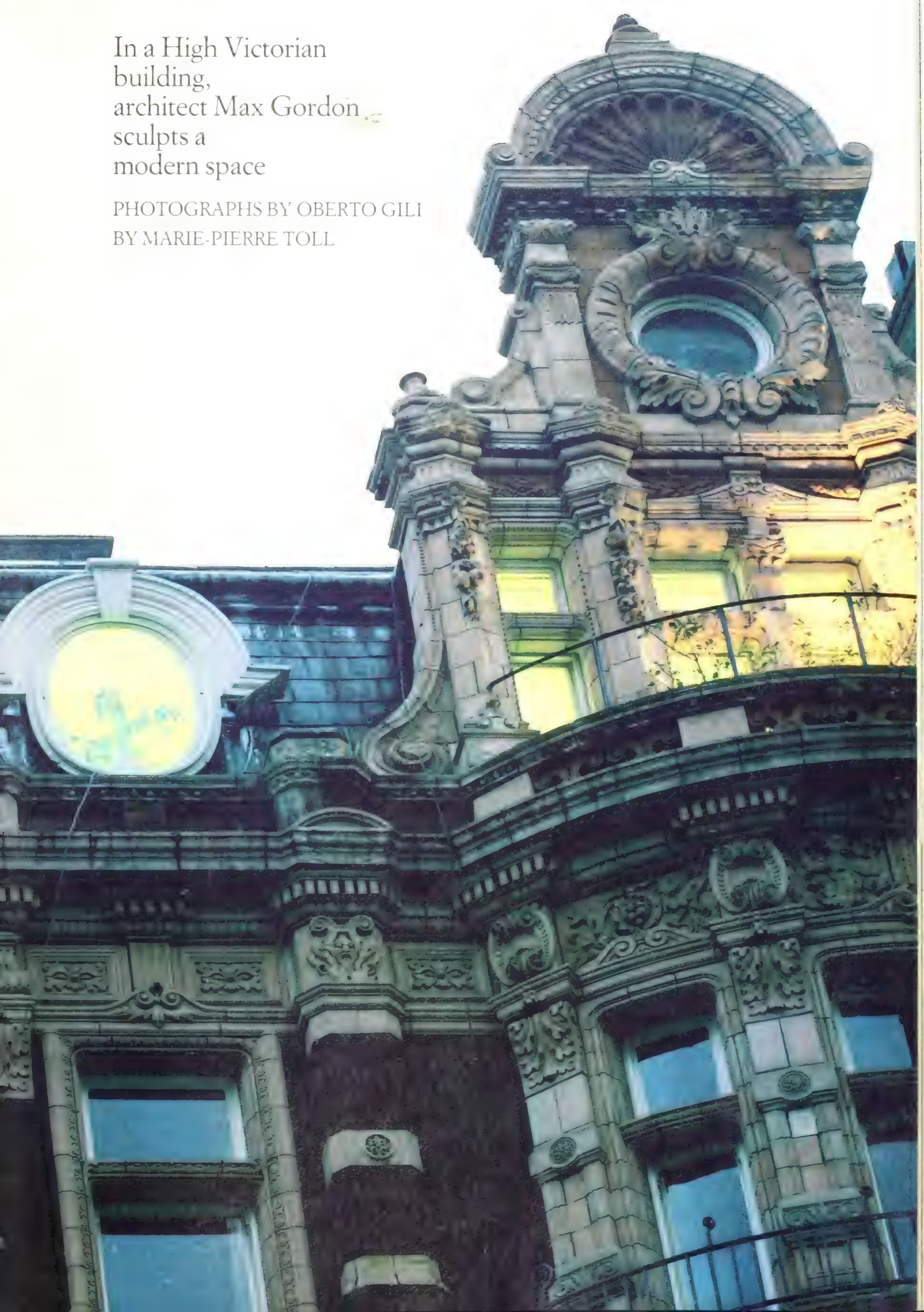
LOFTY LIVING IN LONDON



In a High Victorian building, architect Max Gordon sculpts a modern space

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

BY MARIE-PIERRE TOLL





Preceding pages: The exterior of Max Gordon's apartment building shows off his carefully designed "general glow of light." *Above:* A three-dimensional print by Richard Smith sits in a cabochon-shaped window in the living room. *Opposite:* Floor-to-ceiling fiberglass screens in the study (and throughout the space) filter light and hide details such as radiators. Max Gordon designed and made the drawing table. Lamps are "Tizio" by Artemide. On Olivetti filing cabinets is a ceramic pot by Andrew Lord. In the window, a bust of Milton.

English architect Max Gordon spends about six months of the year in the United States, and that influence is felt in his apartment in London's Mayfair, particularly from his many works of art by American artists. But his ideas about art, lighting, and design are anything but borrowings. We asked him to tell us about them, and about his work as an architect.

"Well, I moved here six years ago and it took me six months to renovate. I previously lived in Belgrave Square, then the Saudi Arabian government bought the building and I had to move. As I had friends who lived here, and I thought the area, street, and building were beautiful, I arranged to take the place. There was a vacancy—so I was lucky.

"The architecture of this street is mainly High Victorian, 1870s. Some of the buildings—but not this one—are by Sir Ernest George. There are few other streets with this kind of flourish of pink terra cotta in the neo-French Renaissance style.

"My apartment is on the top floor of the building. The front faces north. So the bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom at the rear all face south, and there is a panoramic view over London because although there are only five levels, they are very high floors—the equivalent of a seven-story building—which you find out when you walk up the stairs!

"When I found this place it had very much the look of a garret; it was extremely complicated, with lots of little rooms, awkward beams and paneling, long and dark corridors—no features of real quality worth keeping. The plan was a precise example of the elliptical behavior of the English; they like to go round the corner to do something which can be done very straightforwardly, and I think if one has to deal with that the whole day one wants to have somewhere where things are much more open and easygoing—at least I do. So I took out all the structure I could, in order to make what is really one space where one could move easily from one zone to another.

"The result was a plan that is virtually a square with the kitchen in a wing at the rear. In the center of the square is the *(Text continued on page 223)*





On the wall of the large cylinder that encloses lift and staircase is a work by Clarke Murray. To the left, near Le Corbusier chaise longue, detail of a 36-panel work by Jennifer Bartlett. Above sofa, a painting by Stephen Buckley. At far right on near wall, one by Ron Gorchov.





Above: A three-piece sculpture by Andrew Lord is a trompe-l'oeil table setting in the dining room. Painting by Ron Gorchov. Ficus trees "give relief to the insistence of all the architecture."

Right: Sculpture on cylinder wall in sitting room is by John Duff. Two pieces on opposite wall are by Stephen Buckley. Mies van der Rohe table and stool. Tree in background screens the bed from general circulation.



HIS HOUSE WAS HIS OASIS

At Taliesin West in Arizona, Frank Lloyd Wright cultivated his personal Garden of Eden

BY MARION FULLER
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ADAM HARTOX



The walls of Taliesin West were
and boulders in wooden forms; stone
ed with acid to bring out their natural
Road marker has as its bottom-
ne of the Taliesin Fellowship.









There was more than a touch of the visionary in Frank Lloyd Wright, whose works were not only ahead of his time, but in many cases remain ahead of our own time, too. Twenty-five years after his death, and almost a century after he began to build, several of Wright's central concerns are once again of intense interest to his co-professionals. For all his fervid espousal of "Organic Architecture," Wright was nonetheless fascinated with advances in technology, and he ingeniously exploited new materials, machinery, and construction techniques at all phases of his career. Though he disdainfully discarded the traditional motifs of Classicism and eclecticism, Wright was the most imaginative ornamentalist of his generation and found countless new ways to bring delight through decorative details. And he was peerless in his ability to reconcile the two major conflicting impulses of the modern architect: the desire to make humane spaces and the will to create monumental forms.

In light of Wright's continuing relevance, it now seems incredible that this augur of a new architectural order was written off more than once during his lifetime, as his pronouncements fell on ears that found his principles old-fashioned rather than oracular. Though Frank Lloyd Wright was not the American prophet without honor he depicted himself to be, it was certainly true that by the time he reached middle age his contribution was much more highly esteemed in Europe than it was in the United States. The personal crises and professional setbacks he began to suffer in the years before his de- *(Text continued on page 234)*

Left Tentlike roofs, lush landscaping, and cooling fountains give Taliesin West the refreshing air of an oasis. This portion of the complex housed Frank Lloyd Wright's office. *Above* A large quartz crystal forms the center of a triple-basin fountain, designed by Wright as a memorial to his stepdaughter, Svetlana.



Chairs designed by Wright for Taliesin West in the early forties, *this page,* are grouped around the living-room fireplace; triangular tables were designed in 1955 for Heritage-Henredon. The 1905 Steinway, was made for the Sultan of Morocco. *Opposite:* In Taliesin West's cabaret theater, chairs copied from Wright's 1913 design for Midway Gardens in Chicago.



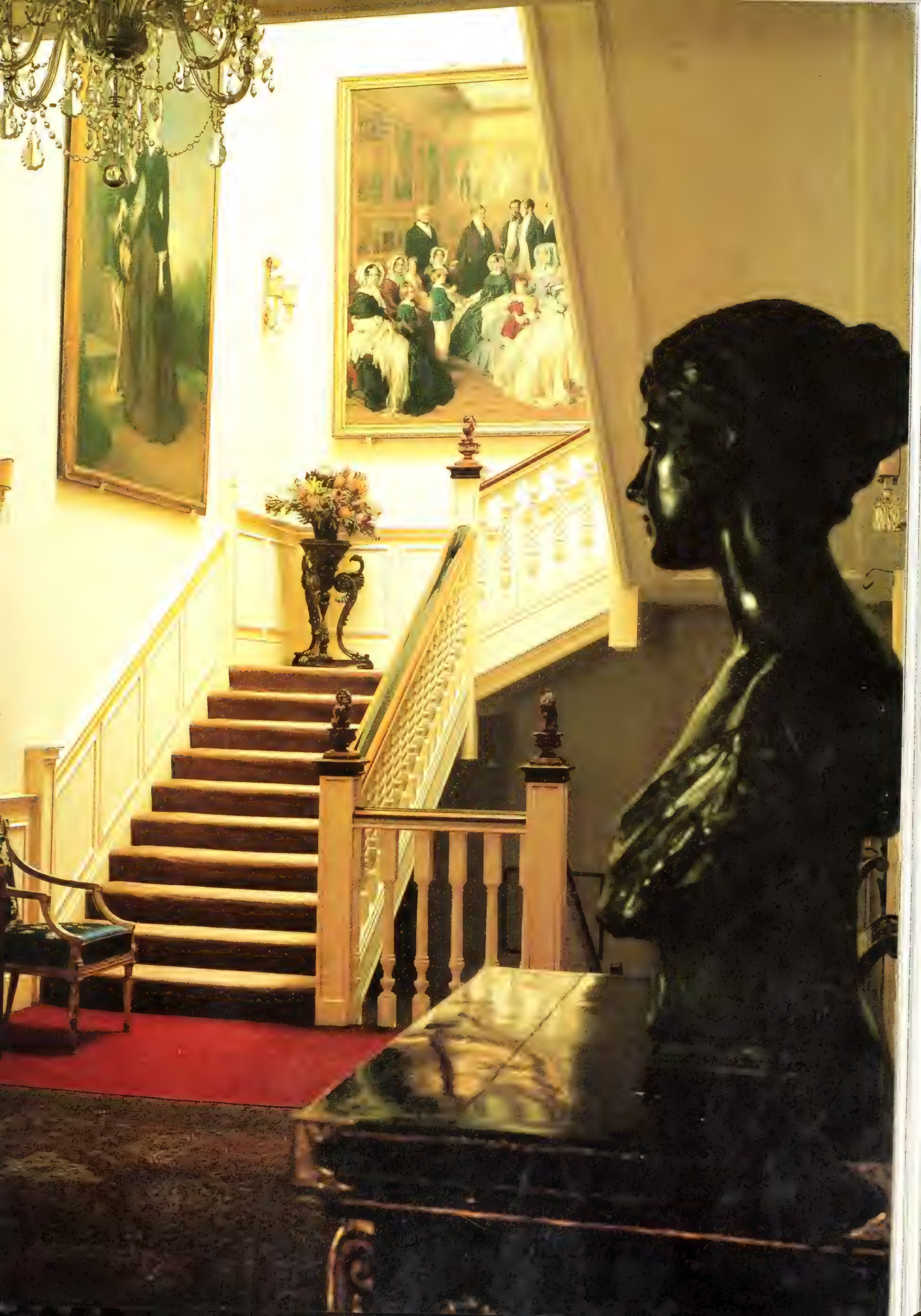


THE QUEEN MOTHER COLLECTS

The paintings in Clarence House reveal Her Majesty's very British love of family, home, and country

BY SIR ROY STRONG PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT

[illegible] photographed on her eightieth birthday in 1980. *Opposite:* Halfway up the staircase from the first-floor gallery at Clarence House is Winterhalter's painting of [illegible] Queen Victoria and Prince Albert with King Louis-Philippe and his [illegible] at Château d'Eu. To the left is a portrait of a lady by Alexis Joseph Perignon, [illegible] and under the sconce is *The Gold Tankard* by the contemporary [illegible] Sir William Nicholson. The gilt chair decorated with mirrored panels [illegible] of a suite ordered in the 1790s. The bronze bust at the right is [illegible] Queen Mother as a young girl by Frederick Louis Roslyn.





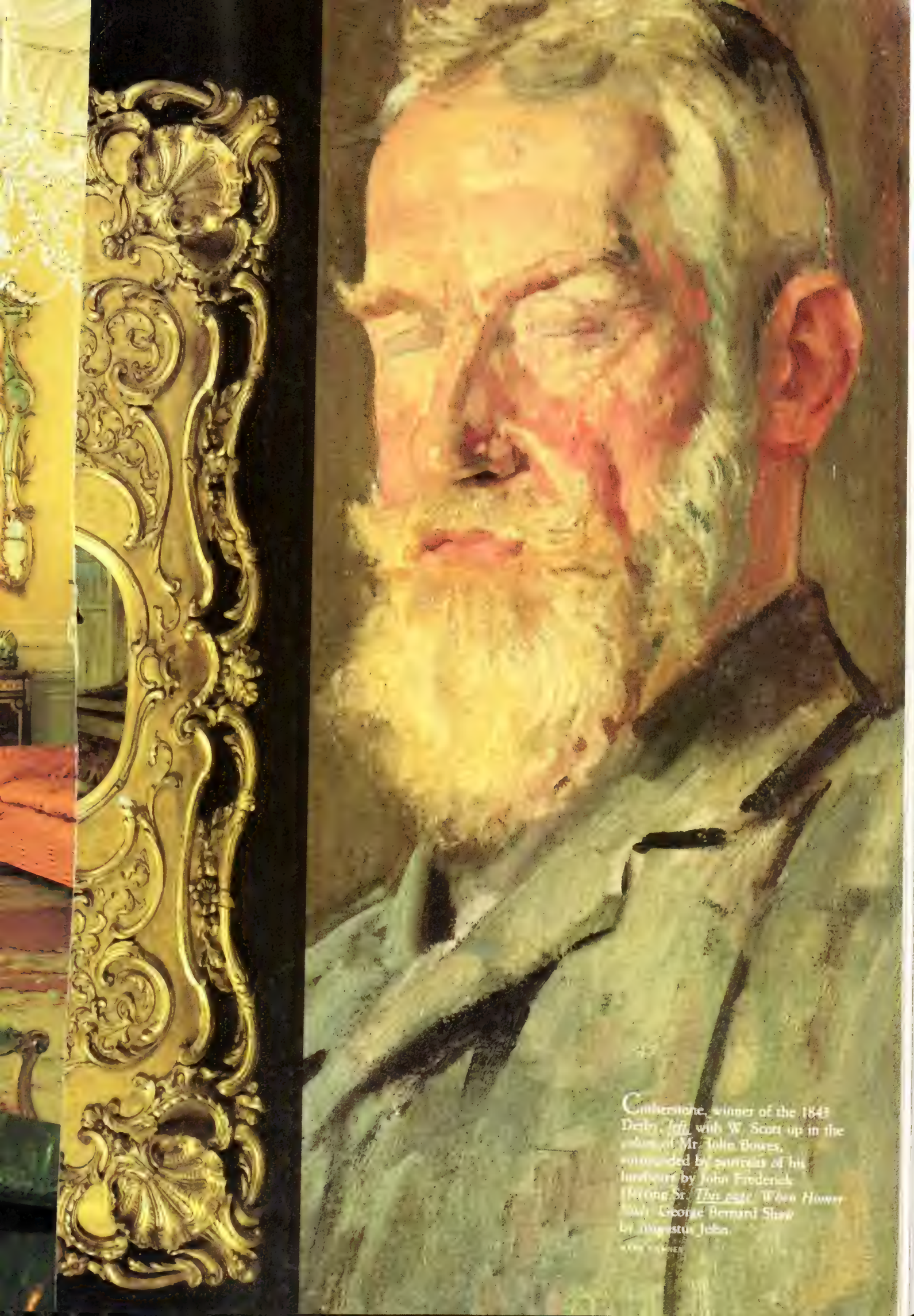


Above: Charcoal drawing of the Royal Family at tea, Royal Lodge, Windsor, by Sir James Gunn hangs in the Queens Passage. It is a study for a picture in The National Portrait Gallery, London. *Left:* The portrait of Queen Elizabeth in the garden room was painted in 1940 by Augustus John. On the left of the fireplace is a 1945 portrait by Sir James Gunn, and on the right, Queen Victoria by E.T. Parris.

Clarence House has been the London residence of H
abeth the Queen Mother since the death of King (
visitor to London can fail to miss this cream-paint
Neoclassical style halfway along the Mall sandwiched betwe
Palace and Lancaster House. The exterior is by no mean
guished and it is, in fact, more reminiscent of a large Rege
grand town house. Perhaps that reaction is less surprisin
house we see, although much altered, was built by Nash b
in the pause between Brighton Pavilion and embarking c
ingham House into Buckingham Palace. Clarence House
King, William IV, when he was Duke of Clarence, and it w
pied by Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh and, from 190
of Connaught. After the Second World War it became for
cial residence of the present Queen after her marriage to th
At that time the huge undertaking of modernizing it was ess
some of the ceilings and other features by Nash still survive,
ly in the eighteenth-century revival style of the late ninetee
is overwhelming in scale and the basic premise of the dec



King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, above and below, painted by Philip de Laszlo in 1931 when they were Duke and Duchess of York. *Right:* Queen Elizabeth's Drawing Room. Over the fireplace is a late-eighteenth-century portrait of Master John Bowes by John Jackson flanked by a pair of Rococo looking-glasses in their original white and gold. A large oil sketch of the young Queen Victoria on horseback by Sir Edwin Landseer hangs next to Sir William Blake Richmond's portrait of *The Honourable Mrs Vernon Bonham*—the central figure is Lady Strathmore, Queen Elizabeth's own mother. The Blue John urns with ormolu mounts on the chimney piece were made by Matthew Boulton.



Cotherstone, winner of the 1843 Derby, *left*, with W. Scott up in the colors of Mr. John Bowes, surrounded by portraits of his handlers by John Frederick Herring Sr. *The race: When Homer sang* by George Bernard Shaw by Augustus John.



Above: The Lancaster Room contains 26 views of Windsor Castle and its surroundings by John Piper, commissioned by Queen Elizabeth in 1941 partly as a record of the castle in case it should be damaged by bombing. Painted in watercolor, gouache, pen and black ink, the views are considered among Piper's finest architectural impressions. *Opposite:* A detail of the view *Looking Towards St. George's Chapel.*

the use of pale ground colors that enhance the effect not only of people but of the furnishings and pictures.

The immediate impression that Clarence House makes on the privileged visitor is of comfort, of light streaming in through every window, and of elegant clutter. Clutter is a word I chose deliberately because the piles of objects, books, porcelain, *objets d'art,* and flowers that seem to overwhelm the eye on first arrival are immediately reflective of another atmosphere: bustle. This is a house full of activity, of flurry, of endless coming and going by family, visitors, children, and, of course, dogs. It is also a house with an aura of stillness. Suddenly it seems actually able to compose itself and impress on the mind a feeling of calm and contemplation. Paradoxically, therefore, it is also a house for being alone in, and the pictures are friends.

Any interesting interior is an emanation of the character of the occupier. And this is one of them. One knows at once that everything is where it is or equally where no one else would have thought of *(Text continued on page 214)*



[illegible] because Queen Elizabeth wants a picture [illegible] Her pictures are part of this approach. As a collection there is absolutely nothing anonymous about it. There is no sense of anything being acquired purely on account of its value or its ability to usefully fill a space. There are also clear themes, partly but not exclusively carried through in the hanging (which can follow a logic and then delightfully be abandoned). There is firstly a strong family element, not only represented by pictures connected with the Bowes-Lyon family but with the Royal Family itself. These lead naturally on to passions in history, one for the Stuarts and another for the feckless but magnificent George IV. Inevitably there are horses in plenty (in fact a Horse Corridor), and there is a strong taste for the anecdotal, the picture that tells or embodies a story. French Impressionist paintings seem almost to intrude as a kind of indulgence which ought to be resisted, for the dominating drift of the collection is patriotic, nostalgic, and British.

These are pictures looked at with an eye and mind that ranges through history to memory and association to delight and downright enjoyment. We are rightly reminded of the occupier's many encounters with portrait painters. Pride of place has been given to the Augustus John over the chimney piece in the Garden Room for which Queen Elizabeth is the first to admit that her lady-in-waiting sat for the lower half. But in fact the better picture is the sketch immediately to the left by James Gunn, an artist ripe for rediscovery, a painter of enormous abilities within the academic tradition as the broad certain brush strokes indicate. Gunn was a great favorite with the Royal Family and Clarence House has two other works by him, a wartime group of Sir Bernard Montgomery in the H.Q. Mess Tent in Belgium in 1944 and a study for the Royal Family group now in The National Portrait Gallery. Few pictures capture so well the atmosphere and idea of the postwar monarchy with its accent on the virtues of home life and domestic happiness.

It was only at the close of the thirties that Queen Elizabeth began to collect contemporary British art and not surprisingly she was drawn to those artists whose work reflected the British response to Impressionism. A marvelous Fantin-Latour of *Azalea and Pansies* acquired in the sixties and Monet's *Le Bloc* provide visual roots whereby to appreciate *Ennui* and *Lady in a Pink Ballgown* by Walter Sickert, *Edith and Caspar* and the portrait of *Bernard Shaw* by John, *Gold Tankard* by William Nicholson, *Jug and Apples* by Matthew Smith, rounded off by the masterpiece of the group, Paul Nash's *The Landscape of the Vernal Equinox*. Painted in 1943, of this the artist wrote: "Call it, if you like, a transcendental conception: a landscape of the imagination which has evolved in two ways; on the one hand through a personal interpretation of the phenomenon of the equinox, on the other through the inspiration derived from an actual place. In each case so-called truths of knowledge and appearance have been disregarded where it seemed necessary . . . the only forms and facts that interest the painter are those which can be used pictorially; these imagination seizes upon and uses in a quite arbitrary way. . . ."

This hallucinatory picture with sun and moon hovering over a mystical landscape is evidence of another influence, that of Samuel Palmer, whose work from his Shoreham period was a major rediscovery and cult in the thirties. No British artist was to respond so directly to this as John Piper and the two series of watercolors of Windsor Castle commissioned by Queen Elizabeth in the darkest days of the war between 1942 and 1944 are far from the sunshine views of Paul Sandby and instead give us glimpses of a royal fortress, symbolizing a beleaguered people and its loyalty to the crown, viewed beneath leaden and threatening skies. Piper, who celebrates his eightieth birthday this year, has long remained a beacon of a great native tradition of landscape and topographical painting. In 1948 Sir John Betjeman, the poet laureate, wrote of his work: "It is his mission to weld closer together his deep, learned, and poetic love of England with his clearly formed principles of what a picture should be."

Piper had in fact begun his career in a more abstract vein in terms we associate with the work of Ben Nicholson or Henry Moore but he abandoned this style. On the *(Continued on page 216)*



The Landscape of the Vernal Equinox painted in 1943 by Paul Nash

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THE LOWEST

(Continued from page 127) like the British with their innate reserve to the [illegible] and their innate conservatism have never taken to the Modernist movement. It has always seemed "foreign." That observation finds no place in Queen Elizabeth's collection so therefore hardly surprising. What might be described as the British eye has instead a strong feeling for storytelling and the anecdotal in painting. The eye starts with the pleasures of the subject matter before moving on to any aesthetic consideration. Queen Elizabeth must have been brought up to look at pictures in precisely this nineteenth-century way, and the Clarence House collection shows a keen appreciation of Victorian painting. What is more she has lived long enough for the wheel to come full circle and for the pictures she loved as a child to come back into fashion. Set into this context, the purchase of Sir John Everett Millais's *Bubbles* at Agnews in 1942 is quite startling, for at that time it represented everything despised by the avant-garde and anticipated by 25 years any revival of interest in the artist.

Another British preoccupation is faces and family. Clarence House is full of portraits. George III and his family peer down from the walls of the Dining Room. Queen Elizabeth's own Drawing Room has John Bowes in Van Dyck costume over the fireplace, a bravura sketch by Landseer of Queen Victoria on horseback, and a monumental group with Aesthetic Movement overtones of the Misses Cavendish-Bentinck in which the central figure is Queen Elizabeth's own mother, the future Countess of Strathmore. There are further portraits of herself by Sorine and de Lazlo and of King George VI also by de Lazlo and by Sir Gerald Kelly. There are sketches by both Lawrence and Wilkie of George IV, builder of Queen Elizabeth's residence at Windsor, Royal Lodge. But pride of place must go to the group of Stuart royal portraits including a version of Largillière's *Old Pretender and His Sister* and the moving icon by Edward Bower of Charles I at his trial.

Two pictures for me, however, stand apart from all the others both on account of their subject matter and their hanging. Both depict the Virgin and Child. One is by the so-called Master of the Castello Nativity, which emanates a serenity from a corner of the Garden Room, otherwise grand and busy. The second by Fra Angelico and now attributed to Zanobi Strozzi is on loan from the Royal Collection and hangs immediately above the desk in her own Sitting Room, also a note of calm amid activity. Both look back to the source that inspired a young child with a love of painting, Queen Elizabeth's visits to her grandmother at the Villa Capponi outside Florence before the First World War and her expeditions to the Uffizi. In this way within the walls of Clarence House the personal voyage of one person's eye is able to take us through almost a century of British taste in painting and collecting. And the key to it all is nostalgia and enjoyment. □ *Editor: John Bowes-Lyon. All photographs reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother*

PALM BEACH FABLE

(Continued from page 127) ness or anywhere else is one of the shrewdest and most determined men who ever trod the earth. Sure enough, and quite soon, the day came when the Williamses got into financial difficulty and wanted to sell the house. But it turned out that the title to it was tied up in every kind of legal knot. Any other house hunter might have given up, but it so happened that Charles Wrightsman's lawyer, whose name was John Foster Dulles, was also Harrison Williams's lawyer. "Get it for me by March 1947 and I'll take it," said Mr. Wrightsman, who had it in mind as a present for his wife on their wedding anniversary.

He got it, and they moved in on time, and for years it was their only home. When in New York, they lived in the Hotel Pierre. They entertained with [illegible] pleasure on New Year's Eve,



In Mrs. Wrightsman's bedroom, an amusing trompe-l'oeil painted donkey-back Louis XV–style desk.

when a hundred people could sit down to dinner in the drawing room, a dance floor was laid down, and Lester Lanin and his orchestra saw the night through. But fundamentally they didn't care for the local life, any more than they had liked it one summer in Newport, where every table groaned with silver and the bejeweled hostesses "hadn't even heard of Pearl Harbor," as Mrs. Wrightsman remembers it.

For this reason they began to import their own friends from near and far. The houseguests were the dinner party, and vice versa, according to a pattern that was to persist for a quarter of a century. There were no house rules except that you had to be punctual for meals. "You know how it is with Charlie," Philip Johnson said recently. "If you're on time with him, you're ten minutes late." *(Continued on page 218)*



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A Louis XV fauteuil covered in linen sits at an English desk in the library. Above desk is *In the Park* by Alfred Stevens.

the parquets (four of the rooms have parquet floors from the Palais Royal in Paris). He did all the curtains and all the covers—everything. Little by little the house began to fill up in the early fifties, and in 1955 we bought the apartment in New York. So of course we cleared out vast amounts of the best things from Palm Beach, and then we began filling the house up again."

There is of course no better way to study works of art than to live with them. Not only do their individual qualities reveal themselves day by day, but in their relations with one another there may well be a competitive element. What looked well on its own may be shown up by its neighbors. The gap left by a great work of art may be almost as palpable as its presence, and a brilliant newcomer may suggest that old favorites were perhaps not quite so fine as had been thought. That is the kind of life that works of art have led at the Wrightsmans' house in Palm Beach, and it is a very different thing from the life of an ensemble that has been established once and for all.

Quite early it was decided that everything would go eventually to the Metropolitan Museum, and a great many of the finest things are there now, in the Wrightsman Rooms and elsewhere. But at one time or another very nearly everything went through Palm Beach. Even the enormous Rubens of Rubens himself, his young wife Hélène Fourment, and their son Peter Paul was in the drawing room for some weeks before it went to the Met (and wonderful it looked, too, against the Chinese eighteenth-century wallpaper). The Vermeer portrait of a young girl—now in the Met—also hung at Palm Beach. When it was taken to New York the panel on which it was hung was turned into a window, with a picture frame literally framing the view. The collection of Meissen birds was in the library, with paintings by Tiepolo. The red japanned writing table that had belonged to Louis XV was in the drawing room, as was the Savonnerie carpet that had been made for the Grande Galerie of Versailles, designed by Charles Le Brun. All the gold *(Continued on page 222)*

But whereas almost anyone who has the money can buy fine English furniture, the history of the decorative arts in eighteenth-century France is a highly specialized subject. Not only does it call for a trained sensibility, but the novice has to pick his way through a labyrinth of fine distinctions in which all but the wisest may lose their way. A lifetime is not too long in which to master the ins and outs of that labyrinth.

As to that, the hardest thing in the world is to make Jayne Wrightsman use the word "I." "We" is as far as she will go, and if the credit for a particularly astute purchase can be given to someone else she can be counted upon to do it. But we are entitled to say, though she would never dream of agreeing, that her sense of discipline and her concern for perfection extend into every department of life. It is common ground among all who know her that she has the best food in America. Lightly as she may seem to step through life, as a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum and a member of the small executive committee that actually runs the museum she is a paragon of conscientiousness. Unlike many people in her position she is unfeignedly loved by her staff and has never been heard to speak to them otherwise than she would speak to her friends. Few people have, though many others enjoy her gift of inventive generosity. It delights her that fresh flowers should

day, though none can be seen from the house. But above all, and in ways that appear obliquely and never spoken of, she is the eternal student in person.

Initially the refurnishing and redecoration of the Palm Beach house was done with the help of Stéphane Boudin of the house of Jansen, which at that time was very important in Paris. I myself remember Boudin as a trim, small-boned, elegant man for whom nothing was too much trouble. With his feeling for perfection and the Wrightsmans' will to learn, progress was rapid—almost startlingly so, from Boudin's point of view: once when he had casually suggested that ficus hedges of a kind he had seen in Egypt would do well in Palm Beach he came down the next day and found that those same hedges, full-grown and ten feet high, had already been transported and put in place.

Naturally there was a transition period, when one style was on the way out and the other was on the way in. "It must have been hideous at the time," Jayne Wrightsman says now, "but I wasn't aware of it. We were having too good a time. Boudin was so adorable. We both loved him. He made a laugh out of everything. It was so amusing to do things with him, we never wanted to stop. He found everything for us—the furniture, the boiseries, the porcelain,

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house. He too is now in the Metropolitan Museum.

In full seriousness until 1952 the Wrightsmans' is prodigious alike in range and strength. Certainly it owes much to the learning, the insight, and the inspired scavenging of prime authorities in each of its fields. But the Wrightsmans are not the kind of collectors who can be shunted from shop to shop in amiable passivity. When Sir Francis Watson, then Director of the Wallace Collection and Surveyor of the Queen's Works of Art, was staying at Palm Beach in the spring of 1959 he was naturally aware that Mrs. Wrightsman was a collector of only a few years standing, and one who moreover had been active across a wide spectrum of enthusiasms. He was therefore amazed to find when he brought out 240 uncaptioned illustrations from a forthcoming book on French furniture that she was able as often as not to identify not only the date of the piece and the name of the man who made it, but even the last occasion on which it had changed hands.

The late fifties and the sixties were a period of tremendous, wholehearted, and tireless expansion of the collections. Both the Wrightsmans loved to travel—"Charlie is really Mr. Thomas [illegible] Wrightsman will say—and thought nothing of taking a party of eight through Russia or sailing on a chartered yacht through every last corner of the Greek islands. On these and other journeys the Wrightsmans' guests included muse-

Everett Fahy, Kenneth Clark and his wife, Jane. (Bernard Berenson became a great friend. The Wrightsmans used to visit him every year at I Tatti and said BB, from his armchair, was an incomparable tour director—"Wherever one was going he knew exactly what to see.")

At the end of each summer, case after case of new acquisitions would arrive in Palm Beach, there to be catalogued in the first place by Jayne Wrightsman herself. For she is her own registrar, her own curator, and her own archivist. Every object in the collection is minutely recorded by her. The purchase price, shipping costs, insurance, notes on condition—all are logged in detail.

Stéphane Boudin worked with the Wrightsmans for at least fifteen years, and in Palm Beach he established a very grand look—what Bernard Berenson called a Looey Looey look—that was in essence a painstaking replication of eighteenth-century practice. "We had fantastic silks made especially for us on the original looms in Lyons," Jayne Wrightsman recalls. "And I might add that they seemed to have been made by the original people, who all looked about a hundred and ten. In the reception room, where the ivory furniture is now, we had the Louis XVI furniture that is now in the Met. We had a great deal of coral velvet and fringes, and we tried to cover everything exactly as it would have been in the eighteenth century. Not until much later did we pull it all off and put cottons there instead.

"When we bought the New York apartment we sent the grandest things there and started again in Palm Beach. When we bought our apartment in London in 1970 we were working on the Met, on the apartment in New York, and on this house as well. When Stéphane Boudin became too ill to continue, we began to work with Henri Samuel, another Parisian, who also became a close friend. The house here took on a lighter look, became less pompous. Henri Samuel bought much simpler things, changed the carpets, painted the entrance hall salmon pink, and redid the reception room. And I started buying all that crazy ivory furniture.

"It was Francis Watson who put us on to the ivory chairs that came from Mentmore. Lady Rosebery never liked them, so she let us buy them." Made by Indian craftsmen in a style that owed much to Thomas Chippendale and believed to have belonged to Warren Hastings, the ill-fated first Governor-General of British India, they set a light, airy, and exotic note. Other ivory pieces followed from Hever Castle and elsewhere—among them some Moroccan ivory poles—and in this and other ways the house lost its Looey Looey look, though with no diminution in quality.

Other amendments have been made in recent years—above all by Vincent Fourcade, who brought a new gaiety and lightness to the big drawing room. But then there has never been anything stagnant about the Palm Beach house over the last thirty and some years. At first the garden seemed to have been made immutably in Mrs. Harrison Williams's image, but one day a hurricane bore down and knocked it irreparably out of shape. Charles Wrightsman had never thought of himself as a garden architect before, but he came down the next morning, looked over the wreck, and in no time at all devised the master plan that is still in operation today. Whereas the house is large but feels small, the garden is small but feels enormous. We almost believe, in fact, that those tall ficus hedges hide an uninhabited space as large as Central Park.

Of course it helps if, like the Wrightsmans, you can afford to do exactly what you want in such matters. But it has been proved a thousand times in Palm Beach that money unsupported by knowledge, flair, and fantasy will get you nowhere. What is special about the never-named property that will shortly come up for sale is that it has been animated since 1947 by a combination of scholarship, intelligence, determination, and wit that would be very difficult to parallel, not only in Palm Beach but anywhere else in the world. ▫

Editor: Lynn Benton Morgan

(Continued from page 192) access, which consists of a circular stair around a circular elevator. I shaved off all the additions to this circle, like fireplaces and walls, in order to establish a perfect cylinder. Symmetrically arranged around the cylinder are two storage rooms and a bathroom, all three faced with bookcases. This division gave a dining space and a bedroom space at the rear and a living room/study at the front, all flowing into each other.

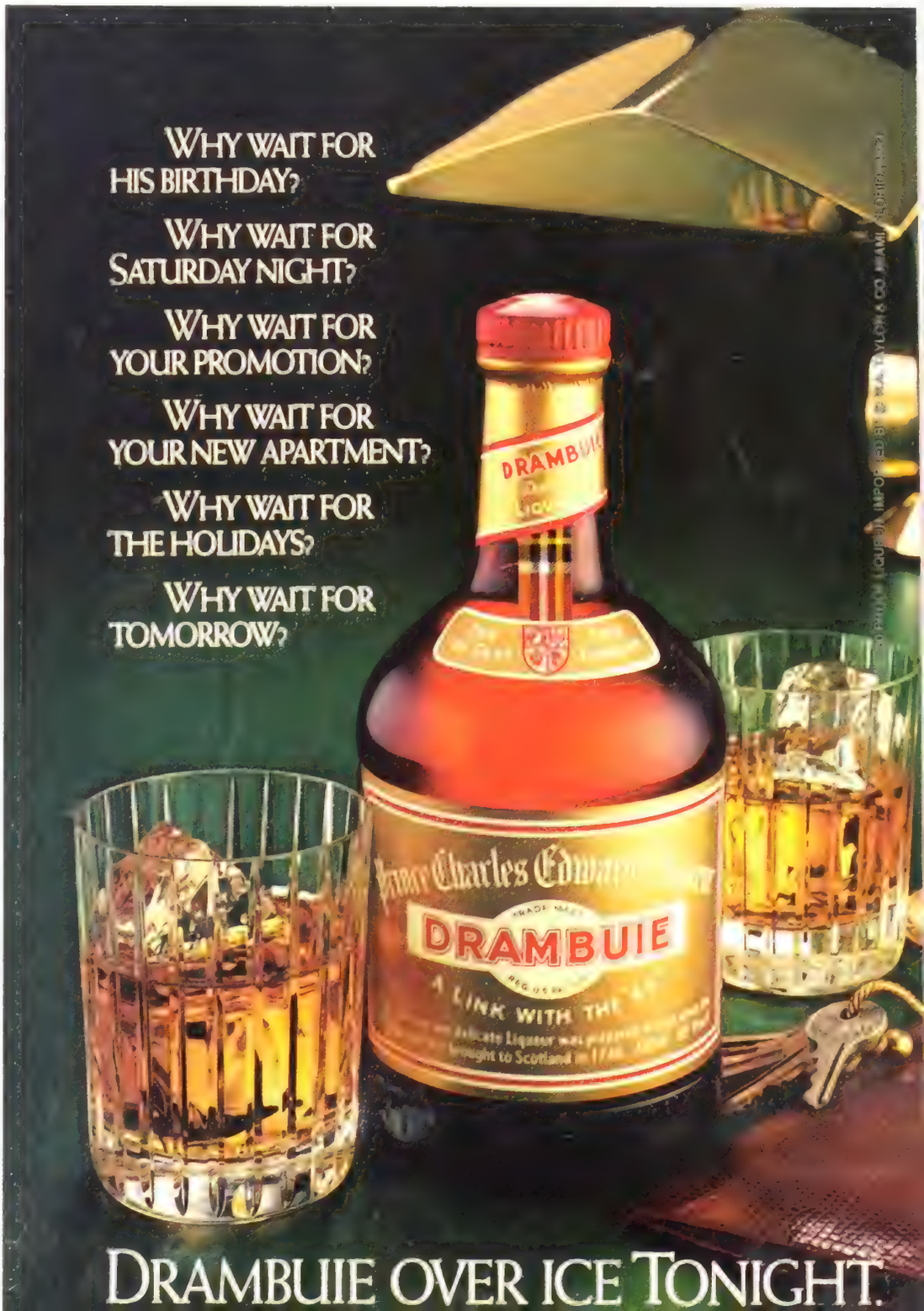
"While this is a very formal arrangement, the existing features like curved walls, sloping splays, and window bays give variety and interest to all the spaces; the apartment was planned like a city: the spaces are the squares, the furniture is the buildings and sculptures, and the trees are the parks. There are long vistas from each place to lead you around.

"I have also incorporated deliberate ambiguities in the design: the first is between the easygoing circulation and the formality of the façade. The second is the creation by lighting of a sunny ambience at odds with the normally gray, overcast skies. Another is the use of movable screens on the outside walls to give the implication of large vistas beyond and at the same time divorce the space from the reality outside."

Partly because of the emphasis of curves in Max Gordon's apartment there is nothing cold about it, in spite of the spareness. He explains: "The purpose was to design a very harmonious atmosphere where, because everything has a place, a naturally lazy person like me will put things away to leave the place serene and uncluttered. It is really designed like a boat and is an ideal place for children: I have two nephews who absolutely adore playing here—all over the place."

How did he decide how he was going to furnish the space? "The apartment is about two thousand square feet. The walls are ten feet high. The details are muted, there are no baseboards or door frames, yet the sense of scale is very clear. The furniture has been designed to be low to give apparent height to the apartment, but although there are few elements, they are large in scale so it does not feel empty. I chose the carpeting to be the same tone as the upholstered furniture so that the soft furniture is mounds in the space rather than individual pieces. I wanted the furniture to leave a breathing space for the art. The style I had in mind was the corporate opulence of the late Eisenhower regime—an unusual and unappreciated period!"

The lighting in Max Gordon's apartment is a crucial element in the warmth of atmosphere, and he had an unusual approach to it. "The idea behind the lighting was for it to be unobtrusive, to have a very general glow rather than specific points of light. It's one of the most difficult things to do in a modern apartment. What you usually have is downlighters in the ceiling, which are very hot and irritating to the eye and give shadows on things on the wall. There are very few light fittings designed to be on the wall, to give a general light—except for lights which were made *(Continued on page 224)*



(Continued from page 221) at the turn of the century—wall brackets, which one doesn't really want to use, or lamps on tables.

"I used fluorescent lighting because most of the works of art were done in studios which had fluorescent lighting in them—so I wanted to follow through with something of that sort. Generally, you get a bad caliber of light from fluorescent tubes. That's why I covered the tubes with filters I got from a theatrical lighting company. Then around the filters is the fiberglass used as a kind of column. This is a wry allusion to Post Modernism; you find that almost every Post Modern interior has to have a column—usually with rather illiterate classical details on it. My point here was to make columns of light. The light columns start away from the floor and away from the ceiling, so they are freestanding on the wall.

"I use lighting a lot during the daytime—as you can see. In a country like this, where the climate is cold and generally overcast, I find it extremely important to have a feeling of daylight—and sunlight, in fact, most of the time. This quality of daylight and sunlight carries on right through the night, and people are, in fact, unaware of what time of day it is and behave accordingly."

We mentioned to Mr. Gordon that in his apartment one seems to see the art more than the furniture—"That's okay with me!"—and that the color of the apartment seems to be given by that art. "Yes, it is. I wanted very much that the art be part of the apartment as well as being fairly prominent, so that you see it wherever you are and can sit and study it. I didn't want the art to be merely decorative."

We asked him to tell us about his passion for collecting a special kind of art. "It's just something that has emerged. I mostly began to collect the works of people I knew, but there is no deliberate attempt to collect anyone of a particular period or style—it's just really things that I find interesting. I wouldn't like it to be thought of as a collection—it's just works I relate to." We noted that the art seemed to be mostly from the last twenty years, paintings and sculpture of his generation. "Yes. If one lives in the twentieth century, then that's what one should start from. Most people look to re-creation of the past for some kind of reassurance. I think that one should be much braver than that and look with more confidence to the future." Is he still buying work? "Yes I am. I bought one a couple of weeks ago by a young twenty-two-year-old Canadian painter—Lisa Milroy."

Max Gordon's intense feelings about contemporary art logically led him to design a space for art. "I designed Paula Cooper's gallery in New York, which was very interesting because it was a case of taking an existing gallery and making it more useful without destroying its qualities. If you go and see it now, and went there before, you'd hardly know that there has been a change in the major space, and yet there is also a second gallery and the required offices achieved by modulating the rest of the space. I knew most of the artists well, and so I was able to think about the gallery and their work, and mine in close liaison.

"I think architects, on the whole, find art hard to understand. They know it (Continued on page 228)

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JOURNAL



MANHATTAN AS FANTASY ISLAND

Artist James Grashow's *A City* never sleeps, but rather struts its stuff with a great deal of good-natured wit. Shown at New York's Allan Stone Gallery and most recently at The Aldrich Museum of Contemporary Art in Ridgefield, Connecticut, this thirteen-piece environmental sculpture (parts of which, *above,* are fourteen feet high) brings to mind the rollicking urban ensembles of Red Grooms's *Ruckus* series. But Grashow's playfully anthropomorphic fabric-over-wood structures have a personality all their own, and after we see *A City* our skyline will never seem quite the same again.

INSIDE VIEWS OF HOLLAND'S GOLDEN AGE



Adriaen van der Werff, *Boy with a Mousetrap,* 1676

Masters of Seventeenth Century Genre Painting, Philadelphia Museum of Art, through May 13.

Though artists of modest pretensions, Dutch painters of the seventeenth century have given us some of our best-loved masterpieces, perhaps because their paintings offer us an unembellished view into the life of their time. The solid, comfortable world of seventeenth-century Holland was their subject matter, and well-to-do Dutch burghers, proud of their land and its material wealth and down-to-earth in their sensibilities, made an eager market for their pictures.

Dutch artists, with a few conspicuous exceptions (most notably Rembrandt), tended to specialize in a single branch of painting—still life, landscape, portraiture, etc. Among the most popular of these specialties were those scenes of everyday life we call genre painting, the subject of a current exhibit in Philadelphia.

One can read in these pictures—Jan Steen's raucous tavern scenes, Gerard ter Borch's decorous bordellos, or Johannes Vermeer's domestic interiors, mesmerizing in their frozen perfection—a visual chronicle of Dutch life in the seventeenth century. But their apparent realism can be deceiving—many contain allegorical meanings, which, though now obscure, were perfectly intelligible to contemporary viewers. The mousetrap in the painting at left, for example, was probably a visual metaphor of the dangers of love and desire. Dutch genre scenes wear their symbolism lightly, however, and moralizing messages need not cloud our pleasure in these ever-appealing images.

Ann Priester

Events of exceptional interest in the arts, design, entertainment, and living

DEEP IN THE ART OF TEXAS

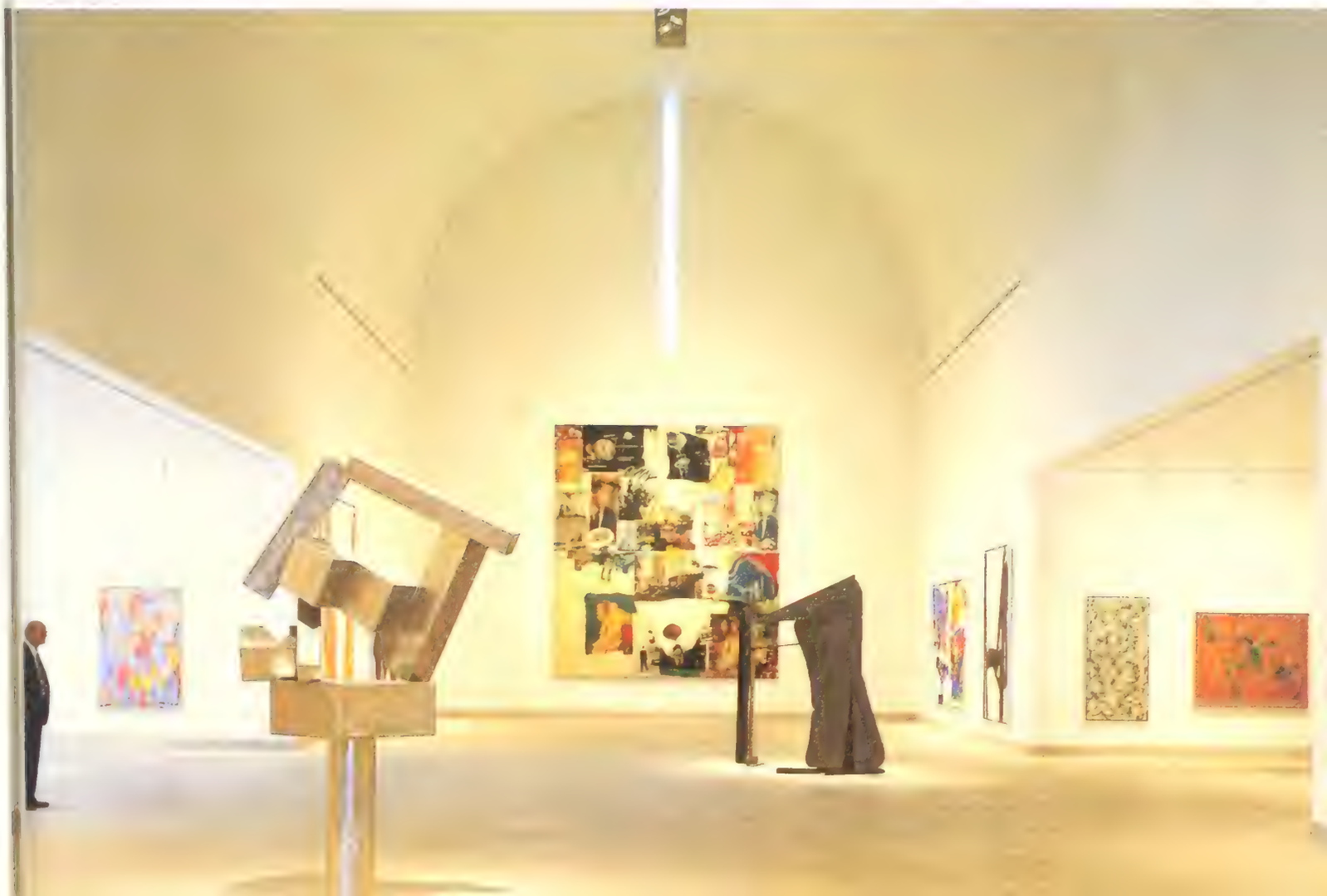
The new Dallas Museum of Art by Edward Larrabee Barnes is a bit like entering a time warp, back to the days before architects got funny ideas about what a museum should look like. Barnes, the leading exponent of the idea that museums ought to be neutral backdrops for art, designs buildings that are unfailingly competent, always well-executed, efficiently functional, and more than a bit bland. This $50-million structure shows why he (along with I.M. Pei) remains the favorite of museum committees more concerned with dependability and good taste than with commissioning an architectural work of art.

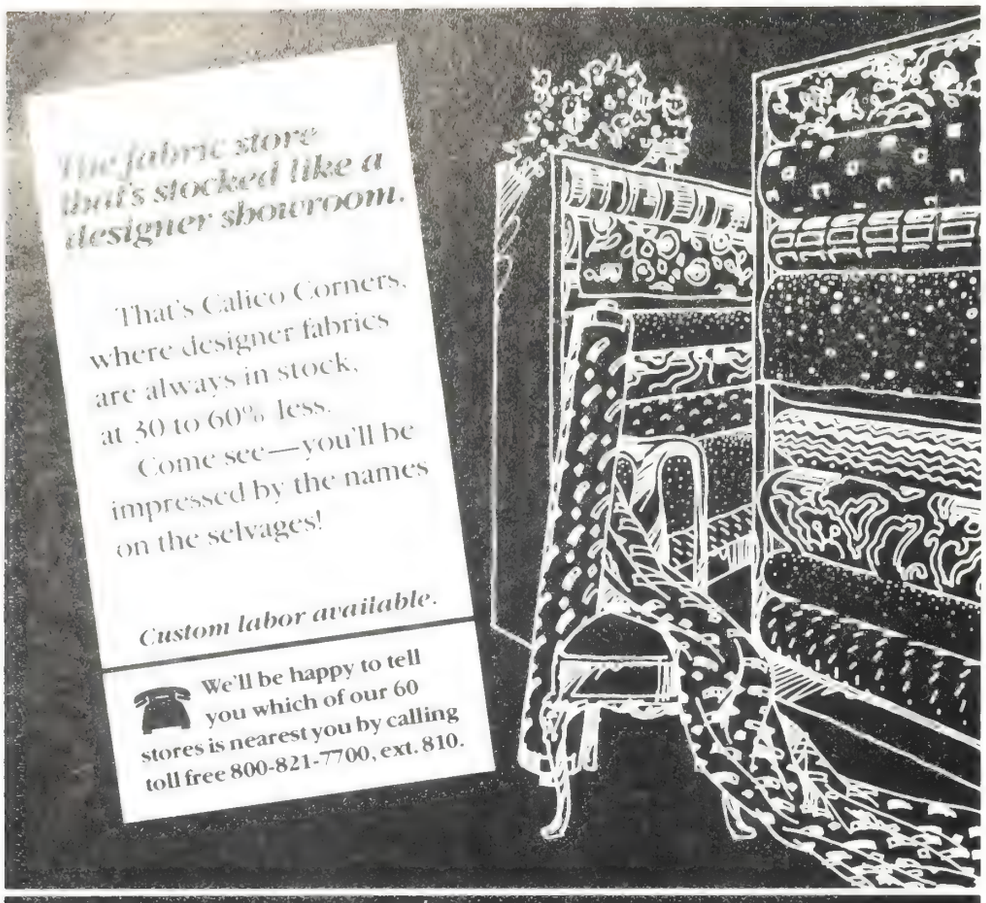
The Dallas Museum sticks to the familiar Modernist formula of minimally detailed surfaces, glass window walls, white gallery walls, and an absence of human-scale references. Thus while some of its spaces are enormous, they are never truly monumental. Happily, however, there is none of the shopping-mall glitz of other new museums built around atriums, gift shops, and restaurants. The main public space at Dallas is its broad, central circulation spine, and Barnes has laid things out in an orderly, capacious manner, making it an easy place to get around in.

The Dallas Museum of Art is firmly within the aesthetic range of the establishment, but in a town with such a brief cultural history, that is not such an incomprehensible thing to want to be. Still, that a museum can be both highly original and also sympathetic to art has been demonstrated brilliantly by Frank Gehry's Temporary Contemporary in Los Angeles and Richard Meier's High Museum in Atlanta. To them, rather than Dallas, must go pride of place among the profusion of newly completed museums in this country. *Martin Filler*



Above: Mark di Suvero's 1973 sculpture *Ave* is a lively counterpoint to the limestone façade. *Below:* The forty-foot-high barrel-vaulted transept gallery.





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LOFTY LIVING IN LONDON

(Continued from page 224) exists and should be appreciated, but they find it disturbs their dogmatic ideas by being surprising and unexpected."

We asked Mr. Gordon to tell us something of his own architectural background. "Well, I'll give you a brief autobiography: I studied architecture at Cambridge and the Architectural Association in England and at the Graduate School of Design, Harvard in the States. I worked for Skidmore, Owings & Merrill in New York for six years or so. I then returned to England and for the last twenty years I have been a partner in London practices working mainly on quite large projects. At the moment I'm working on a scheme for the restoration of about a million square feet of old warehouses on the River Thames, but it's a question of whether anything will happen there at all. I've been working on this site for the last seven or eight years."

It is obviously important, then, that Max Gordon's own apartment is of the here and now. We asked him if he could sum up his attitude toward it. "Well, you've been here for several days so it's a question of how you see the place now, because I see it in different kinds of ways. First of all, today—a cloudy day—you can see that this kind of light is very important and it does seem to be beguiling; the apartment is a very luminous place in a country where the sky is very often gray; and for me, personally, it's wonderful to have some feeling of light; generally, I have made an attempt to have a very harmonious place where things and people feel good." □ *Editor: Doris Saatchi*



Large drawing above bed in Max Gordon's apartment is by Keith Mylow.

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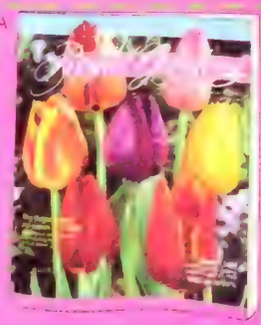
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Against the dramatic backdrop of the McDowell Range, to the north, Taliesin West is sited with great sensitivity to its desert setting

(Continued from page 201) parture for Europe in 1909 never completely abated, and by the mid twenties—when he was virtually without work, beset by creditors, and hounded by his spiteful second wife—yet another threat emerged: the rise of the International Style. A new wave of European designers twenty years Wright's junior proposed a radically new architecture: a gleaming, machinelike mode whose white, streamlined structures were antithetical to Wright's earthy aesthetic.

To an architect approaching his sixtieth birthday, the shock of having his creative capital suddenly devaluated could have been an insuperable setback. But Frank Lloyd Wright was no ordinary man nor commonplace artist. As he had done in earlier times of trial, he drew upon his considerable inner resources and rose to this new challenge. He ultimately prevailed, and within a decade Wright regained the position he had enjoyed as a man of forty: that of America's preeminent architect and an artist of world stature.

The years from 1928 to 1938, which witnessed Wright's resurgence from rejection to renewed acclaim, were bracketed on either side by Wright's two spiritually restorative retreats from his previous routine. Significantly, they both took place in the desert, to which he went like some Biblical seer in search of a new vision. He indeed found it there, and discovered fertile new ground in which his ideas could continue and grow.

By 1927, Wright had not completed a new project in three years. Thus, as galling as it must have been for a man of Wright's monumental ego, he agreed out of necessity to assist an old apprentice, Albert MacArthur, in the design of the Arizona Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix. Although the understanding, in Wright's words, was that "I was to remain incognito and behind the scenes. . . ," he quickly established himself as the real author of the design; no one who today visits that quirkily personal work can doubt that its true creator was Frank Lloyd Wright. But for all its charm, the Arizona Biltmore might have been built almost anywhere, and its relationship to its setting was only incidental. Wright's true perception of architecture for the desert was yet to come.

While working on the Arizona Biltmore, Wright met Dr. Alexander Chandler, the first citizen of Chandler, a town he had built some 22 miles east of Phoenix. Chandler proposed to construct what Wright called "an undefiled-by-irrigation desert resort for wintering certain jaded eastern millionaires. . . ."At Chandler's urging, Wright closed up shop in Wisconsin and in January 1929 set out for Arizona to prepare plans for the new scheme, to be called San Marcos-in-the-Desert.

By the time Wright got to Phoenix, the notion of an indigenous architecture there was fast eroding. As he wrote in his autobiography, ". . .the Arizonan living in these desert towns has got himself a carpenter-built midwestern cottage, or sometimes, more fortunate so he thinks, a mid-Mediterranean or Mexican palazzo. . . . But the Hopi-Yankee house is Phoenix favorite just now. . . . To see unspoiled native character insulted like this!"

In contrast, Wright's design for the transitory desert encampment that he built near the site of the hotel to house himself, his family, and the Taliesin staff—fifteen in all—took its major cue from the land around it. Wright believed that "Arizona character seems to cry out for a space-loving architecture of its own. The straight line and the flat plane, sun-lit, must come here—of all places—but they should become the dotted line, the broad, low, extended plane textured because in all this astounding desert there is not one hard, undotted line to be seen."

Accordingly, the cabins' board-and-batten walls were textured to enhance the dotted-line effect, and the cabins were connected with low zigzagged walls that continued the principle of linear intervals. Roofs and windows were covered with canvas, as Wright found glass inappropriate (and too expensive) for these temporary structures. The triangular, red-painted end flaps of the roofs resembled the blossoms of a desert flower, the candle flame—*ocatillo* in Spanish—and Wright thus called the place Ocatillo Camp.

Simple the Ocatillo Camp might have been, *(Continued on page 236)*



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THE BOLD LOOK OF KOHLER

(Continued from page 234) but the interiors were certainly not Spartan. The Wrights' own quarters were handsomely decked out with boldly patterned Navaho rugs used as floor coverings, wall hangings, and upholstery. Incredibly, there was even a baby grand piano for the music-loving architect. But above all at Ocatillo there was the peace and quiet that had eluded Wright over the preceding two decades. It gave him a serene setting in which to do his work and to become familiar with an ecology that he would eventually know as well as that of his native valley. Although the Crash of 1929 brought an end to the Chandler project and Wright's desert interlude, it was an experience that he looked back on with nothing but fond nostalgia. "'Ocatillo'!—little desert camp—you are 'ephemera,'" he wrote in his autobiography. "Nevertheless you shall drop a seed or two yourself in course of time—on ground now needlessly barren."

As the Great Depression dragged on, Wright found it increasingly difficult to make ends meet in Wisconsin. Visitors were welcomed to Taliesin on Sunday afternoons, where they could watch a film, have a cup of coffee and a doughnut by the fire, and if lucky even shake the hand of America's greatest architect, all for the inclusive fee of fifty cents. It cost some $3,500 to heat Taliesin during the severe winters, and short of drumming up seven thousand paying Sunday guests, the wisest course seemed to be to shut down operations there during the harshest season and wait out the winter in a more hospitable climate. That idea was given further impetus when Wright came down with pneumonia and was given the identical advice by his doctor.

Accordingly, during the winter of 1934–35, Wright rented La Hacienda, a small inn near Phoenix owned by Alexander Chandler, and began to look for property on which he could build a permanent hibernal home. Wright always had a keen eye for a good piece of land, and he found what he was looking for on Maricopa Mesa near Scottsdale in Paradise Valley, 26 miles [illegible]

ecstatically described it: "Just imagine what it would be like on top of the world looking over the universe at sunrise or at sunset with clear sky in daylight between. Sunlight and pure air bathing all the worlds of creation in all the color ever was—all the shapes and outlines ever devised—neither let nor hindrance to imagination—all beyond reach of the finite mind."

It might have remained beyond reach of Wright's all-too-finite finances as well, but it was publicly



Dining room curtain fabric is a 1983 version of a 1927 Wright graphic design

owned and could be acquired from the Government Land Office at most favorable terms—part purchase, part lease—that even the hard-pressed architect could manage. There were eight hundred acres in all, which gave Wright a spread four times as large as Taliesin at the time, and he named his new establishment Taliesin West.

Though it was to be used only during the cold months of the year, Taliesin West was not to be the transient bivouac that the Ocatillo Camp had been. The materials Wright chose for Taliesin West repeated some he had used to great effect in his first desert habitation—such as wood and canvas—but here he added more permanent ones, including concrete and stone, which he cast together in wooden forms to create "rubblestone." The latter was a typically Wrightian combination of the inventive, the adaptable, the beautiful, and perhaps best of all, the economical: the boulders that were a major component could be had in the desert free for the taking.

Yet it was not its materials that made Taliesin West so extraordinary, but rather its positioning within its spectacular setting. If the Arizona desert did not permit the total integration of house and land possible on a verdant hillside in Wisconsin, Taliesin West is nevertheless one of the supreme triumphs of site planning in American architectural history. It is a structure of surpassing quality set with immense care and subtlety in a scene of almost overpowering beauty, the epic conjunction of a uniquely American landscape and a uniquely American genius, each summoning from the other the most profound responses.

Much has been made by the architectural historian Vincent Scully of the mystical aspects of the siting of Taliesin West, which he dramatically depicts as "gripping and echoing the landscape, its major cross-axis focused, as at Teotihuacán itself or in a Minoan palace, upon the mountain presence behind it. . . . Here the whole Mediterranean tradition of sacred mountains and goddesses of the earth must come to mind. . . ."

But however Wright might have come to regard the symbolic relationship of his house to the nearby Superstition Mountains, holy to the Apache Indians, his original motivation for placing Taliesin West where he did was in fact much more mundane. He had a hunch that the water table at the base of McDowell Peak would be likely to provide a well, despite the warnings of locals that there was no water to be found there. He eventually proved himself right, after digging to the considerable depth of 486 feet.

The construction of Taliesin West proceeded slowly and in increments, with the canvas-roofed drafting room rising first, like some desert galleon with taut sails stretched on sloping redwood masts. At first the Wrights slept on the site in tents and sleeping bags, but by this point in his life—he was nearly seventy—roughing it was seen not as a comedown by this great connoisseur of luxury and comfort, but rather as *(Continued on page 238)*



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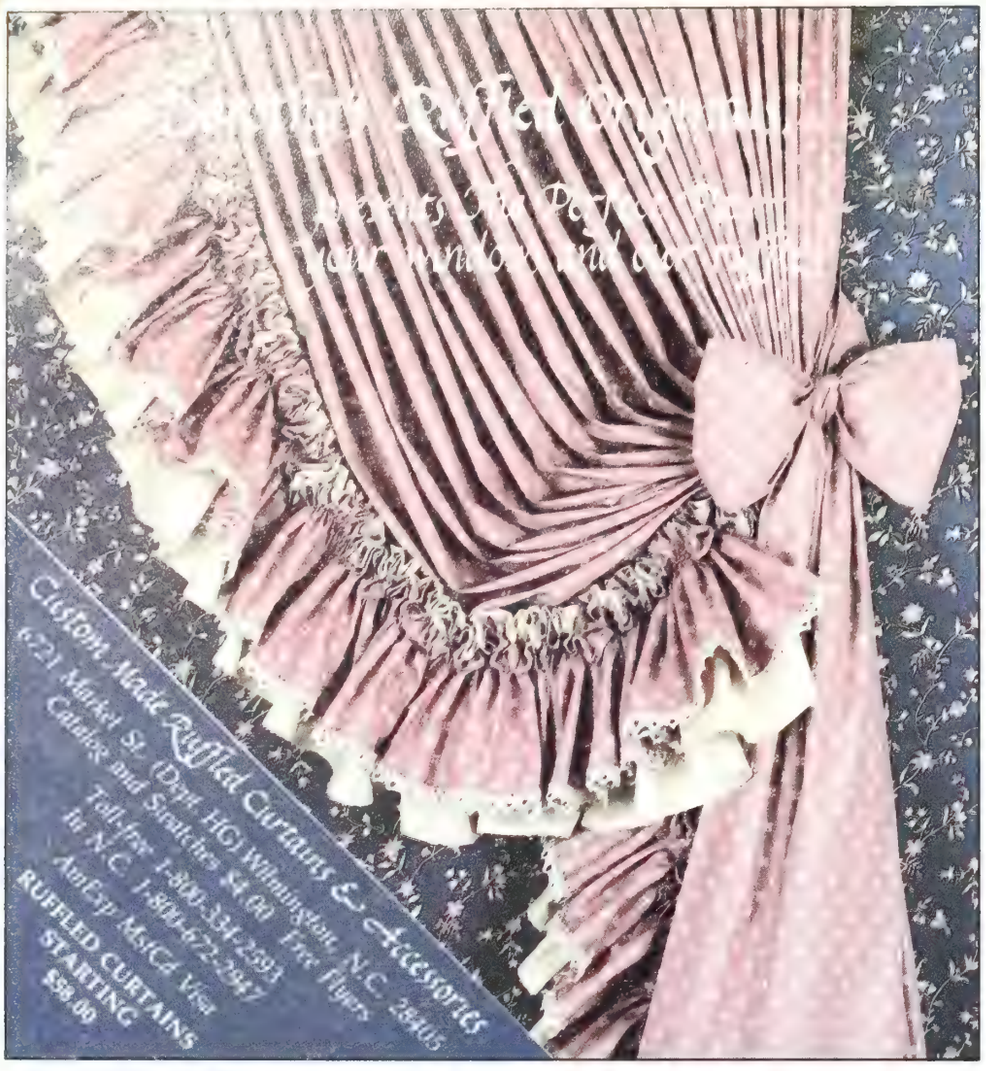
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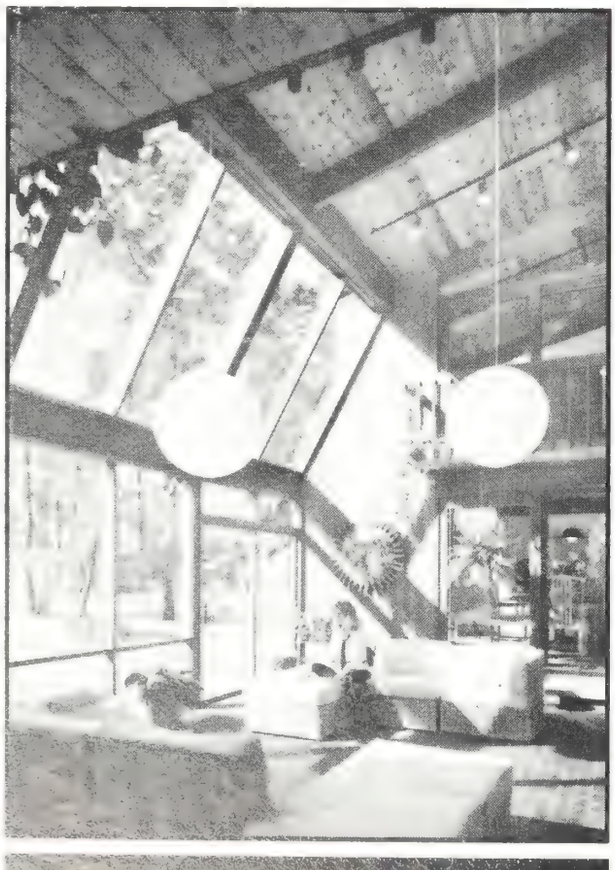
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DECK HOUSE

HIS HOUSE WAS HIS OASIS

(Continued from page 236) high adventure. Perhaps the main reason for Wright's buoyant frame of mind was the dramatic turnaround his career had taken between the time he contemplated his move to the desert and the completion of the first phase of Taliesin West in 1941.

If the twenties had been bad years for Wright, then the early thirties had been even worse, but in the middle of that decade he began a comeback unparalleled in the annals of American architecture. The years between 1935 and 1938 were Wright's championship season and the start of his "second career." First there was Fallingwater, Wright's house for Edgar Kaufmann Sr. at Bear Run, Pennsylvania, the most famous modern house in the U.S. It was followed by his Johnson Wax Building in Racine, Wisconsin, which with Fallingwater and the two Taliesins ranks among Wright's most extraordinary achievements. Dating from this period also are three important houses: his modest but magnificent Jacobs house in Madison, Wisconsin, and two far grander if less satisfying residences: the Hanna "Honeycomb" house in Stanford, California, and Wingspread, the Herbert F. Johnson house near Racine.

But within that exceptional body of work, Taliesin West stands out as strongly as the original Taliesin does at an earlier point in Wright's career. Although Taliesin West was spared the disasters that reduced the Wisconsin house to rubble twice in eleven years, it was no static artifact and remained in a constant state of flux as Wright expanded, modified, and refined it until the end of his life. As such, it is a palimpsest of its architect's changing ideas and new interests, and a revealing index of his thinking about architecture and interior design as time went by. As his widow noted after Wright's death, "We have changed the furniture at Taliesin East and Taliesin West so many times that no one here can remember how it was from year to year. . . . I claim to have moved, pushed, pulled more furniture than any woman ever did."

Still the home of Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright (as well as the seat of The Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation), Taliesin West survives as a living link with the great master himself, who seems simultaneously to be a mythic figure and



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a contemporary presence there. Although the too-close-for-comfort encroachment of suburban development around Taliesin West would be profoundly disturbing to Wright, he would be pleased (though scarcely surprised) to find how well the complex he created has withstood the test of time. First and foremost is its immediate physical surround. Wright was deeply respectful of the unique desert vegetation, and at Taliesin West it remains beautifully intact; if one were not aware of the natural growth patterns of the desert flora, one would swear that the land around Taliesin West had been painstakingly landscaped by a superior intelligence, a supposition that Wright himself—who bowed only to the glories of nature—would have puckishly agreed with.

Inside, the rooms retain a great measure of the character that Wright knew. Although the canvas roofs, which had to be replaced frequently, have long since been superseded by plexiglass and plastic, the rooms nevertheless retain their translucent aura and give one the feeling of being inside a canopied pavilion. The indoor colors and surface materials at Taliesin West are noticeably different from those at the original Taliesin; in his early work, Wright favored natural earth tones, and decorative objects included the fine Oriental carpets and superb Japanese prints that were still within the range of the aspiring young architect. As Wright's fortunes ebbed and the value of those intelligently selected objects increased, they disappeared from the floors *Continued on page 240*



The drafting room at Taliesin West

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HIS HOUSE WAS HIS OASIS

(Continued from page 239) and walls of Taliesin, though there are enough remnants to remind us of his discriminating eye as a collector.

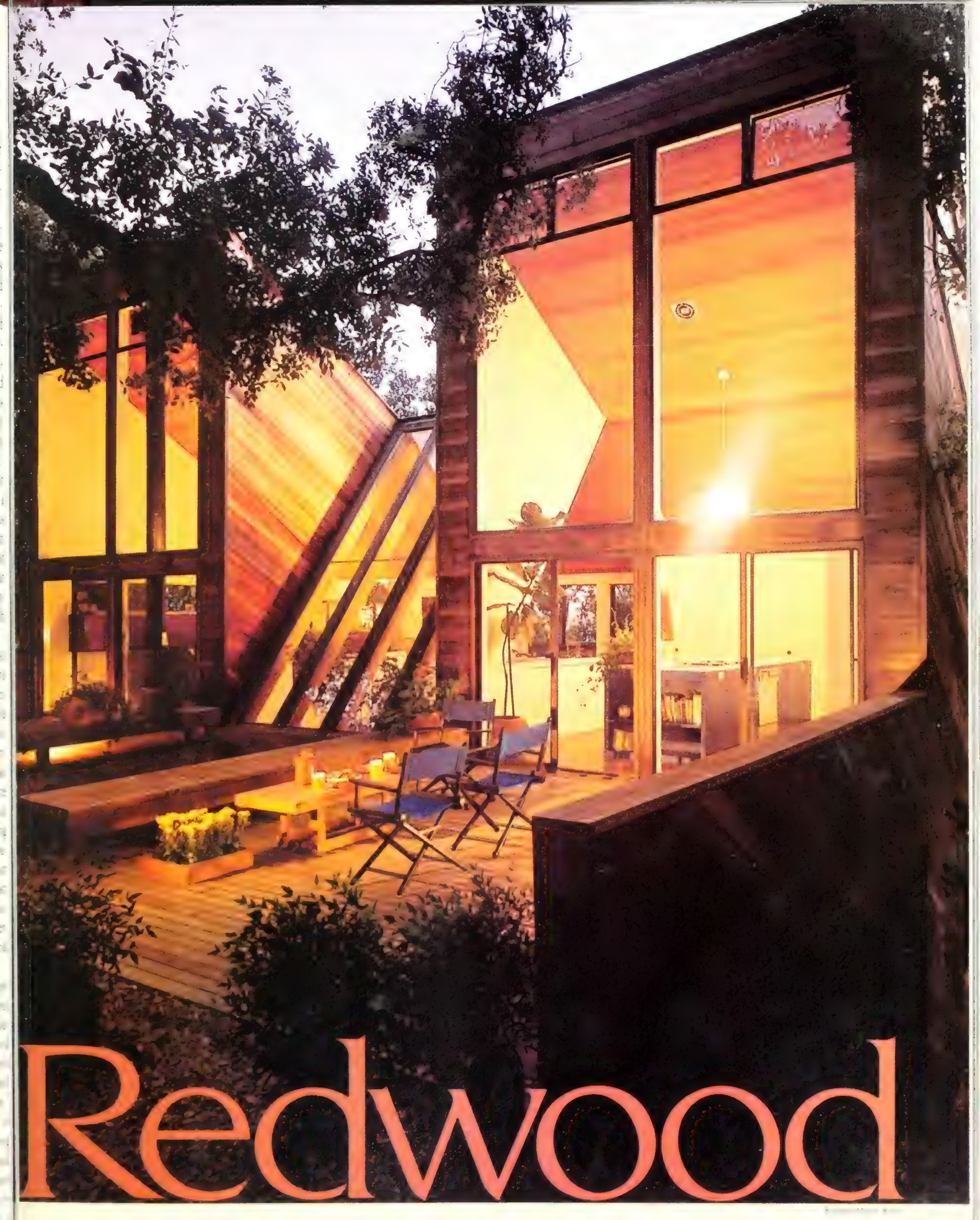
At Taliesin West, the colors and accessories of the interiors were more strongly influenced by the preferences of Olgivanna, and those high-keyed tones, metallic finishes, and exotic accents parallel the development of Wright's architecture in the last decade of his life, when a tendency toward Byzantine splendor supplanted the essential restraint that marked his early career. Still, the unmistakably Wrightian balance between formality and ease, decorum and license, tradition and innovation is always apparent in the rooms that Wright occupied a mere 25 years ago. He expressed it as "an esthetic, even ascetic, idealization of space, of breadth and height and of strange firm forms and a sweep that was a spiritual cathartic for Time if indeed Time continued to exist in such circumstances."

Today, however, Taliesin West stands as a rebuke to what architecture in America has been unable to accomplish in the quarter century we have been without Wright. American architecture since then has become increasingly obsessed with time: not so much the expression of our own time (never the easiest of endeavors), but rather with the attempted summoning up of times past, whose spirit some believe to be more vivid than that of our own. Wright's best works, in contrast, have become part of a mythic continuum, merging with that indefinable perpetual moment that is the temporal province of all great art.

That was understood by Eric Mendelsohn, the German emigré architect who after a visit in 1947 wrote of Taliesin West as "...a carpet, a tented camp, prehistory and the twentieth century: a wave from the endless desert breaks on the shore of his own life." The ripples from that wave are felt to this day, and will continue for as long as the memorable structures of Frank Lloyd Wright still stand. But nowhere will the stamp of his powerful personality remain as indelible as it will be at his two Taliesins, which served their master as both mantle and crown.

□ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

(This is the second part of a two-part article. The first part appeared in last month's issue.)



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EXTRAORDINARY ORDINARY

(Continued from page 164) purpose social space, measures 23 by 36 feet and opens broadly to the long porches through two pairs of cornice-high double doors. Opposite the tall east window, a centered fireplace is framed in plain beaded boards on which hangs a heroic-sized mantel shelf of Classical molding. Massive pocket doors between kitchen and social room (repeated on the floor above) zone the house when only the owners use it in winter.

Upstairs, there are three bedrooms and baths and an office for Donald Petrie, who enjoys the contradiction and complexity of pulling his long-cord phone out to the balcony, where he can watch the geese on the pond while he discusses corporate mergers.

Soon the buildings will weather and become part of the landscape, but there are those who will not forget the adventure of construction. Dick Reeve of Harold R. Reeve & Sons, contractors, says, "Our workmen really enjoyed the yearlong job. This is the most well-built house we have ever done. The foundation is like a bank vault." A member of his crew says, "I'm going to remember this house if another 1938-style hurricane comes, because this is where I want to weather it." And associate architect Clayton Morey of East Hampton, who supervised the construction for *(Continued on page 244)*



Between the buildings, small parterre garden offers a contrast in scale, a Colonial echo.



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EXTRAORDINARY ORDINARY

(Continued from page 242) the Philadelphia-based designer, puts it most succinctly: "This house won't go anywhere."

James Timberlake, Venturi's project architect, explains the heavy construction: "The house places its broad side to the sea wind and bears a deep pent eave that our engineers found could act as an air foil in a gale. In a place where storms have carried houses away, those are challenges to the structure that require substantial safeguards." Thus the "bank-vault" foundation, the super-stiffened frame and floors. Much of this is invisible now but contributes to the feeling of deep security that the house provides.

Owners really have the last word. Elizabeth Petrie says, "This is a subtle house where much is interesting and nothing is discordant. Living here gives me a great sense of serenity and completion." Donald Petrie says, "My heart beats faster as soon as the road turns and I catch sight of my house. I love it inside and outside, as part of the community and part of our family life. As for the process of creating it, to me it was like World War II: I wouldn't have missed it, and I don't want to go through it again." □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

A MAGICAL MODERN FOLLY

(Continued from page 144) of reinforced concrete covered with ocher stucco, some thirty feet high; it is climbed by a narrow spiral walkway leading counterclockwise around the outside to a small platform on the top. ("Small" means quite small; no more than four people could stand comfortably on top of the tower at one time, only two could sleep under the stars.) There is no particular path up to the tower, one scrambles up the ridge side through scrub piñon and clumps of desert grass as best as one can. The reward is a panoramic view, not only of the sand dunes, but of the entire valley—wide-ranging, far-reaching, spaced out under the thin, high sky.

The tower took shape under the influence of two distinctive concerns of the Halabys, two contrasting, curious, yet somehow characteristic strains of thought. On a trip to the Middle East (their son-in-law is King Hussein of Jordan), they saw and were much impressed by the ruins of Assyrian ziggurats. These prehistoric structures were half temples, half pyramids; many, perhaps most, were built in superimposed diminishing stages, on the order of vast layer cakes; like the pyramids, they were mostly solid, and those that survive, even in ruins, were apparently enormous, being up to two hundred feet high. Some of them, it seems, were mounted by a spiral stair around the outside; so it's not out of the question to think of this structure as a small-scale ziggurat, even though it doesn't have any shrine on the top.

But in another part of Mr. Halaby's life, he was director of the Federal Aviation Agency, and responsible in that capacity for I. M. Pei designed flight control towers at some of the major airports in the United States. That experience too influenced his desire to have a tower; and so did his acquaintance with Pat Patterson, a Princeton classmate of their daughter, Queen Noor, and an architectural sculptor with an interest in monumental buildings, for example those put up by the ancient Mayans, which don't shelter or enclose, but exist primarily as solid objects in space. The truth is, though, that the actual tower doesn't much resemble any of its prototypes, whether ziggurat, control tower, or Mayan temple.

The tower, then, is remarkably open to interpretation; and so are the other two elements of the tripartite construction; and so is the construction as a whole. The first element one encounters walking out from the house is a gate. That is, it is a gate in the same way the tower is a tower, being the thing itself and maybe something else. For it is a plain □-shaped structure of squared twelve-inch timbers, about thirteen by thirteen feet in size. But unlike most gates, it cannot be opened or closed, for there is nothing inside the frame; and it does not separate anything tangible from anything else. Mr. Patterson thinks it represents the entry into the realm of the project; but Mr. Halaby, in this as in many other matters, blithely differs. He thinks the pool in front of the house is part of the project, and so the gate stands somewhere in the middle. You could of course think of it as a frame, just as well as a gate; what it frames depends on where you stand in relation to it. It is in the middle of that flat field which is either (depending on how you think of it) the front lawn of the house or the open range of the San Luis valley. Though between the house and the tower, it is not on the direct line between them, and its direction is a little twisted, so that if one passed straight through it, one would not be facing either house or tower. Going toward the house, one would be heading due north; in the other direction, one would be heading out into the open valley. Depending on their backgrounds and interests, some people might think of it as a somewhat geometrized Japanese torii, others simply as the standard southwest ranch gate, a couple of vertical *vigas* with a horizontal held aloft between them. The gate is slightly decorated on the side facing the house with sawtooth slabs, stained dark; otherwise, perfectly plain.

Finally, between the gate and the tower, but again slightly off-line, is a flat, reddish concrete slab, about fifty feet in diameter, known popularly as the "compass rose." But once again the name is a misnomer, for the slab isn't round and has no indication of directions; it has been stained with iron-oxide pigment to evoke the color of the land farther *(Continued on page 246)*



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A MAGICAL MODERN FOLLY

(Continued from page 244) south around Santa Fe. Irregular in shape, its outer edge imitates at every point the skyline in the direction one is looking—rough and spiky toward the mountains, relatively smooth and regular where one looks across the open valley to the southwest. At one side of it, four good-sized boulders are piled. On the shortest day of the year, they cast, like many Indian solar calendars, a particular shadow on a particular mark which identifies the summer solstice. That day is, in addition, the anniversary of the day the project was completed, June 21, 1982. So that, while it can be called a compass, the slab might also very well be known as a map, a clock, or a calendar. The Indians called it the medicine wheel, which adds a whole new dimension of meaning.

In the genesis of the construction, the tower, as noted, came first, the gate and the compass-wheel-clock later. Now that it is completed, Mr. Halaby, who combines a touch of poetic fantasy with his severely practical interests, has worked out an allegory of the arrangement. The pool in front of the house represents the primal waters, the womb from which we all emerge; the gate emblematizes rites of passage, adolescence; the compass-wheel-clock middle life, the period of direction-setting and practical calculation. The tower or ziggurat represents one's aspirations to the spiritual realm, the afterlife. Perhaps, as written out, this sounds a little portentous; in fact, Mr. Halaby takes it all with a grain of salt and a leaven of very agreeable self-mockery.

And yet, in fact, the reading works out very well; it doesn't constrain, it enlarges one's sense of the potentialities. The whole project invites one to meander, to meditate, to make one's path while following one's own thoughts. Unmistakably, the direction is upward; the winding stair of the tower brings to mind the gyres of Yeats and that twisting path which brought Dante forth: *puro e disposto a salire alle stelle.* On the other hand, Pat Patterson, who with his assistant Mike Gira, a New York writer and musician, built the entire project with his own hands, retains his own quiet view of it. He likes to speak of it as an "exploded house," the *(Continued on page 248)*

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A MAGICAL MODERN FOLLY

(*Continued from page 240*) pieces scattered across the landscape, walls flattened, crucial pieces united by lines of influence and perhaps of reflection from one element to another. The differences seem to be cordial, as the views themselves are not wholly incompatible. Both architect and owner agree in emphasizing the absolute openness, not only of the design, but the world outside the design. There is no protective planting around the house, a minimum of huddling into a closed space. Both rooms open through glass doors onto the southern view; indoors and outdoors are united as intimately as is possible in a region where in winter nighttime readings of 30 or 35 degrees below zero are not uncommon.

Within the house proper there is not really any room for guests; in the summer, one or two might perhaps be accommodated in a tent on the banks of Cottonwood Creek not far away. But year-round, the local wildlife is on hand to wander down the road of life in either direction, and look in on the Halabys. This is one of the great wilderness regions of America; of an early evening the roadsides swarm with herds of browsing antelope, and mule deer come down from the hillsides to graze the plain. Bighorn sheep scramble around the peaks; mountain lions, bears, and coyotes roam the range. On a more intimate level, one cannot walk more than a few yards, especially in winter, without noting the presence of porcupines, badgers, and the inevitable long-eared western jack rabbit. Overhead, hawks are continually stunting in the air, or sitting silently on fence posts waiting for a bit of fur-lined delicatessen to walk by. All these creatures are lords of the demesne, and doubtless have their own ways of looking at the construction spread out across it. One of the ways that suggested itself to a passing visitor was that it is an exercise in the art itself of seeing. The "gate" frames that part of the landscape one chooses to see through it; the "compass-wheel" imitates and transforms it, converting, for example, vertical into horizontal contours; the "tower-ziggurat" both measures the landscape and directs the eye to transcend it. The construction is a gnomon, a pointer, at once enigmatic and explicit; sparse as the landscape itself, it adds just a few necessary touches here and there to set off reflection:

Alexandria's was a beacon tower, and Babylon's
An image of the moving heavens, a logbook of the sun's journey and the moon's,
And Shelley had his towers, thought's crowned towers he called them once.

The verses are from Yeats, the application can be to any tower one selects—if, of course, one happens to be a "tower person." □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

ART BUILDS A HOUSE

(*Continued from page 180*) recall the simplicity of Cistercian Romanesque masonry, and the fluidly elegant Louis XVI limestone mantel matches the most prominent piece of furniture, a massive *kas* (Dutch armoire) architecturally detailed to look like a scaled-down Neoclassical temple.

A curving hallway leads to another formal space at the back of the house, a combination dining and sitting area called "the square room." Almost entirely glass-walled, this square room is both larger and less ceremonious than the rectangular room, and it replaces the Mediterranean allusions of the latter with tropical suggestions: a cache of African art, the animal-motif Tabrīz garden carpet, and a densely wooded, almost junglelike backdrop. The square room allows nature to reinvade the house and sets up the openness, [illegible] of the rest of the plan: [illegible] central kitchen, the colorful and contemporary children's rooms, and the sleek, angular, two-tiered master bedroom looking out on a teardrop-shaped swimming pool.



Gate by Tom Bredlow can be read as stylized peacocks or a grotesque face.

The assured, almost insouciant shifts in formality and style aren't the entire performance. This collector's spontaneous, often capricious eye creates a pizzicato of quirky, whimsical details. The surprises start right at the front door; the sinous ironwork by Tom Bredlow of Tucson can be read either as twined, stylized peacocks or as a grotesque face. Inside the entrance hall a fanciful menagerie awaits: an early-nineteenth-century sleeping-goose decoy, Botero's crouching, quizzical bronze cat, and on the grass behind the glass-backed curve that sweeps into the square room, Nancy Graves's disembodied cast-bronze camel legs strutting surrealistically. Other casually presented oddities include an Italian sixteenth-century Embriachi ivory box decorated with amorous rather than religious scenes, a school-of-Bosch painting in (*Continued on page 250*)



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ART BUILDS A HOUSE

(Continued from page 248) which the tortures of the damned are suffered only by women, and a wooden Tyrolean baby walker, now employed as an end table, that stands on a ring of tiny carved feet. The plan also has hidden eccentricities, like the basement wine cellar with a specially accommodated fireplace for intimate, very private entertaining, or a hall bathroom completely walled with antique steel piggy banks housed in mirrored niches. And most of the house is paved with unusual scale-like Mexican tiles—it took an artisan from Mexico six weeks to lay them correctly—that remind the owner of a medieval castle.

"This is hardly a place that has been decorated," says the owner. "It is a place that has evolved." That evolution apparently hasn't reached its culmination. This is the fifth project that architect Phillips has collaborated on with these clients, a precedent that is likely to hold. As for the art, the owner finds that she's acquiring more things she would like to keep for a while, but she also knows that there's always room for improvement. She wouldn't be surprised if, in a few years, she has an almost entirely new collection. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

RIVIERA GARDEN WITH AN ENGLISH ACCENT

(Continued from page 184) a scale, is unforgettable.

Having paid your respects to the oldest inhabitants, an extremely vigorous almond tree with a circumference of ten feet and an olive tree girthing sixteen feet, both reputed to be well over a thousand years old, you should start exploring the south side of the crest. Toward the end of Cap Gros, the woods are again carpeted with freesias and, at Christmas, fragrant paperwhite narcissi; toward the sea, the *garrigue* takes over. A summerhouse marks the frontier, with a cypress avenue leading back to the main terrace: here, the *garrigue* has been improved upon with imported cistuses and helichrysum (*H. petiolatum*) happily growing with their native cousins, the rockrose and broom. On a warm day, the splendid spicy smell of pines, *garrigue,* and sea hits you as it had hit Napoleon arriving at Elba, reawakening his long-forgotten childhood memories. An immense carpet of shiny, salt-resistant Hottentot fig (*Carpobrotus edulis*) helps keep the ground somewhat moist during hot summer days, and paves the way for the next surprise, a half-moon terrace filled with aloes and other exotic fat plants—succulents—behind a lithospermum border.

Now comes the great architectural feature of the garden: a long wide avenue with shallow white marble steps sloping down to a sapphire-blue sea where Antony Norman, as a boy, learned to swim during his winter holidays. From the top you see only a gravel walk, which becomes one long flight of marble steps when you look up. Pittosporums and rosemary, thyme, yuccas, and succulents all help keep the *garrigue* away while the gray leaves of *Convolvulus Cneorum, Artemisia Schmidtiana,* or *Helichrysum lanatum* subtly enhance the white of the steps in the glaring sun.

After climbing back from the sea, a secret garden in the shade of a circle of orange trees will revive you: cool,



Behind a huge and ancient olive tree, orange orchards underplanted with iris.

white, and fragrant, it is planted with white peonies (recovered from another garden) white hydrangea, philadelphus, and white lilac; in the summer, white water lilies and *Cyperus Papyrus* fill the small hexagonal pool. While peacefully enjoying this moment of luxury, it may occur to you that white is predominant all over the garden, whatever the season. On the other hand, it is a garden almost without fountains: the ever-present sea fills the void.

However, immediately above, screened behind pepper trees, tangerines, and kumquats, you'll discover a swimming pool surrounded with pelargoniums, and equipped with a tempting *radasstère*, a tiled open room with comfortable cushions for comfortable siestas. Then comes the pergola: tree daturas, rare bignonias (*Campsis buccinatoria*), *Hova carnosa* tropical hibiscus, and many old friends from the West Indies thrive there among the lemon trees, roses, and jasmine. Exotic looking bougainvillea, Banksia roses, and climbing geraniums clothe the south façade of the house, and, from the white marble patio, you discover more and more sun-loving plants. Tropical lotuses grow in large terra-cotta pots filled with water, while the fragrance of orange blossoms and sweet-scented buddleias makes way for Cape honeysuckle, and later, night-scented jasmine. There, too, the year-round lawn with sixteen different kinds of grass is a technical masterpiece Antony Norman's grandmother could never hope to achieve.

The main terrace below is a brilliant adaptation of the traditional parterre to local conditions: two big stone vases, surrounded with pyramidal boxes, are the centers of two huge symmetrical carpets. This cleverly designed symphony in gray and green, salt- and drought-resistant, consists of knee-high triangles of santolina (*S Chamaecyparissus*), lavender (*L. pinnata*), and rosemary, contrasting with the darker green of the boxes. Sparingly watered, the parterre is clipped twice a year and replanted, in sections, every five or six years. A symbol of order and harmony, fragrant and beautiful, this magic carpet succeeds in merging the wild garden and carefully tended collections of rare plants with the rather grand architecture of the house and steps. □ *Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd*

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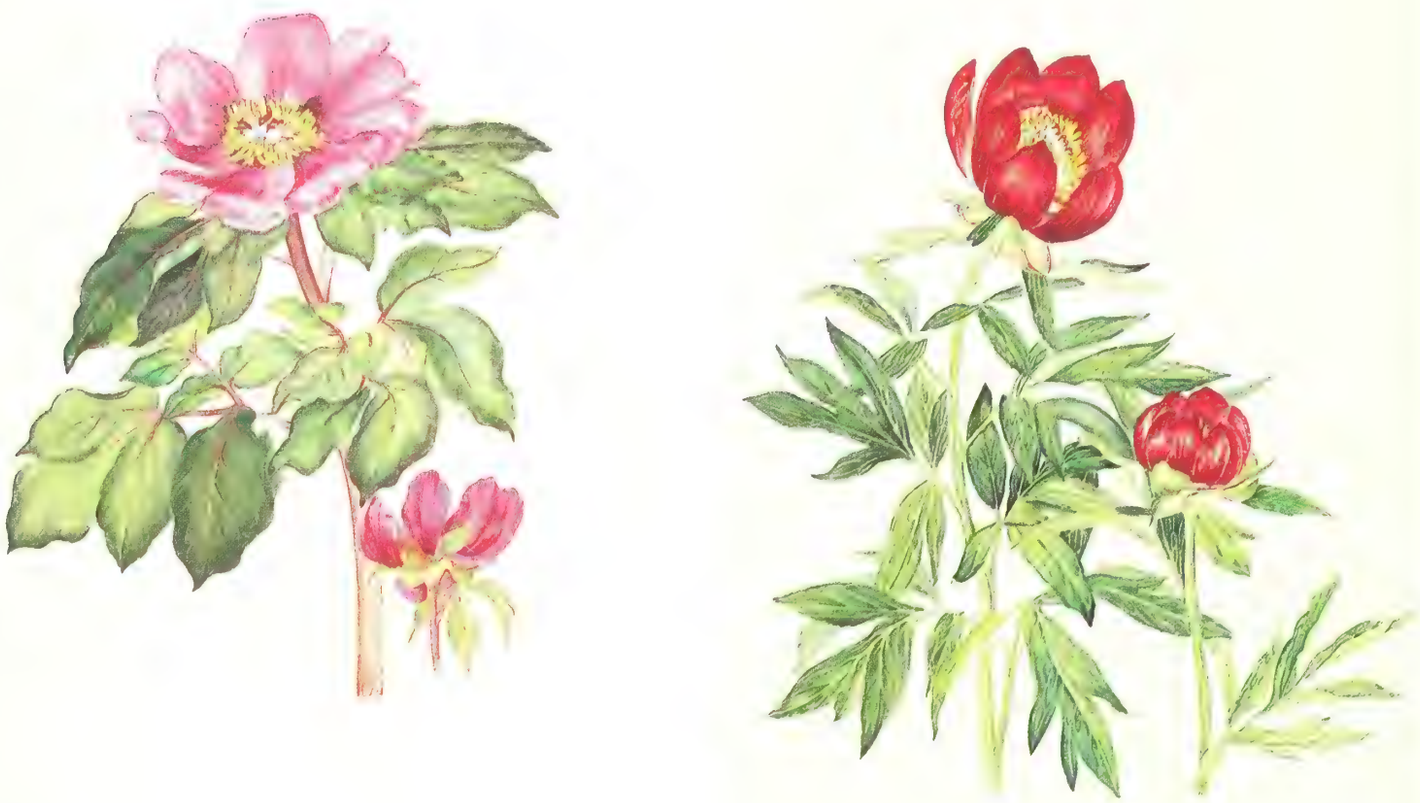
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THE PEONIES OF GREECE

A naturalist and botanical painter offers glimpses into the long and lively history of one of the first flowering plants

By Niki Goulandris



Left, P. mascula from Lefkas, *right, P. peregrina* from Macedonia, both painted by Niki Goulandris.

The peony is a royal plant on the continents of both Europe and Asia, where it grows wild, and is prized in both Western and Eastern civilizations. Belief in the existence of a male and female peony persisted throughout literature for more than two thousand years, a belief that did not survive scientific scrutiny. The ancient Greeks, who made this distinction, had raised the female peony to the "Queen of all Herbs," while in China during the same period the male peony was referred to as the "King of all Flowers."

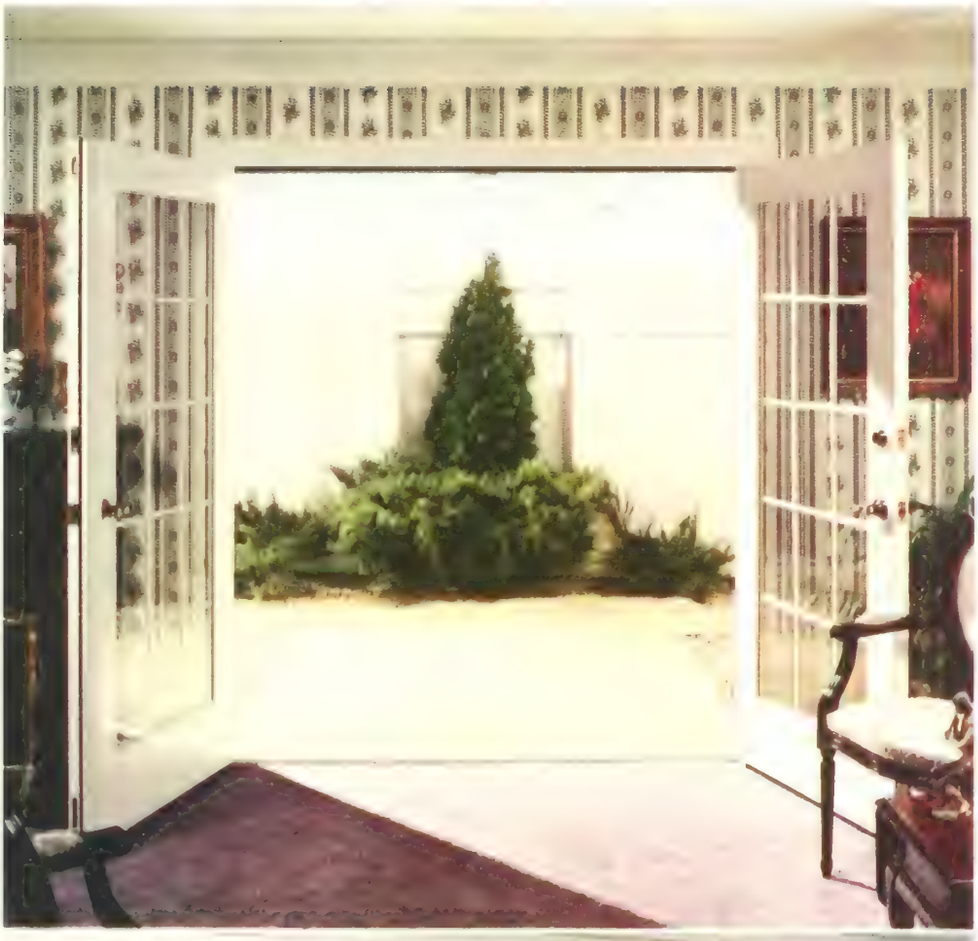
Thanks to the peony's healing properties and its unrivaled beauty, the ancient world considered it to be a magical plant and connected it with myths and mysteries. Physicians like Hippocrates and Galen, philosophers like Aristotle and Theophrastus, and poets like Homer and Hesiod refer with awe to the plant and to the symbolism with which it was surrounded.

Homer mentions Paeon, a young demigod and disciple of Aesculapius, who, through the use of plants, healed the wounded warriors in the Trojan War. In Hesiod we find the first connection of the plant to Paeon, the god healer, "who knew all the medicines" and who according to the myth was transformed into a plant, a symbol of medicine, the peony.

Hippocrates, *(Continued on page 254)*

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The recently discovered white peony *hellenica* growing wild in the hills on the island of Andros

(Continued from page 252) the father of medicine (c. 460–360 B.C.) mentioned the peony among 225 other medicinal plants, and particularly as a sedative for use in whooping cough. Its fame and interest in it continued for centuries, and finally in the first century A.D. the illustrious Greek physician of Asia Minor, Pedanius Dioscorides, included the plant in his magnum opus, *De Materia Medica,* the work that dominated Western medicine for 1,500 years. In an illustrated copy of the sixth century A.D., there exists the first colored illustration of a peony.

As all empires and kingdoms are ephemeral, the peony lost its throne. At the end of the Byzantine Empire the plant, which was connected with gods and demigods and which healed human weaknesses, was ignored. Ironically, no one now in Greece, where the peony originated, refers to the flower, and indeed its name is no longer found in the Greek vocabulary. Only in the inaccessible botanical catalogues of Greek flora does it appear in a language foreign to its origin—Latin.

In a country like Greece, inhabited for almost ten thousand years, where research both practical and scientific was born, it is almost impossible to discover new and unknown plants. To rediscover peonies that have been ignored for hundreds of years is one of the most fascinating experiences in the life of a naturalist, because the number of peony species throughout the world is very limited. Thanks to the encouragement and research carried out during the last twenty years by the Goulandris Natural History Museum, I was given the opportunity to seek out Greek peonies in areas far removed from man's presence. On hills or mountainous areas, in shady forests or exposed to brilliant sun, the peonies flower every spring, contributing their beauty and fragrance to that part of Greek nature which is still virgin territory.

New discoveries have added three new endemic species, several subspecies with a very local distribution, and some varieties of even more restricted territory. The twelve native species I have painted and that will be represented in the exhibition "Peonies of Greece: Myth, Science, and Art" at the American Museum of Natural History in New York include many of these new-found wild peonies as well as long-known species that are the ancestors of today's herbaceous garden peonies.

The peony was among the first flowering plants to evolve; its appearance must have been striking enough to attract insects *(Continued on page 256)*


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(Continued from page 254) like bees and beetles that were originally carnivorous. A new relationship between peony and insect was established based on nectar, a new food for insects, and the genetic organs of the plant developed prominently and harmoniously. The flower distinguished itself by its outstanding beauty; its strange fleshy petals embrace crownlike carpels terminating in wavy red stigmas. Through necessity the peony had to develop in a most exuberant form: for the first time a plant had to attract an insect in order to ensure its survival.

All wild peonies have single flowers, although they may be very large, and Greek peonies are mainly white, pink, or red. A great range of white peonies, snow-white or creamy, sometimes tinged with yellow, are to be found on the Aegean islands of Icaria, Euboea, Andros, Rhodes, Crete, and Karpathos. The most famous of them, known since the sixteenth century, is the Cretan *Paeonia clusii,* with finely cut leaves, very decorative sepals with orange-crimson borders, and cerise-tinged stems. One of the latest discoveries is the Icarian peony (var. *icarica*), which has the largest white flowers of all, reaching up to six inches in diameter. It is a magnificent white peony with numerous strong anthers surmounting long purple filaments.

Recent collections have revealed a new white-flowered peony of the mascula group on Mt. Taygetos in Attica and on the islands of Euboea and Andros, which has been named *P. mascula* subspecies *hellenica.* The large flowers of this peony, with their spreading lightly crinkled pure white petals and red and yellow stamens, growing profusely among rocks on the hillsides, are one of the most memorable floral spectacles in Greece.

The same species can show great variation from one island to another. In the case of *P. mascula,* those from the Aegean islands of Lesbos and Samos vary from light pink tinged with red at the base of the petals to deep purple with a velvety texture. Some of those from Samos are so large that they almost look like doubles. The same species coming from the Ionian islands of Lefkas, Cephalonia, and Zakinthos varies from mauve to magenta, and the plants from Cephalonia and Zakinthos are smaller and more delicate.

P. peregrina, a native of Macedonia and the island of Lefkas, is the most splendid of all Greek peonies when the sun lights up its large, bowl-shaped glossy ruby-red flowers. It was introduced into cultivation in Austria in the late sixteenth century and from there it spread to most gardens of Europe.

Only a few years ago an isolated new species was discovered in almost inaccessible ravines at an altitude of 1,500 meters on Mount Parnassus. *P. parnassica* has some similarity to *P. peregrina* but differs in form, the gray-green color of the leaves, and the presence of hairs on the stem and the underside of the leaves. When in bud it looks like a small black ball shaking in the wind striving to escape from its armorlike sepals. Later, in full bloom, the flower is mahogany black with ruby-purple reflections: a color unlike that of any other Greek peony and resembling that of the Chinese *P. Delavayi.*

Mt. Parnassus, sacred to Apollo and the Muses; Lesbos, the home of Sappho and later of Theophrastus, the father of botany; Icaria, near which Icarus was drowned; Macedonia, the kingdom of Philip and Alexander, the latter of whom collected plants for Theophrastus; Crete, where plants were first illustrated in frescoes on the walls of the palace of Knossos have all contributed a local wild peony. These names reverberate in the historical memory of Greece and each new discovery multiplies the mosaic of myth and history. □

Editor's note: *"Peonies of Greece: Myth, Science and Art" at the American Museum of Natural History in New York from May 11 to August 12 traces the history of botanical illustration in the West through manuscripts, woodcuts, and engravings related to the peony, and in addition includes some pieces illustrating the decorative role of the tree peony in the Orient.* Paeonies of Greece, *a limited edition portfolio of twelve large color lithographs by Takis Katsoulides, reproduces the watercolors of Niki Goulandris with accompanying botanical texts by William T. Stearn of the British Museum and Peter H. Davis of the University of Edinburgh. Information about ordering can be obtained from Friends of the Goulandris Natural History Museum in the United States (212) 369-0405.*

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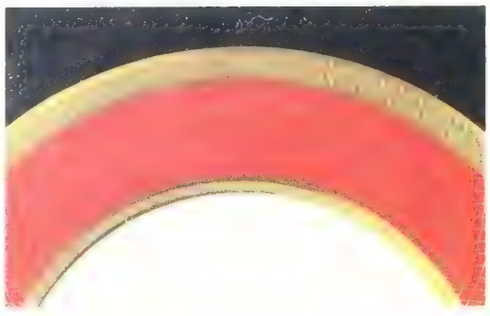
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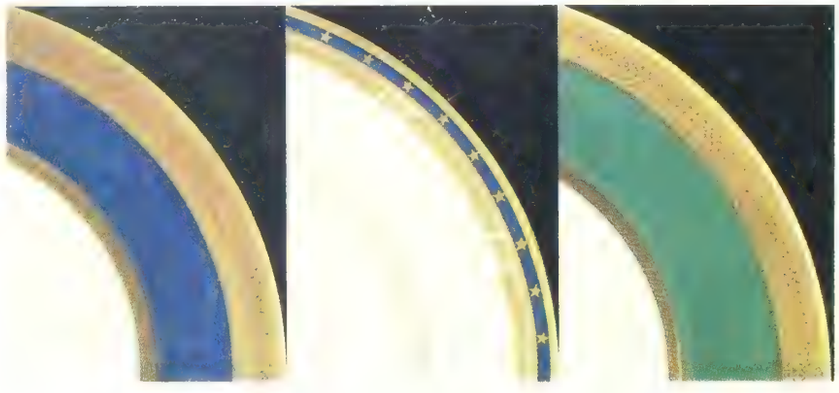
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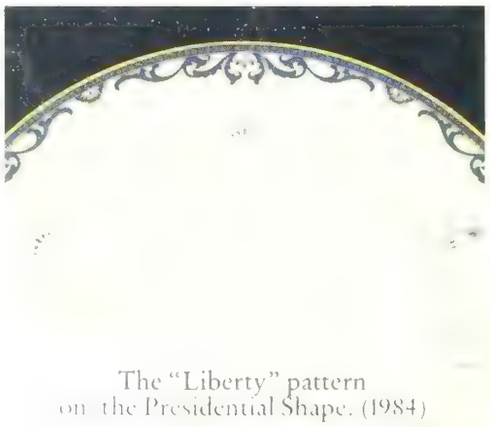
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A corner of the living room in the New York apartment of Adnan Khashoggi, looking toward one of two enclosed atriums. Decorated by Alessandro Pianon. Photographs by Oberto Gili. Story on page 178.

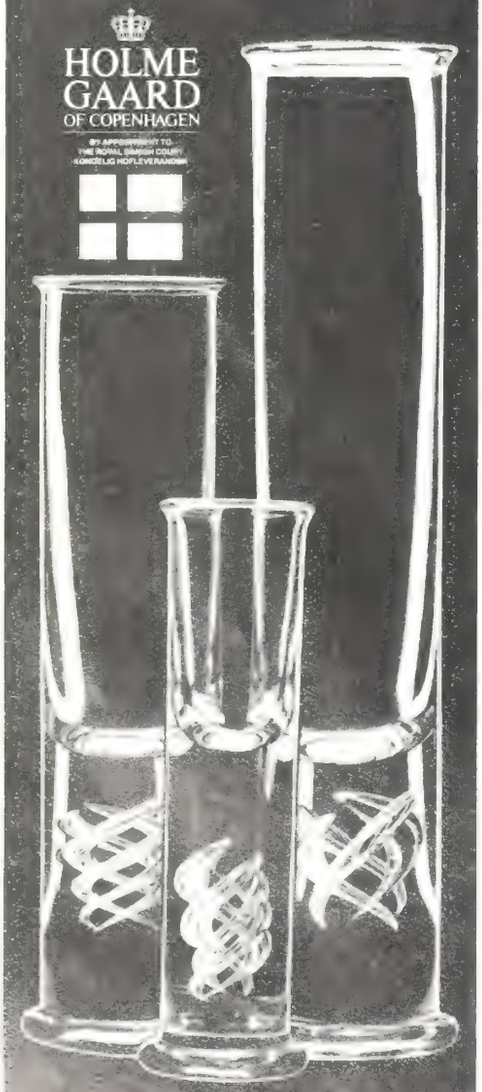
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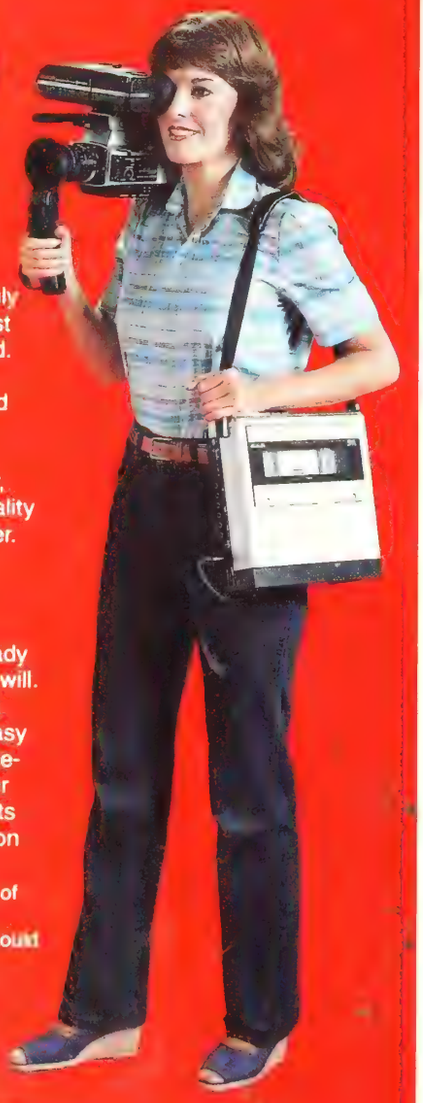
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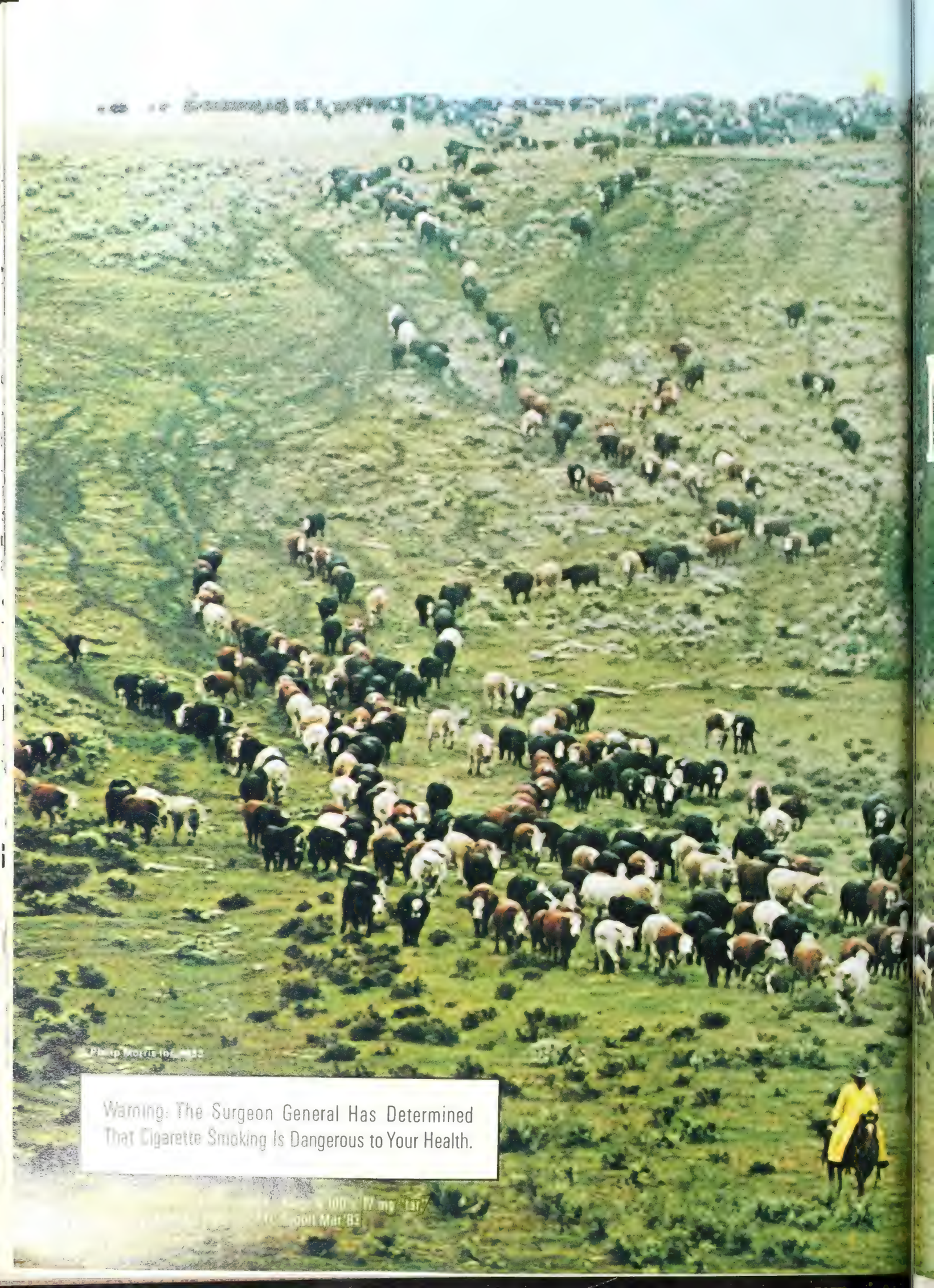
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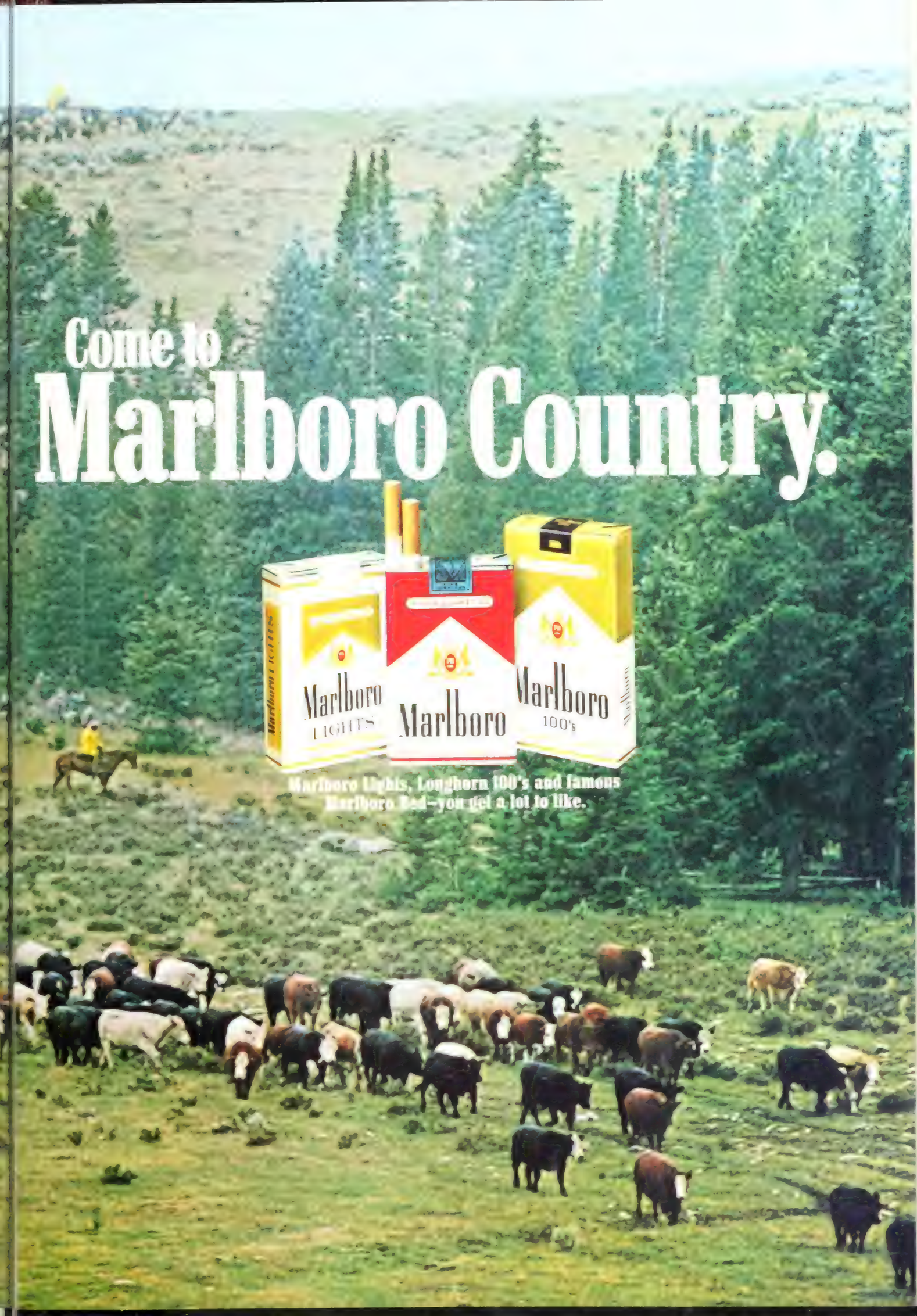
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MARK DARLEY

Photographer Oberto Gili, artist James Rosenquist, and House & Garden editor-in-chief Louis Oliver Gropp.

When we heard that the James Rosenquist painting commissioned for The Four Seasons' 25th-birthday celebration was on its way up from Florida, we immediately called the artist and arranged to be in his New York studio the day it arrived. Fortunately, our friend the Italian photographer Oberto Gili was in the United States on assignment, so he went with us to photograph the painting and its exuberant creator. When we next were in the Grill Room at The Four Seasons we asked our friends how they liked their new Rosenquist, and they took us over to the Pool Room to show us where the 24-foot-wide painting would be hung in time for the June 27 celebration. As for the celebration, Naomi Barry's story, page 164, explains what it is all about.

Some consider the Rothschild gardens at Exbury near Southampton the most beautiful in the world, so we were delighted last April when the owners greeted photographer Mick Hales with, "It's the best season we've ever known," explaining that the famous Exbury azaleas and rhododendrons were enjoying the most spectacular bloom in fifty years. As a result, Mick Hales's photographs fill sixteen pages in this issue, beginning on page 100.

Summer is the time when city folks drive into the country and fantasize about what it would be like to live there. For a firsthand account by someone who actually took the leap, read P. J. O'Rourke's account of his move from New York to a small town in New Hampshire. You'll never enter another small town without trying to decide: "Is this a town that knows it is cute, a town that doesn't know it is cute, or one that is determined to become cute, no matter what?"

We first met Alessandro Pianon when we published his stunning apartment in Venice, and now in this issue we have his most important work in the United States, the apartment of Adnan Khashoggi, page 178. With two complete floors of Manhattan's Olympic Tower with which to work, the Venice-based decorator created a series of two-story atria and handsome rooms that successfully incorporate the Middle Eastern culture of his clients without losing the special excitement of contemporary New York living.

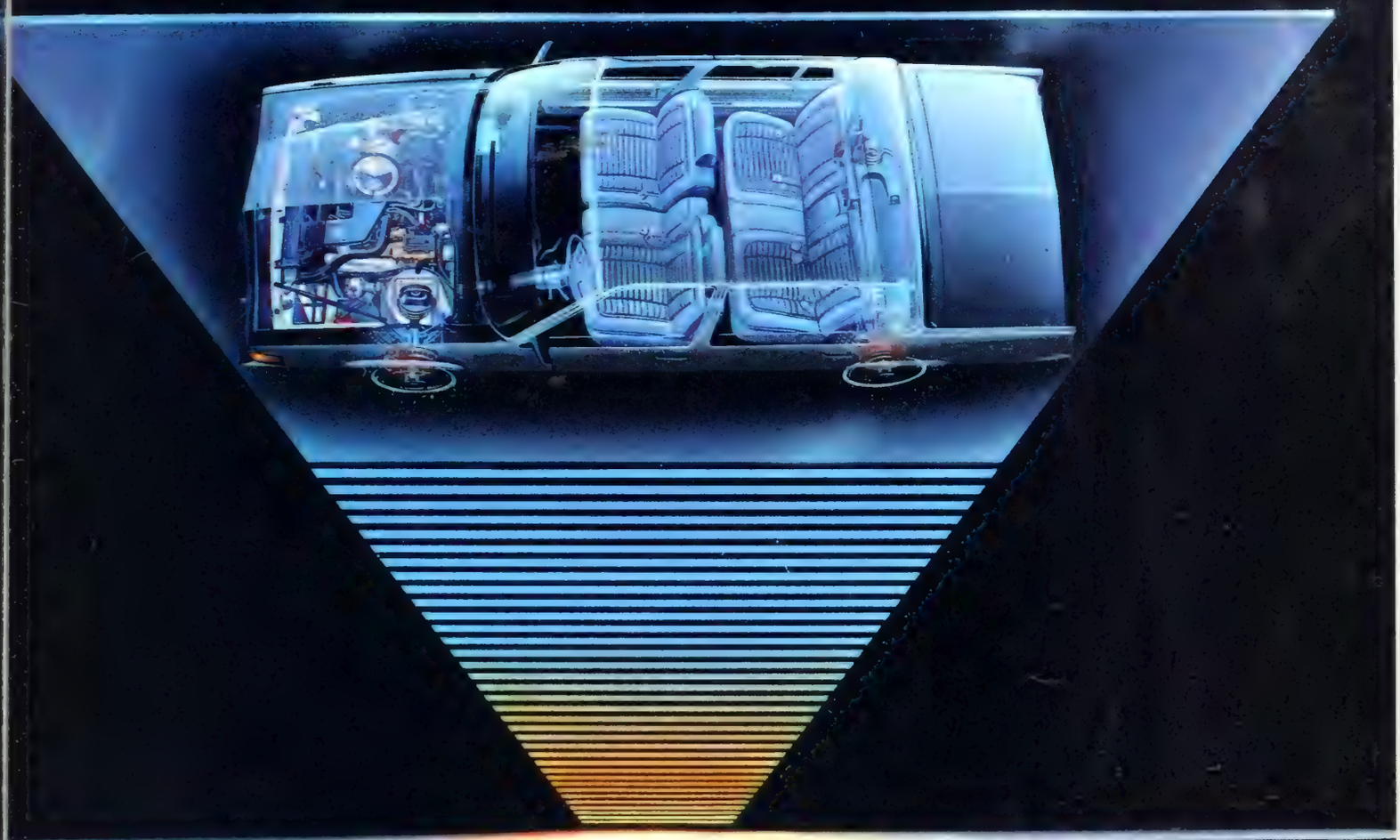
In Los Angeles for West Week (the annual design show there), I had lunch with architectural historian Charles Jencks and his wife, the writer Maggie Keswick, and found their house in Santa Monica's Rustic Canyon every bit as magical as their Massachusetts summer retreat, which we publish in this issue, page 132. Our story, actually a conversation between the two of them and House & Garden editor Denise Otis, chronicles the building of their studio/retreat on the East Coast.

Another look at historicism in architecture is provided by New York Architect Robert Stern's latest work, described for us by *The New York Times* architectural critic Paul Goldberger as "architecture that affectionately, even lovingly, recalls the past." Known for his neo–Shingle Style houses, Stern, according to Goldberger, now seems "less interested in commenting on the style than in actually trying to practice it."

We're always fascinated by how exposure to a person, a place, a style, or a thing has affected the evolution of a person's life. There are some wonderful examples in this issue: potter Juan Hamilton's meeting with Georgia O'Keeffe, page 150; decorator Ann Le Coney's early visits to antiques shops, page 144; and writer Bruce Chatwin's memories of his father's shipboard cabin and its influence when he finally decided to find a place to hang his hat, page 140. Such is the stuff that homes are made of . . . as well as House & Garden.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief





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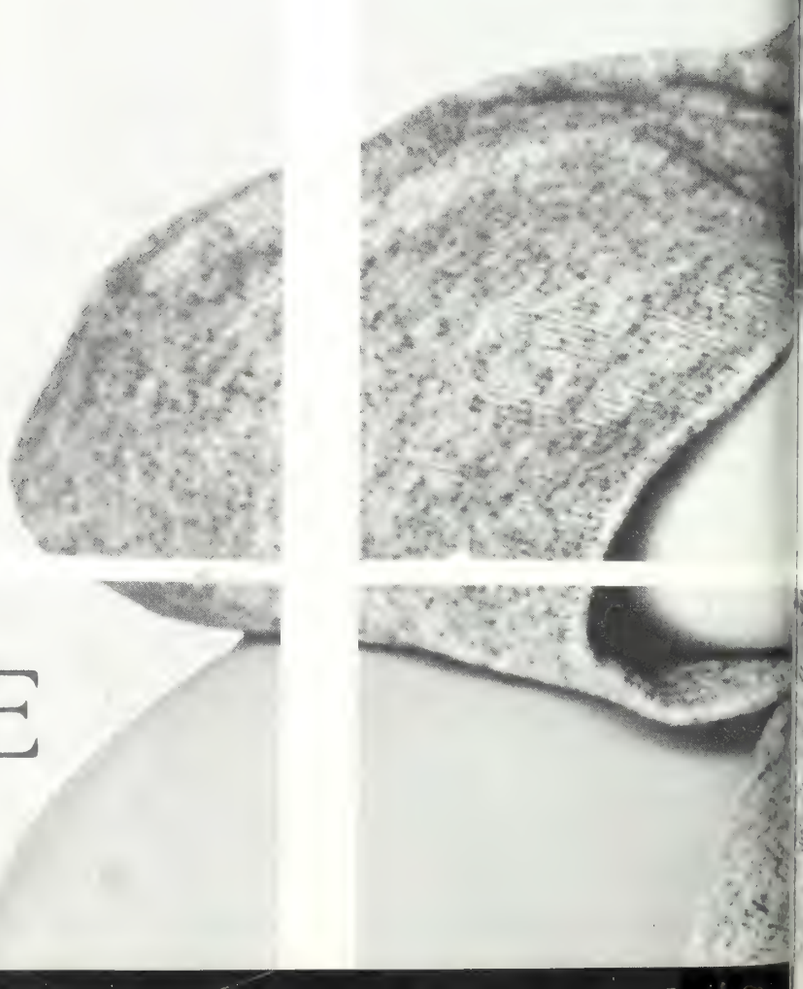
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THOSE NEW ENGLAND WAYS

Marry the plumber but don't try to fit in

By P.J. O'Rourke

Not long ago I moved from New York City to a small town in New Hampshire. I didn't know much about country life, but I was in love with New England scenery. I wanted to do my writing in an atmosphere of pastoral serenity. And I felt a need for a healthier life. Also, I'd never had a roof repaired so I thought New York was the most expensive place on earth to live. As city people are moving into the countryside, I feel an obligation to pass along what I've learned. I also feel an obligation to pay for my new roof.

When moving to rural New England, the first consideration is choice of a town. There are three kinds of towns in New England: towns that know they're cute, towns that don't know they're cute, and towns determined to become cute no matter what.

Towns that know they're cute are characterized by high real-estate prices, frequent arts-and-crafts fairs, and numerous Volvos with "Save the Whales" bumper stickers. It's Vermont, really, that specializes in this kind of town. You don't want to live in one of these. The "shoppe" signs are all misspelled, the arts-and-crafts fairs tie up traffic, and (it hurts to tell this to the people in the Volvos) Vermont doesn't *have* any whales.

Towns that don't know they're cute are even worse. Most seem to have zoning regulations requiring lawn ornaments and travel trailers in every yard. You'll buy a beautiful home on Main Street and wake up the next morning to find someone else has bought the beautiful home directly across from you, torn it down, and built a gas station. And the teen-age natives use the Meeting House's 1690 weather vane for rifle practice. This is painful to those of us with finer aesthetic sensibilities who'd like to make it into a lamp.



The right kind of town is the one determined to become cute. My own town, Jaffrey, is one of these. We're taking up a collection to repair the weather vane, and there's an effort under way to have our Main Street gas station spell Shell with an extra "e." Towns like Jaffrey have civic pride and local spirit, but they have their drawbacks, too. Civic pride means committees. And there's always the danger of getting drafted. Last year we had an infestation of gypsy moths. My committee spent three weeks cutting maple leaves out of red construction paper and gluing them to tree limbs so sightseers wouldn't be disappointed during the autumn foliage season.

Once you've chosen a town, the next step is to choose a house. There is a general rule about houses in New England: the worse the architecture, the more authentically Colonial the house. If a house has a grand appearance, handsome layout, and large airy rooms, it's Victorian junk. But if you can't, at first glance, tell it from a mobile home, it was built before 1700. Of course, it isn't fair to say that. Very few mobile homes have five-foot ceilings, basements full of water, or sill rot. Anyway, when checking for authenticity, make sure the rooms are the size of bath mats and that the electrical system looks horrid. Our colonial forebears seem to have been notably poor electricians.

One thing you will not have to worry about is your view. Every authentic Colonial house in New England has a splendid view. Just ask the real-estate agent. "View?" said mine. "Of course there's a view! Climb out this window onto the porch roof, Mr. O'Rourke, and shimmy up that chimney—absolutely breath-taking."

Actually buying the house will be no different from buying a house anywhere else, except for the title search. New England deed records go back 350 years, and in every one of those years somebody made a mistake. This results in unusual deeds. One property I looked at had fifteen acres. Two acres were in front of the house and the remaining land ran in a three-inch-wide strip 55 miles north to Lake Winnipesaukee. Be prepared to pay a large legal fee. "You *(Continued on page 20)*

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(Continued from page 16) know," said the local lawyer doing my title search, "that land originally belonged to the Indians. I had to go looking all over for them. I looked in Aspen, Vail, and Sun Valley. They weren't there, so . . ."

And even after you've cleared the title and paid for the house, it won't be called yours. My house is "the Yateman place." There hasn't been a Yateman in Jaffrey for fifty years. And I don't think a Yateman ever owned my house anyway. "The Yateman place" is just a device to rag newcomers. Though I have been assured that my house will eventually be called "the O'Rourke place."

"Everybody'll call it that," said a neighbor, "just as soon as you die there."

Another thing, no matter how stately the home or how much land or how many outbuildings, the only thing the natives will ever say about it is, "You know that place sold for $8,000 in 1976."

It will take time for you to get used to these country ways, not to mention getting used to the country itself. The climate, for instance: we have two seasons in New England, winter and getting-ready-for-winter. I was used to banging on my apartment building's pipes when I wanted more heat in the middle of the night. I've found this doesn't work with my own wood furnace. Nor are municipal services exactly like the city's. I was putting trash out at the end of my driveway for three months before I noticed . . . well, I noticed three months' worth of trash out at the end of my driveway.

Just running simple errands is a problem for transplanted New Yorkers. We are brusque, fast-moving people. But there's an unwritten law in New England: any time you go anywhere to conduct any type of business, first, you have to have a little talk.

When you go to the butcher shop, you're not going there to buy meat. It's a social call. Even if you've never seen the butcher before you say, "How's it going?" "Come on by sometime," and "Give my regards to your wife if you're married."

He'll say, "Black flies bad up at your place this year?"

You'll say, "Getting any wood in?"

And so on. Anything to do with pot roast is strictly incidental, and the subject cannot be raised politely for at least thirty minutes.

This frightens me. I know people do it to be friendly. I try to talk for hours with everyone I see. But I'm scared that if I call the fire department and yell, "Help! My house is on fire!", I'll get someone on the other end of the line saying, "Ah-yep, fellow down at Antrim had his house on fire, too. Must have been just about this time, 1981. Black flies bad up at your place this year?"

The local newspapers are a great help in catching the spirit of country life. These publications show that rural New Englanders live in a different world than New Yorkers, possibly on another planet.

I've been collecting items from the papers in my area. This headline was printed large on page two of the *Monadnock Ledger:* "Spaghetti Supper Set for Friday." It's the sort of headline we could do with more of in the *New York Post.* "Motorist Damages Yard in Hit and Run Accident"—that appeared on the front page of *The Peterborough Transcript.* And here, from *The Keene Sentinel,* is my personal favorite: "Maine Legislature Goes Home."

A story about the planning board in Jaffrey read, in part, "The planners did not decide on the subdivision last week. By the time the public hearings were over . . . it was after 11 P.M. The planners did not think they should be making decisions when they were tired." It's hard to imagine Congress being that downright. I'd like to see a story in *The New York Times* saying, "Congressmen did not decide on the defense budget last night. The members of Congress did not think they should be making decisions when they were half-witted, corrupt, and drunk." But the most telling item I've found in my local papers read simply, "Money was found on Middle Hancock Road on Sunday, June 5." Eleven words that paint a picture of almost baffling decency.

Things like that will make you want to get to know your neighbors. Believe me, they'll already know you. New Englanders are not nosy. They pride themselves on respecting the privacy of others. All the same, they manage to know everything about you, and sometimes they'll let it slip. You'll be on the phone, *(Continued on page 24)*

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Don't let on that you sleep until ten. It's considered hilarious. Personally, I sleep in my clothes with a coffee mug beside my bed

(Continued from page 20) making a long-distance call. "Operator," you'll say, "I'm having trouble getting through to my mother in Palm Beach."

The operator will say, "You really ought to call her more often, and you haven't written her a real letter since Christmas."

Or you'll be shopping in a local store and the salesclerk, a total stranger to you, will say, "But that's not the kind of undershirt you usually wear."

The first of these neighbors you should get to know is the plumber. Marry him if you can. In some rural places the most prominent citizen is the doctor or the reverend at the church; not so in New England. It's the plumber, and for good reason. When your water pipes freeze and burst at 3 A.M., try calling a doctor or a priest.

It will be easier to get to know the plumber, and everyone else, if you understand local values. One local value is early rising. Don't let on that you sleep until ten. It's considered hilarious. Personally, I sleep in my clothes with a coffee mug beside my bed. That way, when someone rings the doorbell at 5 A.M. to see if I'd like help stacking cordwood, I can run downstairs with cup in hand and pretend to have been awake for hours. Getting up early means going to bed early, and it worries people if you don't. When I first moved to Jaffrey, I was having a 1 A.M. nightcap when I heard a knock on the door. It was a concerned-looking native in a bathrobe. "We saw your lights on," he said. "Is anything wrong?"

The two most important New England values, however, are honesty and thrift. Honesty you've already seen exampled in Middle Hancock Road where someone found money and did what only a born and bred small-town Yankee would do and called the newspapers. This honesty is a great thing but dangerously habit-forming. On visits to New York I have found myself telling people, "Just charge me what you think is fair." And there is no polite way to express what people in New York think is fair.

More important even than honesty is thrift, not to say outright tight-fistedness. Money in the city is like money in Weimar, Germany. You go to the Citibank cash machine, get a wheelbarrowful of the stuff, and shovel it out whenever you're told. Then you cross your fingers and hope to die before the Visa-card people process your change of address. But Yankees are serious about spending money. And they give advice at length on the subject.

"Drive over to Portland, Maine," they'll say, "and you can get two cents off paper towels." Or, "There's a special on five-gallon cans of margarine at the A&P. Limit, five to a customer." And they're especially forthcoming with advice about what you should have paid for your house. "You know that place sold for $8,000 in 1976."

Besides changes in values, country life means changes in all your activities. Many city pursuits are inappropriate to the new venue. If you go jogging in Jaffrey, people will stop and offer you a ride. And having dinner at nine is considered as bizarre as sunbathing on a roof. Do not, however, adopt local customs wholesale.

Fishing, for example, turns out to be less serene than it looks on calendars. It is a sport invented by biting insects and you are the bait.

Hunting is as uncomfortable and much more hazardous. Deer hunting, particularly, attracts Visigothic types from places like Worcester, Massachusetts. I spend all of deer-hunting season indoors trying not to do anything deerlike.

Gardening is better. Everyone in New England will be eager to give you advice about a flower garden—too eager, in fact. By the time I'd spent a month listening to gardening advice, I was so confused the only thing I could remember was that you shouldn't plant bulbs upside down. This is nonsense, and I have a septic tank full of daffodil blooms to prove it.

Vegetable *(Continued on page 28)*

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(Continued from page 24) gardening is more difficult. The last hard frost in New England comes about July 10 and the first autumn frost comes about two weeks later. Then there are the raccoons. If anything does grow, the raccoons will take it and you'll have to call the Pentagon Rapid Deployment Force to get it back. What I do is just *say* I have a vegetable garden. I dig up some of the lawn, put on a raccoon suit, make tracks in the dirt, and go buy my vegetables at the local garden stand.

The honesty is dangerously habit-forming. On visits to New York I have found myself telling people, "Just charge me what you think is fair"

I've adopted similar techniques for home renovation. At first I thought it would be relaxing and a fine hobby to fix up my own house. But visits to the hardware store proved too embarrassing. Whatever it is you need, you don't know what it's called. And they'll laugh at you when you ask for "a large metal thing which is heavy at one end but a good deal heavier at the other."

While being careful not to fix up your own house, be especially careful not to fix it up in real Colonial antiques. There's one place where the honesty of rural New Englanders breaks down in a woeful fashion. This is the antiques store. New England antiques stores are dens of iniquity. If you ever do go into one, keep repeating this to yourself: "It's *not* an authentic milk-paint pre-Revolutionary hanging cupboard. It's a dirty old box out of somebody's garage."

Moving to the country is, in general, a splendid way of finding out how ignorant and unhandy you are. I knew I didn't *(Continued on page 32)*

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(Continued from page 28) know much about gardening or fixing things around the house, but I thought even I could burn a pile of brush. It's worth noting that practically everything in rural areas is flammable. So much for the lovely scenery.

Indeed, by the time I'd lived six months in New England, all my good reasons for moving there had disappeared. Pastoral serenity is elusive in a town where every man, woman, and child over five owns a chain saw and starts it promptly at dawn each day. And, as for healthy living, the state motto of New Hampshire seems to be, "Can I freshen that up for you?"

I was feeling quite glum about all this one day while I was helping another ex-city fellow pull stumps out of his pasture. My friend George, a former resident of San Diego, had rented a back hoe, and he and I had spent all morning cutting, digging, and yanking at tree roots while I wondered why I'd ever left Murray Hill. George and I were down in a trench hacking at one particularly recalcitrant oak carcass when a local farmer pulled up in his truck. The farmer stared out across the pasture, surveyed the dozen holes with uprooted stumps sitting next to each, looked down in the hole where George and I were, and said, "George, you'll never make any money planting those."

Then I realized why I'd moved to the country. Neighbors gather from miles around to see me try to light a wood stove. My sojourns at the town dump with my Volkswagen convertible buried to its hubs in mud are local legend. And the residents of Jaffrey consider it a better show than *The Return of the Jedi* to see a New Yorker try to get a porcupine out of the barn with two oven mits and a broom handle.

You move to the country for the same reason that underlies many great artistic endeavors. It's done for the sake of entertainment. And what better thing is there in life than bringing mirth and merriment to the people all around you? □

This piece was taken from a speech given on July 15, 1983, at the Amos Fortune Forum in Jaffrey Center, New Hampshire.



"*Surprise!!*"

It was my 40th. (Ugh. That sounds so—adult.)

Among my smattering of gifts (most of which were not-so-adult) was, surprise again, a Spiegel catalog.

The rest is history.

I mean, the brass Stiffel lamp on page 587 practically had my name on it. And the Italian white leather sofa on page 554 was just begging me to buy it.

So, of course, I did. (I always have had a soft spot for Italians.)

At 1:00 AM, amidst cold champagne and hot gossip, I picked up the phone and went shopping. At that moment, for the first time ever, I realized that shopping didn't have to be a drag.

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CRYSTALLINE FANTASIES

A new show presents the work of the Art Nouveau designer Emile Gallé

By Linda Nochlin

A major exhibition of the glass creations of Emile Gallé (1846–1904) should stimulate new thinking about this brilliant and paradoxical French *fin-de-siècle* creator of crystalline dream worlds. Indeed "Dreams into Glass" is the title of the show of forty pieces of Gallé's work at the Corning Museum of Glass, part of which was previewed in New York at Steuben in March and April. Gallé's sinuous vases, decorated with motifs from the depths of the sea, diaphanous flying insects, beetles, or spectral bats; his lamps in the form of giant, phallic mushrooms or tulips; his bowls swooning under the weight of moribund orchids or heavy-headed poppies are hardly the product of Bauhaus discipline. Rather, Gallé's art, and the production of the School of Nancy which he headed, seems ideally suited to a certain type of Post Modernist sensibility, in which the Modernist decorative dictum "Form Follows Function" has given way to Robert Venturi's prophetic title, "Complexity and Contradiction."

Gallé's work in the decorative arts springs from personal imagination rather than from an objective study of the formal and practical requirements of objects for daily use. The artist, as extravagant in his prose style as in his glass style, declared: "My own work consists above all in the execution of personal dreams: to dress crystal in tender and terrible roles, to compose for it the thoughtful faces of pleasure or tragedy . . . to impose upon it qualities I should like to have in order to incarnate my dreams and design . . . I have sought to make crystal yield forth all the tender or fierce expression it can summon when guided by a hand that delights in it."





Top: Emile Gallé, 1895; *above:* Gallé's *Dragonfly Coupe,* 1903.

Looking at a piece of Gallé glass for the first time is like exploring a mysterious new universe of shifting color, of mingled darkness and radiance, of liquid depths and dazzling surfaces; limits are unfixed, borders tantalizingly ambiguous, interpretations are suggestively open to the mood and temperament of the viewer. Peering into the translucent, infinitely evocative depths of a Gallé vase, holding it up to the light that filters slowly and voluptuously through its iridescent, quivering rose, gold, amber, violet, or ultramarine depths, one understands, in terms of immediate sense experience, what the poet Blake meant about seeing "the World in a Grain of Sand . . . And Eternity in an hour . . . ."

Yet Emile Gallé was no mere dreamer: on the contrary, his achievement as an artist in glass is firmly grounded in a mastery of technical practice, in serious scientific investigation, in the study of the European and, above all, Japanese, precedents, and, not least important, in a good sound business sense. At the age of 28 the young Gallé took over the family glass and ceramics business in Nancy and set to work establishing his reputation and that of his firm, a reputation in the decorative arts, furniture, and ceramics, as well as the glass for which he is best known. His work first received recognition as early as the Paris Universal Exposition in 1878, but it is the production of the years between 1889 and his death in 1904 that established his world-wide reputation. By 1900, the year of the Great Exposition in Paris, he received several medals and the coveted rank of Commander in the Legion of Honor. *(Continued on page 42)*

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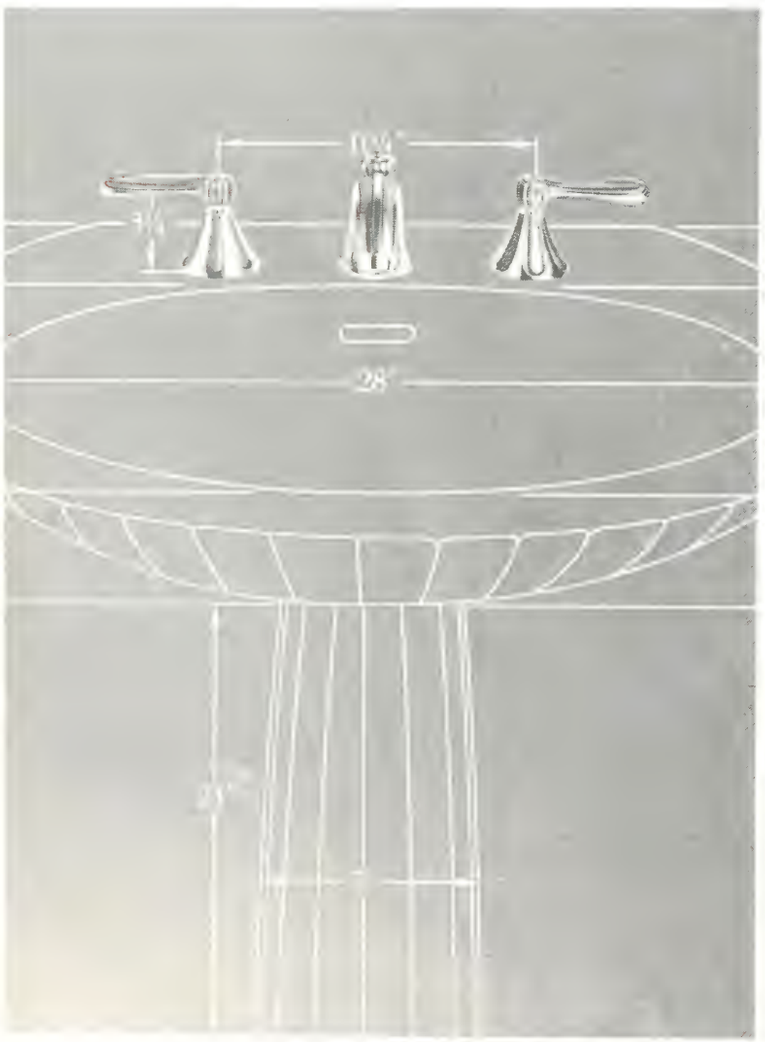
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tifs upon which Gallé's crystalline vi- derived from a careful, painstaking study of the precise lineaments of the natural world: plants, trees, flowers, insects, marine creatures, little animals. Yet the realism of the individual element—the orchid, the dragonfly, the tadpole, or the bat—is always subordinated to the larger symbolic project in Gallé's major masterpieces, to that sense of mysteriously charged but untranslatable meaningfulness sought after by the Symbolist poets that Gallé so admired, poets like Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, or Maeterlinck, whose verses often adorned his vases. To achieve this sense of the evocative springing from the natural motif, Gallé brilliantly manipulated his glass medium, guiding it toward the production of effects never before achieved and, above all, taking advantage of the accidental effects, like air bubbles beneath the surface, or the random marks of the graver's tool, which a lesser artist would have tried to disguise or eliminate, but which Gallé treasured as the signs of spontaneity.

In Gallé's best work, like the *Dragonfly Coupe* of 1903, in which multiple techniques—marquetry, applied glass, and patination—enliven the surface of the cup, the body of the enormous, hallucinatingly naturalistic insect metamorphoses, literally melts away, into the crystalline surface of the cup itself. Partly applied to the surface (the jewel-like eyes and the segmented body of the insect, with its speckles of patina) and partly submerged beneath it (mottling of the wings, the legs, and the antennae), the wings themselves detailed by the most delicate engraving imaginable, the dragonfly itself cannot be understood as an entity apart from the glass *matière* to which it owes its existence. Like the Post-Impressionist painters of his time, Gallé again and again calls our attention to the subtle interaction between the material nature of his medium and the descriptive representation of nature it bodies forth. To this effect, in the *Dragonfly Coupe,* he adumbrates a subordinate insect to the left of the major one as a sort of ghost image, perceptible on the surface of the cup only in the form of subtle engraving, but vividly present beneath this surface in the brilliant color of its wings. The inside and the outside of the cup play entirely different roles in Gallé's precisely evoked dream construction of the insect world. Lift up the *Dragonfly Coupe.* On the inside, the dragonfly appears quite literally in a different light: as a menacing, black silhouette hunting down its prey (winged, yellow insects, probably mayflies) with Darwinian voracity, a role cannily hidden from view by the cloudy white swirls of the outer surface of the vessel and visible only if you plunge your gaze into its interior.

The incip- *(Continued on page 48)*



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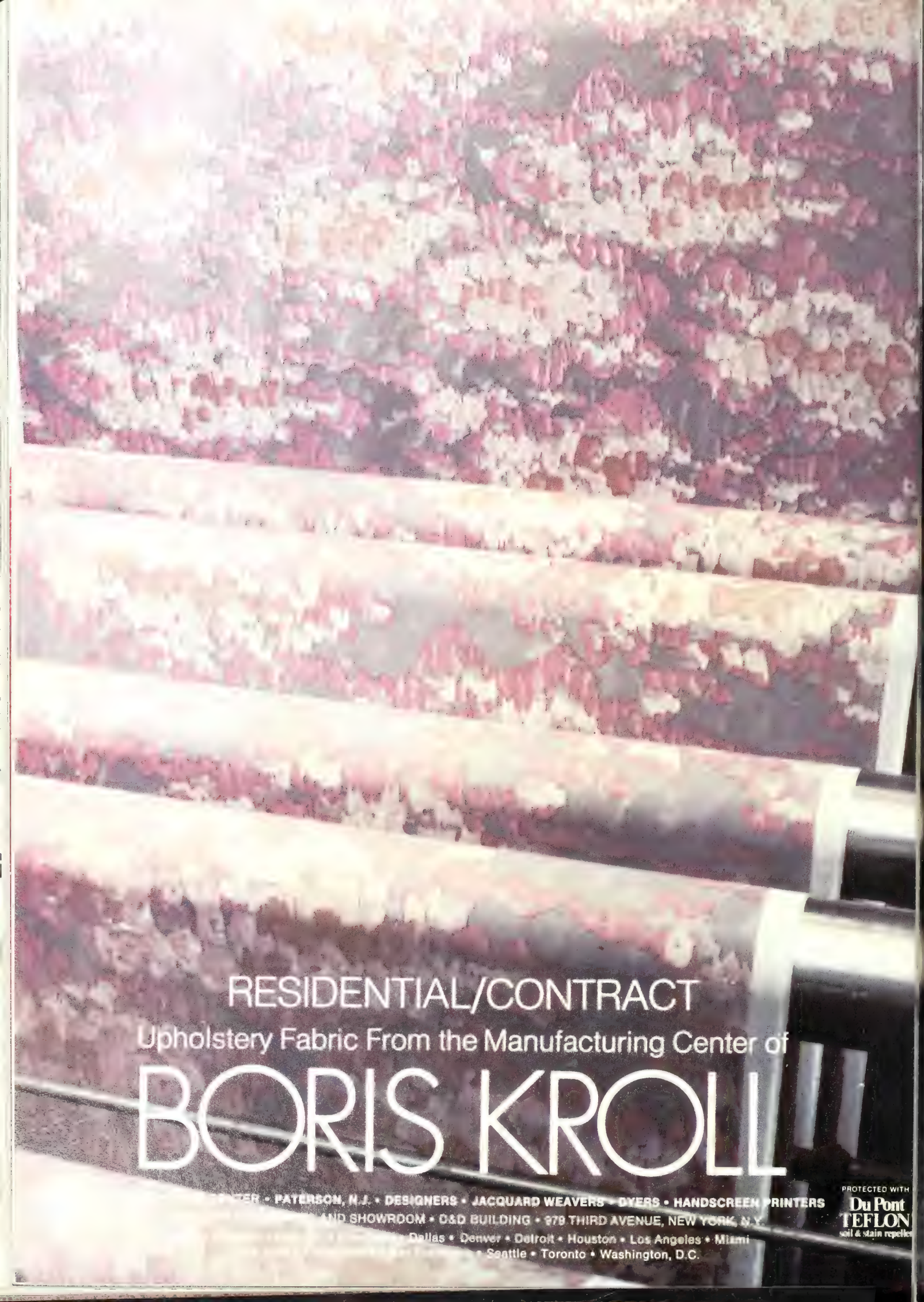
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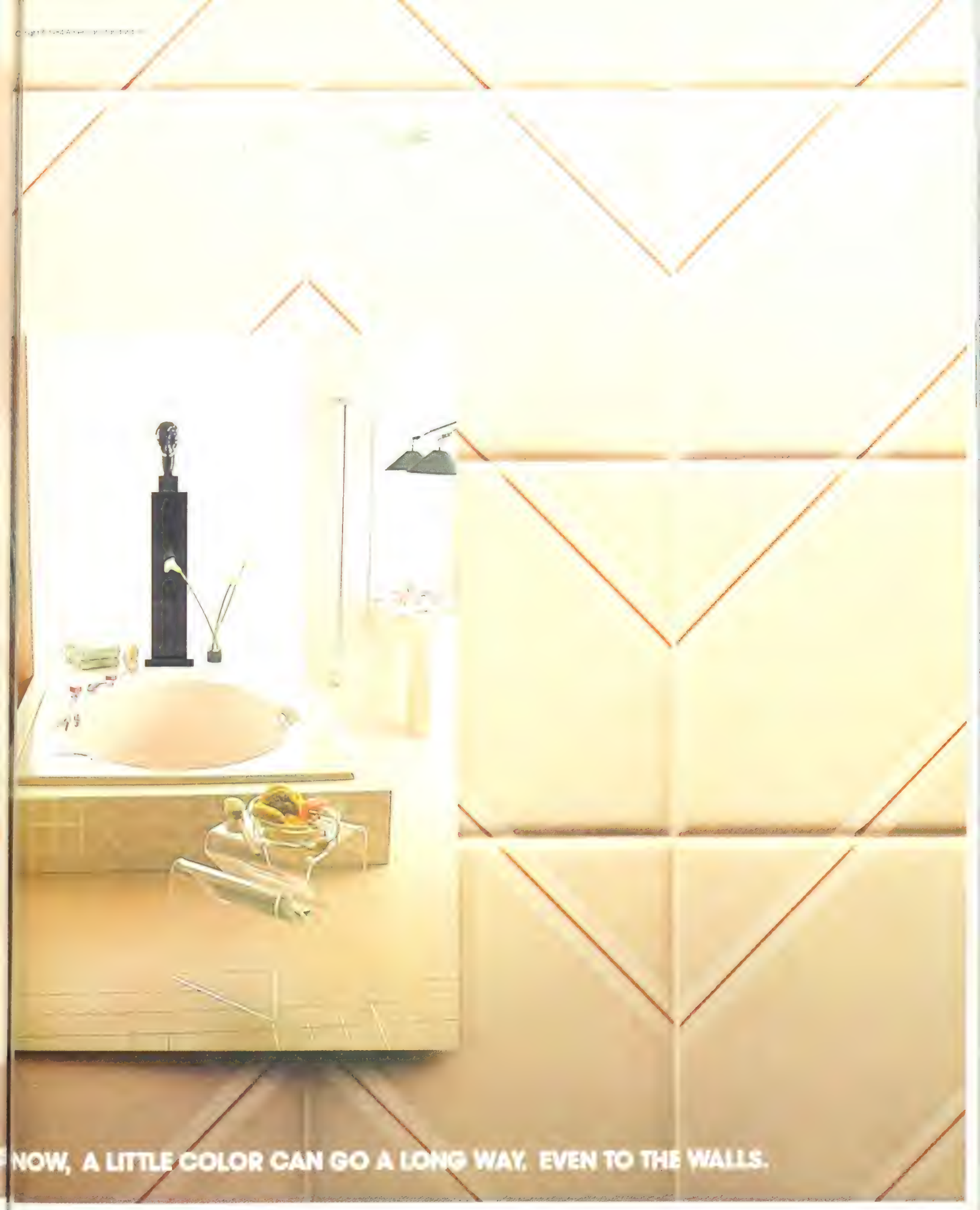
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(Continued from page 42) text moral symbolism of Gallé's *Dragonfly Coupe* receives more overt expression in his Eternal Debate vase of 1889–90. Here, the "evil" suggested by a prehistoric pterodactyl confronts the "good" suggested by a pelican, emblem of Christian self-sacrifice, in terms of a literal opposition of light and dark. The pale, brilliant transmitted light of the upper portion of the vase with the pelican glows with a clear, pearly luminosity; the somber, brown opaque darkness of the lower portion suggests, through refracted light, some transcendent deprivation of spiritual energy associated with prehistoric times. Obviously, Gallé is here using the medium of glass to comment on one of the quintessential struggles of human existence, not merely on the opposition between two birds.

Gallé himself was deeply engaged in some of the important moral and social issues of his time. Like his friend and admirer, Marcel Proust, he was an ardent supporter of Dreyfus at the time of the *Affaire,* and was one of the first to sign his name to the famous petition of January 1898, demanding justice for the wrongly accused Jewish army officer. Indeed,one of Gallé's most important vases, now in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, bears the inscription, "We shall win, God is leading us. Emile Zola," referring to Gallé's faith in the innocence of Captain Dreyfus and to the leading role of Zola in establishing that innocence. Even more important, Gallé's practice as a glassworker, a furniture designer, and an entrepreneur in the decorative arts was inspired by that high sense of moral purpose, that almost missionary zeal to elevate human nature and transform the social order by means of the civilizing, humanizing powers of the arts and crafts, that spirit of reform that had informed the decorative arts movement in England, the United States, and on the Continent from the time of Ruskin and William Morris to that of the Bauhaus artists and Frank Lloyd Wright. It is part of the paradox of Gallé's achievement that his flight from grim, standardized, machine-made modern reality to a dream world of *Symboliste* crystal fantasy could, at the same time, be accompanied by a rather different dream of regeneration for the benighted mass audience for consumer goods. It was typical of the generation of the 1890s that they wished to merge the aesthetic and the ethical in what one of their spokesmen termed "the fecund unity of a superior form of action."

Yet, in a way, this utopian hope of social regeneration through the decorative arts was the most phantasmagoric of all Gallé's dreams. How, after all, could the man who designed for that arch dandy, Robert de Montesquiou (model for Proust's Baron de Charlus), a bathroom that was an extravaganza of *luxe* in which de Montesquiou's favorite flower, the hydrangea, appeared in every conceivable material and formal variation, and in which an ornate glass cabinet displayed all its owner's dazzling, pastel silk cravats—how could such a man bring a new, democratic mass-produced art to the people? Indeed, Gallé's mass-produced



Tadpoles, 1889–90, inspired by Théophile Gautier's "The Castle of Memory," some lines of which appear on vase.

works are, on the whole, coarse and uninteresting, and the popular market of his time remained faithful to Louis XVI imitations *en pacotille.* Gallé's real achievement remains the highly individualized luxury items he designed for the happy few: works like the flamboyant *Orchids* vase, where the life cycle of the flower is applied to a support of melting turquoise and cream, the blossom *(Continued on page 50)*

This is the new Buick Electra.

GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, Bavaria–In the quiet, scenic villages of the German Alps, the townspeople are not easily excited by an automobile. Here, in Germany, automotive excellence is expected, rather than marveled at.

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(Continued from page 48) ranging in color from deep pinkish mauve in the center to pale violet at the peripheries, the relief modulating from near three-dimensionality at the heart of the flower to delicate engraving at the peripheries, in an imagery subtly suggesting (without ever going beyond the bound of suggestion) female sexuality.

At his most ambitious, Gallé may literally take on the invention of a complete dream world, as he did in his ambitious *Landscape Vase* of 1900, in which a forest of dark brown tree trunks encircles a field with tiny houses in it. The forest illusion is completed by suggestions of rocks and underbrush in the "foreground" of the vase. Here, too, the notion of equivalences, that suggestive power of the natural object, so dear to the *fin-de-siècle* poetic imagination comes into play for the encircling tree trunks, aside from being a decorative motif, suggest the imprisoning embrace of jailhouse bars within which the world of nature is held captive. In this suggestive crystal ambience, the stratified, jewellike layers of the landscape seem to take on a kind of temporal meaning, a geological mysticism in which the strata stand for the life span of the earth. It was a similar landscape vase that, in September 1899 Gallé dedicated to Sarah Bernhardt, engraved at the top with the line *"de la lumière! de la lumière!* Hamlet" and with an elaborate dedication, "To Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the great apostle of the Ideal and of Justice for Art and Beauty. . . ."

If at times, Gallé's biomorphic imagination seems to run wild, hover on the brink of kitsch, or recall Walt Disney at his most effusive (and offensive), rather than evoking those highly personal "dreams of terror and tenderness" he wrote about, at his best he is indeed the great alchemist of glass, transforming his medium in all its manifestations into "evocations of thought beyond the appearances of nature," to borrow the words of one of his early critics. As such, he was the major force in French decorative art at the turn of the century, pushing it in the direction of the fantastic and the elaborate, creating objects of such complexity and elegance that they remain a touchstone of achievement in crystal to this day. □

"Dreams into Glass" is at The Corning Museum of glass until October 21.





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OUT FROM FORT YUKON

A trip with a trapper on the Porcupine River

By Edward Hoagland

Fort Yukon, a town of 650 people at the juncture of the Yukon and Porcupine rivers eight miles north of the Arctic Circle in east-central Alaska, is 875 river miles from the Yukon's Canadian headwaters and a thousand winding miles from its debouchment into the Bering Sea. Canadian traders of the Hudson's Bay Company established the fort in 1847 not so much to protect themselves from the Kutchin Indians of the region as to fly the flag and fend off the Russian traders operating from a station five hundred miles downstream (Russians had discovered the mouth of the river in 1834). It was the first English-language community in Alaska, but after Alaska was sold by Russia to the U.S. twenty years later, the Hudson's Bay Company was forced to move eastward to British territory, but Fort Yukon continued to be a fur-buying center, then a gold-rush waypoint for the riverboats that were headed for Dawson City at the turn of the century, and finally the site of a small radar base and an administrative sub-hub for six or eight Indian villages in the surrounding sixty thousand square miles, an area equivalent to two Irelands.

Though only reachable by air, it's a fairly busy place during the summer. Thirty-year-old Flying Boxcars roar off the airstrip to bomb forest fires in the outback. Surveyors for the Bureau of Land Management, and federal and state social workers, construction specialists, and health experts bunk at the Sourdough Inn while they attempt to carry out various Sisyphean projects.





Top: The Porcupine River, on which the author traveled. *Above:* The place everyone seems to stay when passing through Fort Yukon.

Alaska is the land of the dubious contract, as one gradually discovers, and is full of white people who are still angry at what they were doing before they came up here, where they were doing it, how long they kept on doing it, and whom they were doing it with.

You can see what you look for in Fort Yukon—a demoralized collapsing community of "neo-Indians," "salt-and-pepper Indians," as one angry social worker described them to me, or a lively, self-reliant, age-old subsistence society still holding its own with some degree of élan beneath the drumfire of do-gooding welfare programs, of satellite-powered soap-opera television and wall telephones. There are other amenities. The river itself, spraddling out with its islands to a width of three miles at this point, gives importance to every settlement alongside, and its myriad salmon—kings, silvers, and chum—churn invisibly by from July through September, headed for Canada but there for the netting. The Alaska Commercial Company general store has a cheerful flavor. The town has three churches, a Lion's Club for bingo, two-dollar beer and a cup of moose stew; also a little museum, a Wycliffe Bible translator, and its own federally funded psychologist who sees, she estimates, a fourth of the citizenry every year in her office, which is situated between the town-owned tin-walled liquor store and the bootlegger's green house, which opens whenever the liquor store closes. Though the Bureau of Indian Affairs—as in most of Alaska's native villages—has built rows of small plywood houses in pastel colors in a newer section, many people still live in the old log cabins down close to the river and go out in the winter and run snare *(Continued on page 55)*

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4C

(*Continued from page 52*) and trap lines. Six to ten thousand mink and two or three thousand marten skins are marketed through Fort Yukon in the winter.

Twice recently when I've been in the state on other business I've dropped in by mail plane with a pack and a tent to walk the dirt streets—streets refurbished with gravel after a flood in May 1982 when an ice jam on the Yukon during breakup floated six-foot bergs into town. I walk half a mile from the airstrip to Fred Thomas's cabin, and he greets me with emphasis. (Everything that he says is said with emphasis.) In 1983, it happened to be lunchtime and Charlotte, his wife, took out some moose and beaver meat to feed us, knowing that, coming straight from the city on the spur of the moment, I would like that. She is 56, a comely, husky, reddish-skinned, smooth-complexioned woman, and in the manner of the Indian wives in these villages, she does not talk to white strays such as me unless her husband is present.

Fred is 64, compact and wiry, and has blue eyes, bristly short hair that is turning white, a round predator's face, like a marten's or a fisher's, and a keen but relaxed and peripatetic look. As a good family man he did maintenance work at the radar base for seventeen years to raise their six children well, only trapping and hunting in his spare time (though he was averaging forty foxes and two or three wolves a year), but now he has resumed the calling of woodsmanship that he loves. His mother was a Kutchin from a band that lived on the upper Porcupine (the *Tukkuthkutchin*); and Jacob Thomas, his father—born around 1880 in Wisconsin—had worked on a Mississippi riverboat for a little while before joining the gold rush, where he mostly trapped lynx and moose-hunted in the Klondike for meat to sell to the miners at a dollar a pound to keep things going while his partners dug holes. Then as "Tommy the Mate" he worked on the Yukon boats for fifteen or twenty years, before settling down to have Fred and six more children and carve out a life for himself on the Black River as a trapper far from other white men.

Darkless summer is among the most exhilarating experiences I know. I've been spoiled by summering in Alaska, where in June and July the sun revolves in the sky, looping around at different angles like the motorcyclist in a barrel at a carnival. The excitement of sunshine at midnight brings all the chained sled dogs exuberantly to life. They howl and racket back and forth from yard to yard and pack to pack until the whole town echoes with their partying, while the incessant, manic sun, bleary from overwork, turns orange and red within its yellows. Nobody—people, birds, dogs—sleeps much. I napped on a cot in Fred's smokehouse until his neighbor, a wide-cheeked, husky man who lives in a blue house and takes phone calls for him, came early in the morning to see us off. We were to visit Fred's in-laws.

Fred was zipped in a black wind suit with a white life belt buckled to his hips. It was August 1, the first day of fall, as he remarked, because all of the hundreds and hundreds of bank swallows that nest in catacomblike colonies along the river had suddenly vanished in the past day or so to get a start on their trip to South America, and also the smaller flocks of white Arctic terns, which go clear to the edge of Antarctica for another darkless summer at the antipodes—true *light*-loving birds that, with the dogs and me, share the secret that in the height of the summer Fort Yukon is the place in this hemisphere to be. Daylight is continuous from May 13 to August 4, and because Fort Yukon lies within the wide bowl of the Brooks Range and the White and Crazy Mountains, it is the only community north of the Arctic Circle where summer temperatures higher than a hundred degrees have been recorded: but the first killing frost is likely to occur in the third week of August, and in winter it is among the coldest inhabited places on earth.

Fred's boat, flat-bottomed, square-bowed, 32 feet long by about four feet wide and powered by a forty-horse Evinrude, had been built by the local fur buyer for the chop of the Yukon's currents and the surge of the Porcupine. After three miles, we turned up the latter, which at its mouth looked to be about a third of a mile wide. The Porcupine is itself a major river, Alaska's second, more than 550 miles long. In color it was a rich shade of gray in the sunshine, not Yukon yellow, but it's just as cold and fast though less thickly (*Continued on page 56*)

(Continued from page 55) silt laden than the great river. People drown almost immediately in the Yukon if their boat tips over, because the crushing burden of silt cramming itself into every interstice of clothing weights their arms and legs even before the cold has finished immobilizing them.

With the Porcupine's constant turns and the fact that the sun never stands straight up in the sky in the Arctic, the water turned blacker and mirrored the clouds, or changed again to grays. Loons were flying determinedly every which way with breathless speed, propelling themselves in a goose's posture except that they hold their heads lower. Snags in the current porpoised rhythmically, with their stumps stuck down in the bottom but the other end poking out so much like a whiskery head that it was a surprise to pass and find they were stationary and watch the gulls land on them.

We saw the mouth of the Sucker River. Thousands of animals must have silently watched Fred over the years, from hiding, but only twice has he realized it telepathically, he said, and each time it was a grizzly—he thinks an animal that large and formidable may be required to "register"—flattened down close to the ground in the brush, "its nose going like crazy," on the Sucker. Each time he cleared out and then the bear cleared out. He is live-and-let-live with grizzlies, and prevents his sons, too, from shooting them when it is not necessary for self-protection and they are too far out to be dragged back home for dog meat.

At Twenty-Five Miles (measured from Fort Yukon), chunks of ebony water appeared in the swift gray roil of the Porcupine and a big sandspit split the Porcupine from the Black, which was at first about sixty yards wide, shrinking to fifty, spreading later to seventy-five, and so on, meanwhile mirroring tiers of white clouds. Its current was slower than the Porcupine's, with cherry-colored gravel visible on the shallow bottom and frequent grassy banks a vivid green. Chattering kingfishers scolded us from the banks, flying between their roosting trees. Plentiful loons of at least three species flew by in humorless haste, and raffish



A herd of Caribou is a typical sight on the banks of the Porcupine.

large ravens, and little mew gulls and sizable herring sea gulls. On the water we saw five pintail ducks, a family of goldeneyes, some mallards, some mergansers or "sawbills," which dive and catch fish and therefore, like fish-eating grizzlies, are considered too fishy to be good eating.

There were abundant dark green spruce trees twenty to fifty feet tall, but many lightning burns were dispersed through this forest, with dead black spar trees remaining and alder thickets and willow woods growing up eventually in the place of the spruce. On both banks these light green woods—the alders and willows in front, right by the water, and taller poplars behind them—alternated with dark stands of spruce. Often trees of one kind stood opposite the other, and on the mud flats in front of the willows moose had left tracks. This Yukon Flats National Wildlife Refuge at 8.5 million acres is four times as large as Yellowstone National Park. The Flats themselves stretch for as much as 290 miles, contain about forty thousand lakes and ponds, and host two million ducks during the summer.

Rounding many bends, maneuvering between the frequent sand bars, with the willows and the spruces changing places, first on one side, and then the other, we saw a number of sandhill cranes—tall, gawky, edgy birds who shift and balance on their legs as much as on their wings—and both white-fronted and Canada geese. We startled up a golden eagle eating a dead duck on a beach, which, as it flapped in a circle to gain altitude, was forced by the trees to practically graze our heads. We saw an osprey's nest; later a bald eagle eating a salmon; and numerous hectic loons bent upon getting rapidly from one place to another, as if they knew they were already becoming alarmingly rare in the lower 48 states.

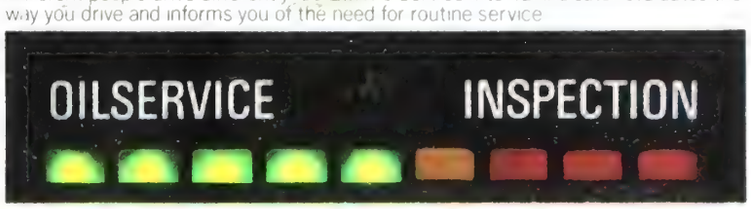
The water was seldom deeper than three feet and so clear that the salmon that run up the Black River cannot be harvested by the Kutchin in quantity because they easily see a net even at night during the summer. But the clarity of the cherry-colored gravel on the bottom, the clouds reflected upside-down ahead of us, the black and silver riffles ahead of them, and the constant bending of the river's course revealed beaches of sand, of pebbles and stones, of mud, and little oxbows that had filled with earth and grown into grassy wales, were very beautiful.

The sky looked cold, but there were still plenty of dragonflies and many mosquitoes. ("Where do they all get their protein?" I said. "There aren't that many of us.") Goldeneyes were running on the water, leaving a pattern of footsteps like a skipping stone as they took off, and we saw a mother merganser with twenty flightless but fast-swimming babies in tow. Several fledgling red-tailed hawks were awkwardly testing their wings between spar trees, and periodically we slid past a watchful and affronted owl. A moose that had been drinking from the river ran up on a high bank and stood there surveying us, like a wild horse with horns, just the way a hunter wants them to.

We watched the riffles, watched for smooth quick currents, following the cutbanks but avoiding disturbed water, and past bend after bend we watched the taiga and willow scenery unfold—the "drunken forest" of leaning spruces wherever the permafrost rose so close to the surface it gave their roots no purchase—until we rounded yet another bend and suddenly saw a bluff in front of us with a few low log buildings on top and a dozen beached skiffs at the base. Kids were playing around these and a couple of fishermen were tossing their short nets about to get them dry. The river fish-hooks around the (Continued on page 60)

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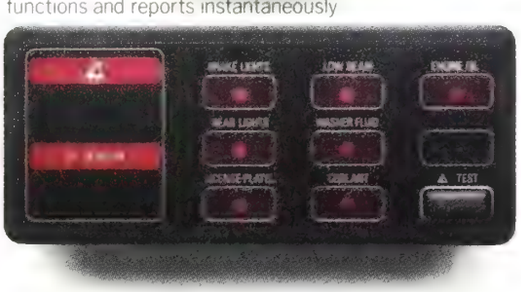
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Continued from page 66 bluff past the mouth of a good fishing creek and for both reasons this village is called Chalkyitsik, or Fishhook Town.

We visited some of Fred's Kutchin relatives overnight and then turned around. Going downstream, we saw horned owls, and sparrow hawks crying *killy-killy-killy-killy,* an osprey, a couple of bald eagles swerving away from us and sailing up a tributary creek, and many loons and ducks. We stopped at a Fort Yukon family's cabin, chinked with sphagnum moss and overlaid with a sod roof and boasting a seven-dog log doghouse, where tracks showed that both mink and fox had been hunting. "First sign of fur I've seen," Fred said happily.

For supper at Englishoe Bend we horsed a couple of two-pound pike out of the slough from the end of our moored boat just by waving the angling spoon past them from a broken fishing pole, and fried a bear steak too, with bacon. Pike are extraordinarily aggressive fish and taste extremely fishy, like the top-of-the-food-chain in these waters, which of course is what they are. Our bear had fed on fish and grass and roots as well as berries, and so she tasted complicated, munificent, and protean, like the mistress of a larger realm. Fred said sometimes when you are eating a blueberry-fed bear you would swear that sugar had been sprinkled on the meat.

He claimed that in the Eskimo-Indian wars, which were fought across the high tundra valleys of the Brooks Range, the Indians would try to wipe out the Eskimos, whereas the Eskimos would adopt any captured Indian children, "because maybe the Indians are smarter." He said the Eskimos hold the old feuds against the Indians more than vice versa; and that on the Kobuk and Noatak rivers the inland Eskimos still camp on islands at night, instead of on the heights, which would be better for hunting, because of defensive habits formed when they were scared of Indian attacks. (Of course, in Alaskan Eskimo towns, you hear accounts that are quite the opposite.) He said a moss-chinked house is the healthiest place to raise a baby, because the moss "breathes." And he talked of hunting muskrats in his canoe in May, his favorite time of year, calling them to him, but paddling clear of the grizzly bears down from their dens in the mountains and digging both roots and muskrats out of the banks of these lakes and ponds.

It may seem odd that so much of our conversation during this trip through a magnificent wildlife refuge four times the size of Yellowstone was about wildlife as food, but the Kutchins' cultural manner of subsistence is part of what is being preserved here, along with the wildlife. And maybe it is only *now,* I thought—lying listening to the whooping and the trumpeting of the birds along the river for much of this short, bright night—that we can really grasp the breadth of what was lost in settling the continent. When one travels to Alaska after living in New York, Massachusetts, Iowa, Louisiana, Georgia, Wyoming, California, and so on, the vastness of that altered geography combines with this view of the particulars of what the American wilderness was like. Once there were red-eyed loons, sandhill cranes, and canvasback ducks on the Chicago River, and marching forests, a spacious prairie, a firmament of unobstructed clouds. One needn't wish that Chicago were erased from the map to regret what has been obliterated far and wide.

Eventually the Porcupine's yellow-gray, sea-gray, sea-green waves swallowed the Black River's dark ropes of water, and after 25 miles the Porcupine's own choppy currents met the great yellow Yukon. There, like motes among the forested islands, we saw a couple of other skiffs, people on busy small errands to check their fishing nets or take some vegetables to their families in fishing cabins, and we arrived back in the sunny but slightly truculent town of Fort Yukon, where all the kids seemed to be out swimming in Joe Ward Slough.

At the Sourdough Inn, some exuberant "floaters" who had rafted down the Porcupine from the village of Old Crow were reveling in real kitchen cooking and joking about "catching the subway home." One of them was sitting in the old swivel barber chair set next to the pay telephone talking to her mother. On the dining-room window sill was a wire construction of an ant, cat-sized, facing a poster on the kitchen wall of a big rat that was tunneling through, with the legend: "I gotta get out of this hotel!"

I went with this crowd to see the town's new museum, built for what is hoped will become tourism. We saw a Kutchin awl made of a loon's bill, a three-pronged fishing spear, and a moose's stomach used to cook with when hot stones were put in it. In the "white" graveyard next to the stockaded museum there is a plaque that says:

"In Memory of the People
Of the Hudson's Bay Company
Who Died Near Fort Yukon
Between the Years 1840 and 1870
Many of Them Being
Pioneers and Discoverers and
Explorers of Various Portions
Of the Yukon and Alaska."

I sat on a case of shotgun shells as Fred and I talked some more. Flying Boxcars were taking off to bomb a forest fire, and Fred remembered he'd meant to give me a roll of number-three picture wire for rabbit snares for my flight south, in case the plane went down and I needed to live off the land. But I decided to put up my tent by the river to stay a few days and do what I most like to do in Fort Yukon—which is to circulate from cabin to cabin asking old people for stories.

That same day I learned of a grizzly that learned to mimic the moo of a cow moose calling her calf, while lying in wait on the path. And of a man who had once fed a family of starving Brush Men (the Kutchin name for Bigfoot), who sat with him beside his fire talking to him only by mental telepathy. Of how to set man-sized snares around one's cabin for a murderous Brush Man. And of the Little People, the trickster gnomes who live underground on the tundra and are as strong as a dozen men—of the stealing but also the good turns they do, and of perhaps the only way you can scare Little People into returning what they have stolen from you. You boil pots of water and stand over their underground houses, threatening to pour it on. Brush Men you cannot speak to, but Little People will then talk to you. □



At a 1907 band concert, Elsie Wilson thought she could sneak a cigarette behind the percussion section.



She was soon drummed out of town.

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IN OUR OWN IMAGE

Juan Portela offers nineteenth-century furniture and a romantic sensibility to satisfy the current craze for theatrical decoration

By Nancy Richardson





Left: Juan Portela (standing) and Christian Herbaut in their shop. Behind them is a gilt-wood Gothic cupboard, c. 1890, and two Belle Epoque paintings. *Right:* Detail of Venetian neo-Rococo armchair, c. 1830.

For the last few years museums have been sorting out the mass of nineteenth-century material in their basements and bringing it upstairs to put on display. We have been waiting for these new museum galleries knowing they would set out an official nineteenth-century design vocabulary as well as standards of quality. They would give us something to go on, as we wanted to tell the difference between junk-with-style and junk-junk in a century many people still love to hate. The new American Empire and Rococo Revival sitting rooms in the American Wing at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York are some of the best of this new generation of galleries because they are so pretty as well as being typical of their period. But some periods, especially certain moments in the nineteenth century, appear to contemporary eyes as episodes in which perfectly reasonable chairs, tables, and sofas got rigged out as though to go to some fancy dress ball. And so the Met's Rococo Revival Parlor, for all its visual appeal, belongs uniquely in a museum. Finally then, it has been up to those laymen who go more by their eyes than history books to edit the nineteenth century for furniture, textiles, and objects that can be used for contemporary decoration.

Young dealers who are good at this have achieved a reputation that far exceeds their importance in terms of the size of their inventories or the years they have been in the business. What they are selling is sensibility rather than the past. And though they offer quality goods and have taken pains to verify their authenticity, they would still rather sell the unusual than the predictable. They are another generation out to shock the neighbors but not with ugly things, chart new styles, and eventually make money.

Juan Portela and his partner, Christian Herbaut, who have a shop on Madison Avenue in New York, are two of the dealers who are helping to make New York a living textbook of nineteenth-century decorative arts. They have only been in business for four years—two years in a space in the Louvre des Antiquaires in Paris and two years in New York. Juan is Cuban, educated in *(Continued on page 66)*



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THE HILTON HEAD COMPANY
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(Continued from page 64) America. He has lived primarily in Madrid and Paris. Christian is a Frenchman who trained in art history and has had other antiques shops in the past. The part of the nineteenth century that interests them and which is the cause of traffic jams of collectors, curators, and decorators in their smallish shop starts with the final Neoclassical years of the eighteenth century and continues until about 1850.

What these dealers like and what they sell is never in the shop just because it comes from their "period." Dealing on a level above furnishing furniture and below the "big stuff" of royal households—with one huge exception to be discussed later—Portela's rule of thumb is to buy something with a twist, the work of a cabinetmaker who tried to do something a little different. Both partners have a knack for avoiding what is conventional in early-nineteenth-century decoration without going to the other extreme of seeking out the bizarre. Whether it's a Scottish butler's sideboard with a remarkable Neo-Gothic relief, a pair of gilt-wood Venetian bergères from 1830, a neo-Grec terra-cotta clock of a woman sitting on a templelike throne, these pieces are of a scale that's suitable for New York apartments and because of their lack of pretentiousness are equally suitable for houses in the country. They also sell old materials, wallpaper panels and borders, nineteenth-century genre paintings, curious clocks, busts, gesso friezes. A pair of Viennese settees made in 1840 went out of the shop the week they arrived. A red decoupage screen made in France in the 1830s has been there a year. A new arrival that gives them particular pleasure is completely useless—a huge fragment of Second Empire paneling with satyrs' masks in carved wood, garlands of fruit and flowers in gesso, and a background of fanciful *faux marbre*. Useless perhaps, but lean it up against a wall and it makes a room.

Many things in the shop are meant to be hung up on the wall but not many of these are paintings. Some are attractively carved bits of old paneling, some are pieces of material to be used as tapestry, some are grisaille wallpaper panels mounted on stretchers and a thin canvas *(Continued on page 75)*

LASTING IMPRESSIONS



Wicker's woven textures make memories with accents of romantic color. Here, Pier 1 offers classic Victorian rattan. Turn the page to find the bravura of exciting new designs. It's a new collection of furnishings, crafted of elegant and honest materials and brought from Europe as well as the Far East. Come, explore the new Pier 1 collections for Spring.

Pier 1 imports

On the Cover

White Wicker Flirts With Vibrant Color

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Our six-legged rattan "Ming" chair features classic Chinese latticework, a centuries-old technique. Simple curves of bamboo form a window on the chair back. The seat is woven cane. The chair receives a satiny black lacquer finish. Below.

Ming Chair 35½"Hx21"W 129.99







Our rattan wing chair is completely hand-crafted in Thailand. A Pier 1 exclusive, the design combines lounging comfort with graceful styling. A rich walnut finish completes the polished look. Above.

Rattan Wing Chair (cushions and pillows sold separately). 149.99

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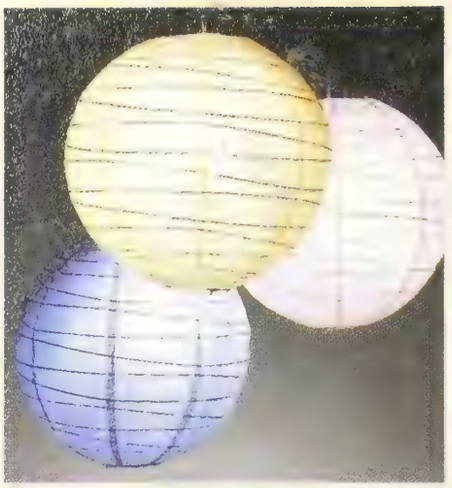
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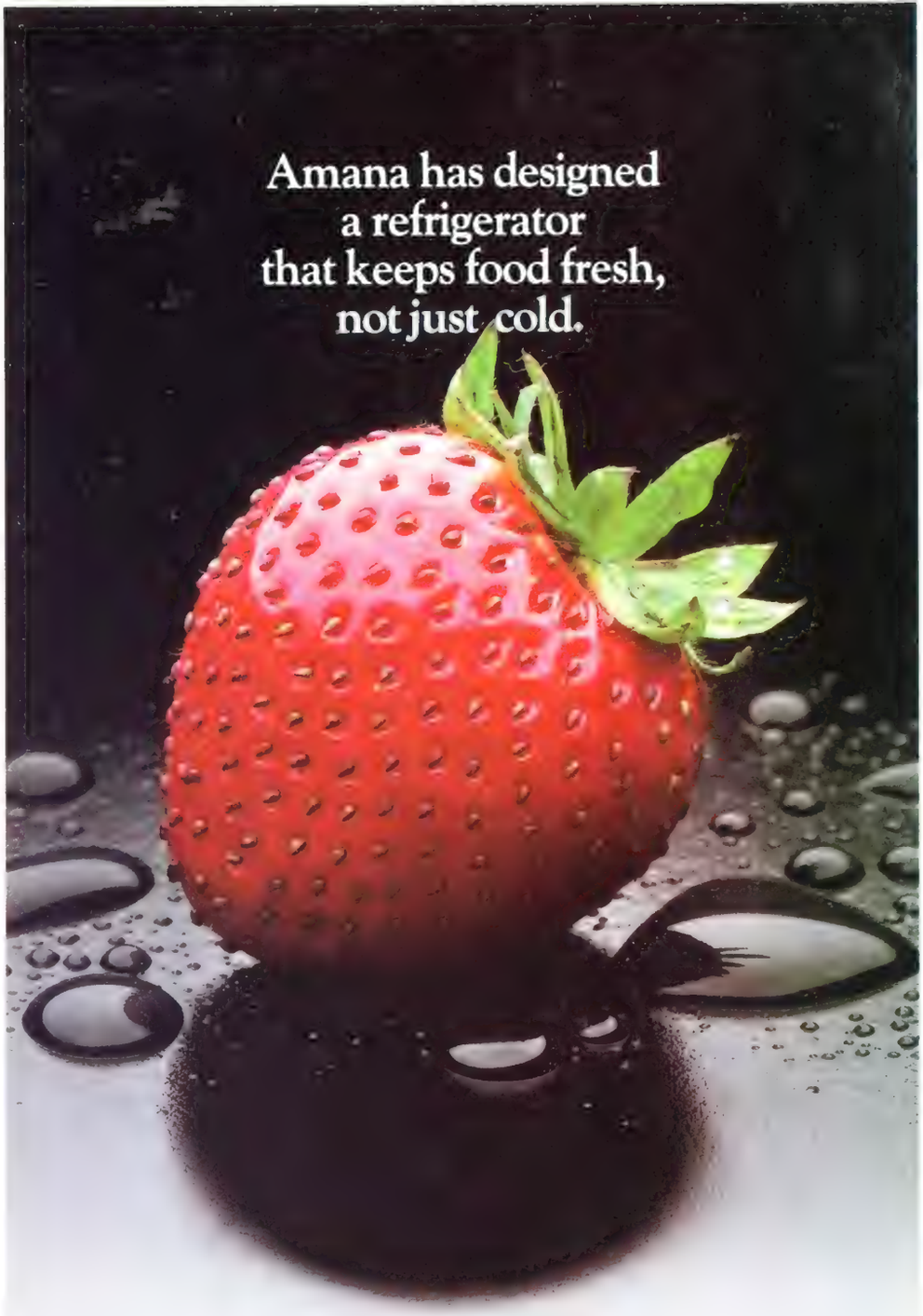


Late-nineteenth-century oil lamps on top of ashwood Biedermeier desk, c. 1820.

(*Continued from page 66*) backing that look like architectural caprices done by students of students of students of Hubert Robert. Many of the paintings have the gaiety of scenic postcards, which they in effect are, having been painted by northern Europeans who had come to Italy to study its ancient monuments and also fell in love with its landscapes, city views, and picturesque banditos.

There is a Swedish Empire clock set into a slab of white marble painted in black and gray with a reclining mythical lady and framed in a deeply recessed gilt-wood frame. Other clocks, which don't count as pictures, are hardly more conventional. A small French Gothic clock from around 1832 is in gilded bronze made in the shape of a Gothic cathedral. It sounds the hours in a voice as deep as Big Ben's. Other things that look as if they might be big sculptural mantel clocks are actually fountains meant to work as indoor sculpture; others are terra-cotta bozzettos.

All these things come not from Europe via an American auction room, but from Europe direct to Juan Portela. The public's acceptance of his choices is a fresh indication of the general Europeanization of American taste in decorating. It is also an indication that Juan Portela is presenting these things in a setting that implies they would look best. For every gesso frieze that belongs propped up on a chimney piece in an unexpected way, there are four pairs of nineteenth-century chairs that are as comfortable as those in a men's club. There are screens that cut off an exposed seating arrangement (*Continued on page 76*)



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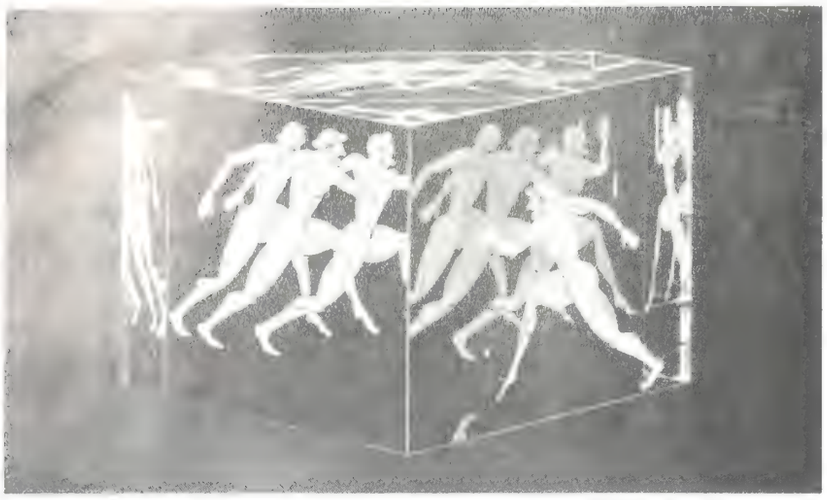
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(Continued from page 75) from general view and sections of tapestry as lightweight as an Aubusson that can be used as table skirts or cushion covers.

Most things in the shop cost from $1,000 to $30,000. At the moment, however, Portela has a masterpiece for sale which is one of those ultimate pieces of furniture that symbolizes its entire era. It is a desk ordered by Frederick William II of Prussia in 1794 from David Hacker, a cabinetmaker like David Roentgen who did elaborate pieces of furniture for the Russian and Prussian courts. Frederick William II died and the desk was delivered to his son. At some point it went to the Charlottenburg Palace, eventually came out of East Germany after World War II, and was sold at auction in 1950. Juan

A new arrival that gives them particular pleasure is completely useless—a huge fragment of Second Empire paneling

Portela bought it from the person who has owned it since 1950. This hulk of a Neoclassical desk in a form that later was to become the classic Biedermeier silhouette stands six feet in pale mahogany with columns and pilasters of white marble. Inside it's lemonwood. The top is cupola-shaped and sits above a clock inlaid into the front of the desk. The middle opens up to reveal a series of compartments like three salons—each with miniature boiseries made of several different precious woods. On the lower façade a marble medallion of the head of Plato balances the inlaid clock face in the upper part. Greek-key and acanthus-leaf borders of gilt bronze decorate the edges and corners of the desk. No museum in this country has a desk like this one, and no one who can manage to get here should miss the opportunity of seeing it, inhaling the atmosphere, and feasting the eyes at 783 Madison. □

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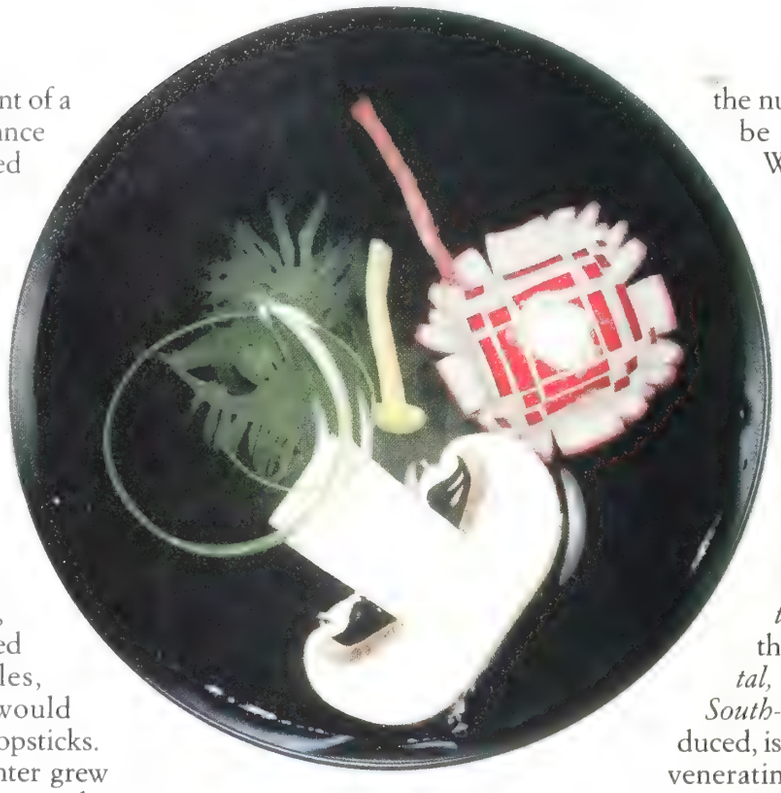


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WHERE'S THE BOEUF?

Cookbooks for the taste buds of the eighties

By Alexander Cockburn



Head flicked off with the point of a knife, still twitching in its dance of death, the shrimp vanished down the gullet of my friend who, gazing with an almost proprietory air around the Japanese restaurant, continued to lecture me about traditions of freshness and simplicity in Oriental cooking. In the end I grew restive. In the T'ang dynasty in eighth-century China, I remarked in a voice perhaps too loud for the sensibilities of our neighbors, newborn rats, pumped full of honey, crawled about the banqueting tables, squeaking feebly. Guests would pluck them up with their chopsticks.

Our end of the sushi counter grew quiet as I continued to report on the cult of freshness in the T'ang dynasty, as described by Edward Schafer in *Food in Chinese Culture:* "It was by no means an uncommon occurrence for outraged T'ang citizenry to chop up the body of a corrupt or tyrannical official and eat him."

Things were pretty tough in the T'ang dynasty, which no doubt accounts for the robust cuisine described by Schafer. We can trace a nation's history by its menus, its culture by its cookbooks. And, on this principle, looking at a current crop of cookbooks, what conclusions can we draw about the present state of American culture?

When I first came to the United States just over a decade ago the Gallic tide was on the flood. To me, sustained through the sixties by the cookbooks of Elizabeth David, the aromas—and the indigestion—were familiar. the *daubes* of Julia Child, the souvenirs of France from Olney, Beck, and the others. By the late seventies it seemed as though the tide was cresting. Palates sated, tummies inflated by Bocuse sought relief in the *cuisine minceur* of Michel Guérard. Eating became an act of contrition, in which tiny puréed pools of baby food lay in the center of enormous plates. Texture and variation were subdued by the whirling blade of the Cuisinart.

Old-style homages to French cuisine still continue to appear, as though nothing had happened recently to the tradition of Escoffier. A typical example is Eliane Amé-Leroy Carley's *Classics from a French Kitchen,* a competent if somewhat humdrum anthology of classical French cuisine. And the *minceur* spasm continues, albeit with failing force, with Michel Guérard's *Cuisine for Home Cooks.* The aroma of the nursery or the hospital can still be detected. I tried "Chicken Wings with Cucumbers," found myself adding the familiar cream, tomatoes, chervil, and tarragon to a vermouth/white-wine reduction and dozed off over the stove at the sheer tedium and familiarity of it all.

A counterattack was inevitable and in the event it was led by one of my favorite food writers—Paula Wolfert. Admirers of her *Couscous* and *Mediterranean Cooking* will know that Wolfert is no *minceur vestal,* and in fact *The Cooking of South-West France,* beautifully produced, is a cry of defiance at a *Zeitgeist* venerating Nautilus, aerobics class, and morning jog. In her introduction we find the lurid subhead "An argument in favor of flour-based sauces." Wolfert is forthright: "It has been fashionable for the past ten to fifteen years to scoff at flour-thickened sauces. I'm not sure all this scoffing has been terribly helpful to fine cuisine." Now to be fair, Wolfert does not simply urge a return to the swag-bellied gourmandizing of a former time: the primal Dordogne blowouts and prodigious cassoulets of our youth. She likes to talk about "evolved dishes . . . recipes that show us how to cook the foods we love in simpler ways with lighter, more contemporary results." And then after this not entirely convincing apologia we enter the magic kingdom of *confit,* truffles, cassoulet, salt cod, *magrets de canard.*

It's magnificent, but is it cooking . . . for an American kitchen in the eighties, *(Continued on page 82)*

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[illegible] that is? Like [illegible] Wolfert's is part travel guide, part social history. Rapt with excitement I read her account of the search for a perfect cassoulet, which culminates in a solitary orgy at André Daguin's Hôtel de France in Auch. "Suddenly," Wolfert writes, "all the controversy—Toulouse versus Carcassonne versus Castelnaudary; mutton versus preserved goose; the questions of bread crumbs and partridges and *andouillettes*—became irrelevant. For Daguin's cassoulet of fava beans transcended definitions."

I moistened my lips and read the recipe: *confit* of duck, eight to nine pounds of fava beans.... Of course I could go to the trouble of making *confit,* or of buying a bit of Chinese preserved duck on Canal Street instead. I could try to find fava beans at the local Korean vegetable market. But I won't. I may one day be in Auch. If so, I will try to visit the Hôtel de France. In the meantime I will enjoy Wolfert's book as the highest form of gastro-porn—a reverie, an imaginative evocation of impossible delights.

Wolfert's exploration of the cuisine of the French southwest echoed a revival of interest by French chefs themselves in their regional traditions. And this renewed enthusiasm for origins and roots has been mirrored on this side of the Atlantic. Anyone who has traveled in the United States will know the little pamphlets that can be picked up in local bookstores. They lurk on my shelves, pleasant mementos such as Ferne Shelton's *Southern Appalachian Mountain Cookbook* or *Cooking and Traveling the Cape Cod Way.* Often as not the actual recipes are fairly awful, but the pride of place, the insistence on local tradition, are always uplifting. Cookbooks are, after all, versions of pastoral nostalgia: the crab cakes or, in my case, the boiled mutton of one's youth.

In harmony with this nostalgia at once conservative and rebellious against mass-produced junk we find new restaurants offering simple regional cooking, and cookbooks to match. One of the best is James Beard's [illegible] a decade old now—but the shelf is growing longer. Before me is a typical range: from Paul Prudhomme's *Louisiana Kitchen* to *Quail Country,* "Recipes from the Junior League of Albany, Georgia," and a new edition of *Two Hundred Years of Charleston Cooking,* compiled by Blanche Rhett and edited by Lettie Gray. Prudhomme's book, decorated with very ordinary photographs, is pleasant enough. *Quail Country* is not, alas, an inspiring collection. With gloom I read the recipe for "Cold Artichoke Rice Salad": "One package chicken flavored Rice-A-Roni...." The dish described as "Easy Brunswick Stew" was scarcely more encouraging: "One (24-ounce) can Castleberry's Brunswick Stew, one small can Castleberry's pork... one quarter cup Kraft barbecue sauce...." And even the straightforward "Brunswick Stew" recipe does not seem to contain the traditional ingredients. Volume III of the Herters' wonderful piece of Americana, *Bull Cook and Authentic Historical Recipes and Practices* starts its description of Brunswick Stew: "Take three pounds of cottontail rabbit, gray squirrel, raccoon or venison..." and makes careful mention of the red cayenne pepper, brown sugar, and prunes or plums without which—the Herters say—Brunswick stew scarcely deserves the name.

This is the residue of the nineteenth-century American frontier—a zone Americans still tramp in their imagination or (in the subdued form of trails, hunting camps, or wilderness) in their hiking boots. A flourishing industry sustains the American dream of facing nature in the raw. Jim Bryant's *The Wild Game and Fish Cookbook* catches the appropriately virile rhythms in the first sentence of the preface: "This book is for people who take up the rod or gun and who want to learn how to slaughter, skin and dress their catch." After a burst of small arms fire American *fauna* is ready for the stove: marinated coon, rattlesnake, possum with brandy and wine sauce.

But if the modern frontiersperson will have any volume weighing down his back pack it will no doubt be the *L.L. Bean Game & Fish Cookbook* put together by Angus Cameron and Judith Jones. This is a splendid volume, as one might have expected from those two supervisors of so many fine volumes on the outdoor life and cooking. And the book is not just for those who dream that one day they will be looking, knife in hand, at a dead opossum in the veld, wondering what to do. The L.L. Bean trick has always been to contrive a metro-pastoral, and the Cameron-Jones collaboration will be useful to those who never get farther into the wilderness than their herb boxes.

This search for the simple and the primitive can go too far. I half expect some enthusiast for archaic regionalism to open a restaurant called The Endangered Species, featuring snail-darter soup, ragout of condor, or haunch of bighorn. Gazing down on the customers from the paneled walls will be mounted trophies from America's almost extinct past: heads of mountain lion, Florida panther, liberal Republican, and so on.

There's a most diverting version of this sort of nostalgia in the form of a British cookbook, *The Englishwoman's Kitchen,* edited by Tamasin Day-Lewis, and photographed by Tony Heathcote. This is one of those collections, much liked by the British, in which the reader is invited to participate in the British class system through a form of gastro-voyeurism. Photographs, in this sort of enterprise, are everything. The Countess of Chichester stands by the front door of her Georgian hall. Gun dogs disport as she chats to a gum-booted executioner of small creatures. The jeep can be glimpsed through the door. The countess is helpful ("As a main course I have a pheasant dish which is unusual and mouthwateringly good") but the photograph is the point. Catherine Beloe gives a long report on the annual round at her Gloucestershire farm but once again the eye is drawn irresistibly to the photograph. To the right, through the open kitchen door we see a farm hand carrying a dead pig. The interior reveals Mrs. Beloe and her children stuffing ground meat into a caul. The caption *(Continued on page 84)*

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(Continued from page 82) announces, in honor of that old English dish, "Family faggots." Page after page embalms a way of life; recipe after recipe confirms the tranquil immobility of the British culinary imagination.

How different is this immobility from the fitful lunges of American culinary esprit, nervously alert both to passing fancy and the longer-term trend away from ill-prepared and noxious preparations of the past. Latest witness to this alertness is another cookbook from *Chez Panisse,* the successful and well-publicized restaurant in Berkeley run by Alice Waters. The Panisse bud-lines trace back through Elizabeth David, though in a more baroque and even vulgar tempo. In this new collection Waters aims to do for pasta and pizza what she did for garlic and goat cheese in her previous book. This counterattack by the Berkeley flour children is fine by me: freshly made pasta tastes good, is good for you, not hard to make and to garnish imaginatively. Pizza chic has been with us for a while and was again stimulated by Elizabeth David in her great *English Bread and Yeast Cookery.* It was David who evoked the glorious heritage of the *pissaladière,* those small pizzas that are the glory of Nice and environs.

So, to return to our original question: what does the present swatch of cookbooks tell us about the shape of the culture? We find nostalgia and fear: nostalgia that seeks a frontier past; fear that sees death in a chocolate cake and life in an undressed lettuce leaf. And we find a dream: food which is not food but the omen of another, better way of life. In the fifties we had Zen poetry; today Japanese cuisine.

Roland Barthes once analyzed in a famous essay the food recipe photographs in *Elle* and discussed the angle at which the dishes were taken, remote and unattainable, food as symbol rather than substance. One feels such symbolism, looking at many Japanese cookbooks, most notably Kaichi Tsuji's *Kaiseki: Zen Tastes in Japanese Cooking.* This is gastro-porn raised to a spiritual level, and the sense of spirituality in Japanese cuisine leads to a gasping sort of prose—even in the very useful Time-Life *The Cooking of Japan*—which is infinitely tiresome.

But as the sushi and sashimi bars and restaurants proliferate across the U.S., one does feel that this is at least—amid calls to end "post-Vietnam syndrome"—a beneficent attempt to appropriate Southeast Asian culture—preferable to the mania for Chinese food, always a grotesquely overestimated cuisine. As my Occidental fingers wrestle with the vinegared rice and try to mold tuna belly into a sashimi morsel, I know in my heart all I'm achieving is the mime of a frog trying to sing Mozart. The effort is a romantic and doomed one, as M.F.K. Fisher remarks in her wistful introduction to the great Tsuji's *Japanese Cooking—A Simple Art:* "The preparation and serving of fine as well as routine Japanese food is more obviously mixed, than is ours, with other things than hunger. At its best, it is inextricably meshed with aesthetics, with religion, with tradition and history. It is evocative of seasonal changes, or of one's childhood, or of a storm at sea: one thin slice of molded fish purée shaped like a maple leaf and delicately colored orange and scarlet, to celebrate Autumn; a tiny hut made of carved ice, with a little fish inside made of chestnut paste and a chestnut made of fish paste, to remind an honored guest that he was born on a far-north island; an artfully stuffed lobster riding an angry sea of curved waves of white radish cut paper-thin, with occasional small shells of carved shrimp meat tossing helplessly in the troughs. . . .

"All this delicate pageantry is based on things that we Westerners are either unaware of or that we accept for vaguely sentimental reasons. . . . The past is not as important as the present, nor is religious symbolism open in our thoughts. As children raised in lands of plenty, we do not learn to count on a curl of carrot and one fried ginkgo nut to divert us from the fact that the rest of the food on the plate consists of an austere mound of rice and two pinches of herb paste. We have never been taught to make little look like much, make much out of little, in a mystical combination of ascetic and aesthetic as well as animal satisfaction." □

Books mentioned in this review

CLASSICS FROM A FRENCH KITCHEN
by Elaine Amé-Leroy Carley
Crown Publishers, 416 pp., $24.95

MICHEL GUERARD'S CUISINE FOR HOME COOKS
translated and annotated by Judith Hill and Tina Ujlaki
William Morrow, 223 pp., $15.95

THE COOKING OF SOUTH-WEST FRANCE
by Paula Wolfert, The Dial Press
356 pp., $24.95

CHEF PAUL PRUDHOMME'S LOUISIANA KITCHEN
by Paul Prudhomme
William Morrow, 351 pp., $19.95

QUAIL COUNTRY
The Junior League of Albany, Georgia
Smith House Publications, 370 pp., $12.95

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF CHARLESTON COOKING
compiled by Blanche Rhett
University of South Carolina Press
289 pp., $14.95

THE WILD GAME AND FISH COOKBOOK
by Jim Bryant
Little, Brown, 207 pp., $15.95

THE L. L. BEAN GAME & FISH COOKBOOK
by Angus Cameron and Judith Jones
Random House, 640 pp., $19.95

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S KITCHEN
edited by Tasamin Day-Lewis
Photos by Tony Heathcote
Chatto & Windus (London), 152 pp., $22.95

KAISEKI: ZEN TASTES IN JAPANESE COOKING
by Kaichi Tsuji
Kodansha International, 207 pp., $49

THE COOKING OF JAPAN
by Rafael Steinberg
Time-Life Books, 208 pp., $16.95

JAPANESE COOKING: A SIMPLE ART
by Shizuo Tsuji
Kodansha International, 517 pp., $18.75

CHEZ PANISSE: PASTA, PIZZA AND CALZONE
by Alice Waters
Random House, 248 pp., $17.95

Other books mentioned are out of print.



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PHILIP GLASS

The contemporary composer with a courageous zip code and an increasingly mainstream reputation

By Caroline Seebohm

This is a success story, a success which, for such a rarefied art, has little precedence. In less than a decade, a composer unequivocally identified with the avant-garde has become a major cultural figure. This year is the most startling so far in the career of Philip Glass. Two new works, the first a contribution to Robert Wilson's gargantuan epic *Civil Wars,* and the second a full-length opera called *Akhnaten,* have both recently had their premiere in major European houses. The fate of the *Civil Wars* section in America is uncertain, but *Akhnaten* will open in Houston on October 12 prior to its New York opening at the City Opera on November 4. With a new production of *Einstein on the Beach,* his first pivotal work with Robert Wilson seen here in 1976, being negotiated for a possible December run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Philip Glass's name, along with some of his collaborators, is central to what some people believe to be the biggest breakthrough in the performing arts since the modern movement began.

Until recently, composer Philip Glass was as little known as his other avant-garde contemporaries who struggled away with their inaccessible, unperformable compositions in chilly lofts and cellars all over America. Glass still lives in a defiantly comfortless walk-up on the Lower East Side where, as he has said, "The 10003 zip code is a sign of a certain integrity and nonconformity. But the 10009 zip code is a badge of courage." The modest quarters are furnished with a Baldwin upright piano, some worn-out chairs and a table, cats, shelvesful of tapes, including Fauré, Sibelius, Schubert, and Shostakovitch as well as rock and demo cassettes. On one wall is a poster of the punk rock group, The Clash, which could belong to his daughter, who is also in residence. Glass offers to play the beginning of his latest opera, *Akhnaten.*

Above: Philip Glass in his defiantly comfortless apartment in New York.

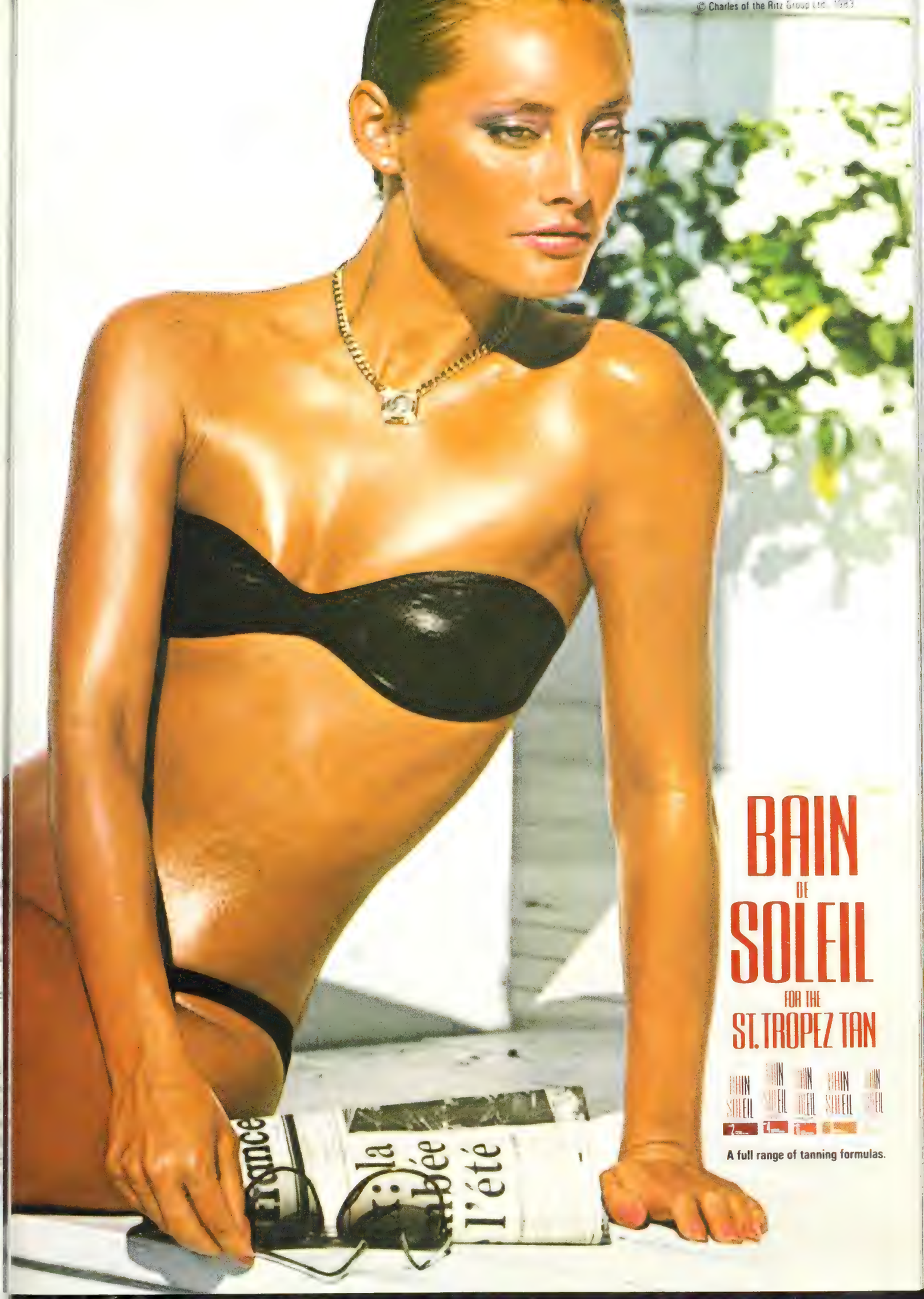
"I've just finished it." He indicates the huge score on the table.

"How do you feel?"

"Terrific."

Forty-seven years old, with tousled, curly hair, scruffy jeans and sneakers, wild brown eyes socked into world-weary bags, the composer is Klaus Kinski as Fitzcarraldo, dreaming of building an opera house in the South American jungle. He talks like Werner Herzog's *(Continued on page 88)*

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(Continued from page 88) unflamed ge- ing over each other. Nothing minimalist here. Mostly eclectic excess. This is not your typical avant-garde theorist.

"When I started on my pieces like *Satyagraha* (about Gandhi) or *Akhnaten* (about an Egyptian pharaoh), I felt, who the hell would be interested in these characters? What if I were going down this road and there was nobody else on it?"

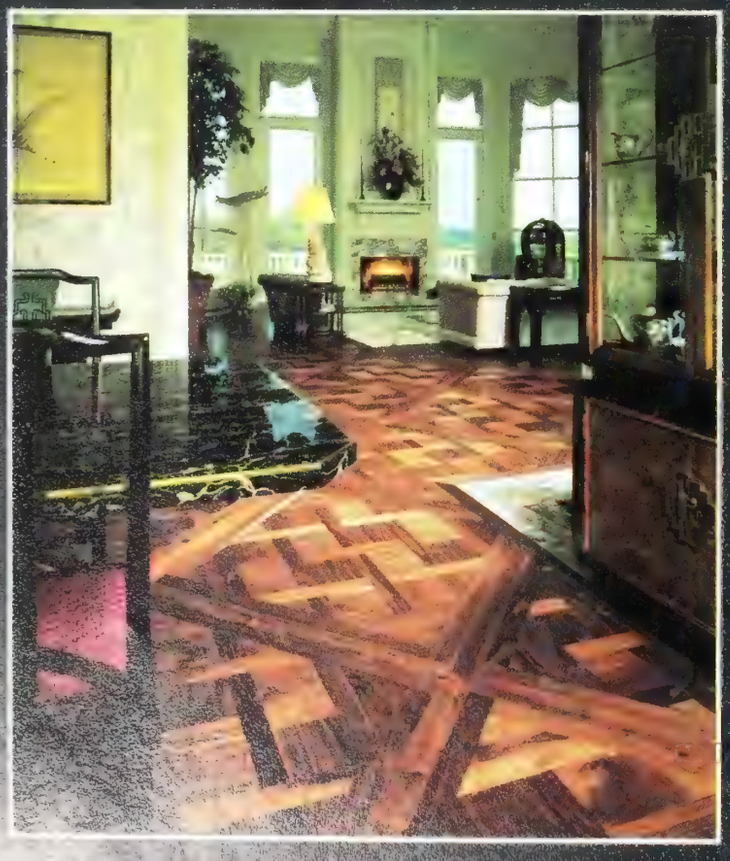
For a while, Philip Glass's road looked pretty deserted. After a traditional musical training at Julliard and then under the legendary French teacher Nadia Boulanger, Glass, by chance, became exposed to the music of Ravi Shankar when on assignment to notate the Indian sitarist's score of the movie *Chappaqua*. This experience changed the entire direction of Glass's career. Traveling to North Africa and India with his then-wife (and recent collaborator), JoAnne Akalaitis, Glass turned his back on most traditional forms of Western composition heretofore programed into his music and started experimenting with new combinations of forms and rhythms influenced by the Third World countries he visited. Nobody listened.

Moving back in the mid-sixties to downtown New York, he began collaborating with artists and dancers, including an avant-garde theater group called the Mabou Mines, in work that was at the time mostly incomprehensible to the general public. Glass also formed an ensemble, of violin, synthesizers, electric organs, and amplified winds, to perform his increasingly monotonal, modular music. "When I started playing music with the ensemble in 1968, we played to audiences of maybe thirty or forty people," he says. "But audiences grew. You must realize that at that time there wasn't any music to listen to that had the dynamic or dramatic impact that I wanted. So I and others began writing music to fill that need—our own need. Then other people started responding to it too."

Behind this deceptively simple explanation lies the history of modern music, or rather, of the two different sources of music that came to represent the twentieth century. One was "serious" music, performed in concert halls, music that continued to refer to the classical Western musical traditions; the other was "pop" or vernacular music, from folk, ethnic, and other popular roots. For many generations of listeners, these two streams were totally separate. The developing radio stations, styles of performance, and audiences maintained the separation.

But gradually the concept of "crossover" emerged—the more modern view that a fusion of both classical and pop traditions could exist in today's musical thought. The idea, of course, remains highly controversial, and to propose a connection between the various kinds of music, as *New York Times* critic John Rockwell does, offends, as he himself admits, "classical-music traditionalists who regard all pop as an affront, and populists who despise art *(Continued on page 90)*

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[illegible] music as the [illegible] of the ruling classes."

Philip Glass himself likes to use the example of Mozart, who wrote in a letter that they were singing his arias from *The Marriage of Figaro* in every coffee shop. "There was a time when there wasn't this tremendous distance between the popular audience and concert music, and I think we're approaching that stage again."

If so, Glass bears some of the responsibility. He has made no bones about his ambition to reach wider audiences with his music. He never wanted his road to be empty. The personal image fostered by many composers between the wars, of academic isolation and pedantic obscurity, was never Glass's style. "My generation broke with that," he says dismissively. "When I was a young man, the idea of spending my life writing for a handful of people simply didn't interest me."



A scene from *Civil Wars,* Glass's latest collaboration with Robert Wilson

John Cage was probably the first American composer to create a language of music that was accessible to new audiences, audiences who responded to Eastern and primitive influences and who also listened to the Beatles. Philip Glass, continuing the iconclastic tone set by Cage, began in a minimalist vein. An early work, entitled *600 Lines,* consisted of simple short phrases played over and over with minute changes. This repetitive style was to become a trademark of the composer's work. Combined with experimental rhythms and harmonies, greatly amplified, it first found favor in rock clubs and lofts in New York, and also in Europe, where he toured extensively with his ensemble.

The music itself has been described as "trance music," a "synthesis of East and West," "incantatory," "boring," and even "primitive doodling." Glass deplores all these labels, seeing himself as a quintessentially American composer. "I don't think my music sounds Eastern," he objects. "I think it sounds American. I have borrowed from traditions that aren't Western, but it's music that fits the society I'm living in now. Techniques are borrowed from non-Western music, but does that make it non-Western? I distinguish between the technique and the experience. I cannot imagine an Oriental musician writing anything that could have fit into *Einstein on the Beach.*

Einstein on the Beach was America's first major exposure to the Philip Glass experience. A five-hour, mixed-media event in collaboration with Robert Wilson, it arrived, after a success in Europe, at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in 1976, and ran for two sold-out performances. People who were there will tell you now that nothing like it had ever been seen before; that everyone knew they were witnessing some form of completely new art; that the reception, a mixture of ecstasy and shock, recalled another momentous event in modern cultural history, the first night of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring.*

It seems inevitable, looking back, that considering Philip Glass's long connection with painters (Richard Serra, Sol LeWitt, and Donald Judd are all close friends of Glass's), and with performing artists such as Lucinda Childs and the Mabou Mines, the composer should ultimately embrace the art form that brings all these elements together—opera. Glass had studied opera, as was customary, at Juilliard, but had never thought of composing one himself. "It was the last thing I wanted to do. The tradition of opera was so frozen, you'd have to be crazy to write an opera. I was 38 when I wrote *Einstein.*"

The timing, as so often in creative movements, was felicitous. During the last decade, new directors uptown such as Franco Zeffirelli, Luchino Visconti, Peter Hall, Peter Brook, Jonathan Miller, and John Dexter had already started tinkering with the moribund nineteenth-century tradition of high opera, and television was rapidly transforming it from an elitist, expensive pastime to mass entertainment. Meanwhile downtown, Robert Wilson had taken the old word and applied it, with typical effrontery, to his twelve-hour, mixed-media performance with tangential music presented in 1973, *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin.* This curve ball from the avant-garde opened up the game for Glass.

The composer himself would have called *Einstein* a theater piece. Robert Wilson, saw it differently, thinking in terms of the operatic space he needed to stage his gigantic work. In so doing, he took Glass's music out of the academy and into the opera house. Glass seized the opportunity with alacrity. Ambitious, he saw the magnitude of the audiences opera had the potential to reach. Shrewd, he guessed its commercial potential. Creatively, he knew the score. "The ballet house is the choreographer's house. The theater is the director's house. But the opera house is the composer's house."

After the success of *Einstein,* a kinetic, high-energy piece without professional voices, the music charged with harmonic and rhythmic changes corresponding to Wilson's startling visual images, Philip Glass wrote *Satyagraha,* a work based on the early life of Gandhi, a more lyrical, dreamlike score with operatically-trained voices and a libretto in Sanskrit. His third opera in what is to be *(Continued on page 92)*

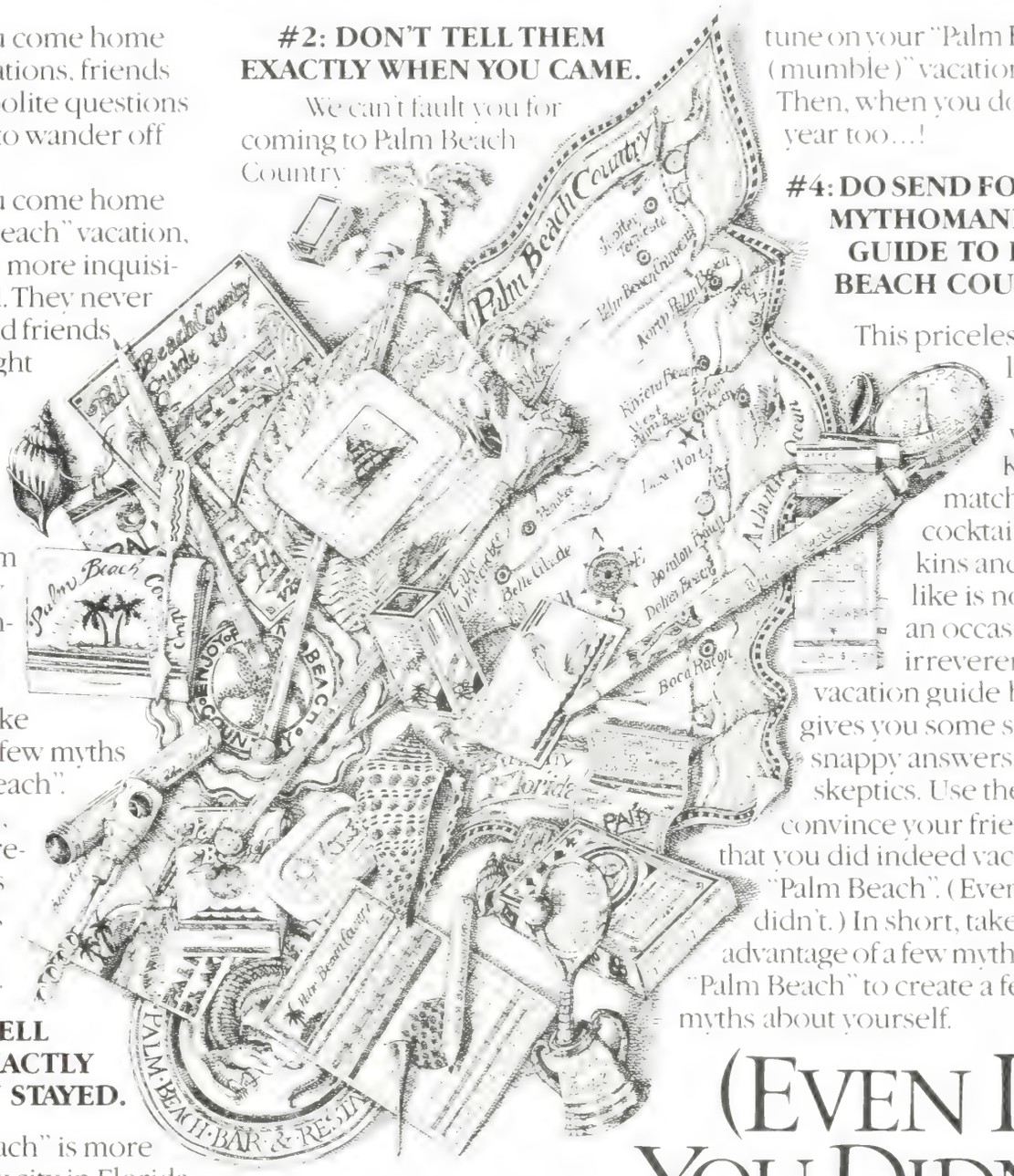
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(Continued from page 90) regarded as a trilogy, *Akhnaten* (which opened in March this year in Stuttgart), a piece about an Egyptian Pharaoh, has a score even closer to the classical tradition, with trained voices, an English libretto, and a tragic musical theme. Another work, *The Photographer,* a small "chamber" piece based on the life of the Victorian photographer Eadweard Muybridge, performed to enthusiastic houses last October at the Brooklyn Academy.

"Opera should no longer be perceived as a direct continuation of the European school that has dominated the form for the last four hundred years," observes John Rockwell. "Broadly speaking, opera now encompasses any large-scale mixed-media work involving music, song, and dance, and which includes radical changes in dramatic and narrative forms."

Richard Wagner must be regarded as the forerunner of this new operatic definition and his notion of the *Gesamtkunstwerk,* or total, unified work of art, prefigures Glass's trilogy. But whereas Wagner remains high priest of a limited group of worshipers, Glass's operas have synthesized a variety of musical tastes. His charismatic characters, visual innovations, erratic length, and compulsive, erotic, exhilarating music have turned an avant-gardist's dream into a box-office reality. Philip Glass's name is everywhere. One of Jerome Robbins's latest hits at the New York City Ballet was choreographed to music by Philip Glass. Glass's score for the film *Koyaanisqatsi* premiered at Radio City Music Hall last year. British filmmaker Peter Greenaway (*The Draughtsman's Contract*) has made a film about Glass. Glass has a recording contract with CBS, the first American composer so honored since Aaron Copland. And Glass was photographed by Duane Michals for *Vogue.* The ultimate imprimatur of this recondite musician's place in contemporary life, however, came from the shop floor. A recent Saks Fifth Avenue window display entertained New Yorkers with piped music by—Philip Glass.

As in all successful artistic endeavors, there are critics who say that [illegible] have succeeded all too well. They say Glass's admitted pursuit of wider audiences has turned his music into harmonic pleasantries, acceptable to musical blockheads, that he is relying on old formulas to maintain his prolific output. Among such people resides the notion that serious composers should not appear in *Vogue,* just as Lillian Hellman should not have been photographed advertising a fur coat. Can it be that Philip Glass is becoming the Carl Sagan of contemporary music?

Success in America frequently spells disaster for the artist. The list of casualties is long, but Philip Glass will not be among them. His habits are formed. His loyalty to the 10009 zip code is unwavering. He is working on a new opera for production in Germany, and a collaboration with Robert Wilson for the French Bicentennial entitled *The Arabian Nights.* "I am producing more work than ever before," he declared. "I don't expect to slow down." Much work is done in the farther reaches of Nova Scotia, where he has a hideout. The only new acquaintances he has met are through his children. "I've met a group of people I would otherwise never have known—they're called parents." While his newly won success is gratifying, he has lived for too long as so many artists do, driving cabs, working as a plumber, doing odd jobs, to be rattled by it all. He knows too much about that old conundrum, the Artist and Society, to be fooled.

"In America, if you want to be a physicist or a lawyer, that's fine. But if you want to be an artist, you're on your own. Nobody ever says to you, '*Please* take up painting.' And if at thirty or forty years old you aren't making a living as an artist, your parents say, 'Well, no one asked you to do it.' In France, being an artist is a *métier,* a trade, a craft. We have no word like that.

"But if you think of any period in history, you don't remember it for the politicians, you remember it for the artists. There are squares in New York named after artists, but you have to look for them. In Paris, they are everywhere. We name our airports after politicians. The Rome airport is named after Leonardo da Vinci.

"We want our artists to survive through grit. We love grit. True grit. That's what people want. And artists here do survive and do produce good work. But what about those who don't survive? We say that great artists will always come through, but I suspect that is wishful thinking. We say it to protect ourselves from the charge of total neglect. Yet on the other hand, in Holland they have State Artists, and their work is abominable. They sit around leading comfortable middle-class lives, and no work is being done. *And they know it.* So what is the solution? I don't know."

Fitzcarraldo, the visionary opera-house builder, pulled a ship over a mountain in pursuit of his dream. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that a composer who wrote music consisting of 143 repeats of a four-chord sequence, or a scale from E to E sung thirty times over, should be acclaimed today as the creator of a "new sound world" by *The New Yorker*'s music critic, Andrew Porter? Philip Glass is not alone. John Cage and Merce Cunningham came before him, and Twyla Tharp, Lee Breuer, Lucinda Childs, Laura Dean, Trisha Brown, and Laurie Anderson are others breaking down barriers, pulling ships up mountains, in collaboration with visual artists such as Donald Judd, Sol LeWitt, Robert Rauschenberg, designers such as Robert Israel and Santo Loquasto, and musicians such as David Byrne, Paul Dresher, Bob Telson, and Steve Reich. Last fall, the Brooklyn Academy of Music celebrated this extraordinary confluence of talents in its Next Wave Festival, presenting a group of these artists prior to taking them on tour. The Festival will be an annual event. "These artists have developed a popular and enthusiastic base of support for their work, the first such convergence of serious and popular acclaim on a national scale in decades," says BAM's president, Harvey Lichtenstein.

In the twenties, Picasso and Braque designed sets, Satie and Stravinsky wrote ballet scores, Cocteau and Colette wrote librettos. There is some justification for the view that we are on the verge of the same kind of collaborative mixed-media art movement that marked the birth of modernism. If so, the composer-in-residence is undoubtedly Philip Glass. □

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THE GREAT BORE COMPETITION

A favorite indoor sport in the stately homes of Ireland

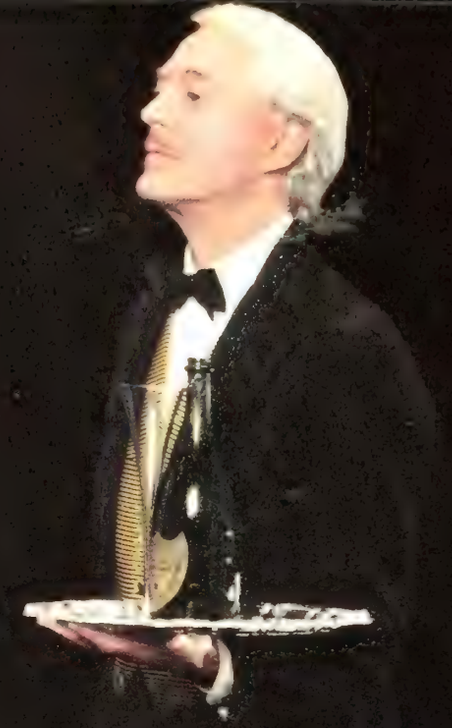
By Patricia Arbuthnot

Though the Great Bore Competition climaxed in the spring of 1930 when the blackthorn and the may finally blossomed, it really all began back in November 1929 just as our fox-hunting season in Ireland was getting under way. Elspeth, wife of Ion Villiers-Stuart, master of the local fox hounds, and I had an argument as to who was the greatest bore in the neighborhood. When the finale came, we all looked back with pleasure at the clever way we had managed to fill those long Irish winter evenings.

How long they were! About 4:30 PM the candles and the oil lamps were lit in the vast drawing rooms and halls of the somewhat decaying Georgian mansions, and great log fires were stoked against the damp. The day, for the Irish land-owning families, was mostly filled with fox hunting, fishing, or shooting. The nights were given over to dinner parties, but the society was small, everyone knew each other, and so it was, over half a century ago in County Waterford, southern Ireland, that we hit upon the Bore Competition.

The plan was simple. Fifteen of our brighter friends were asked to organize themselves into three teams. Each team member had to select a candidate for the title "Supreme Bore of the Neighborhood" and invite him or her to dinner along with the other four members of the team. After those five dinner parties had taken place the team convened and decided by majority vote which of the members' candidates was to be the champion bore.

The instant the vote was taken the team leader had to rush the name of their champion to Ion Villiers-Stuart, who was the master of ceremonies. Speed was essential as it was likely that a well-known bore would be chosen by more than one team, so the first to get the name registered, obtained possession. This rule proved to be a wise one, since all three teams tried in the first instance to *(Continued on page 96)*



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(Continued from page 94) register the same person.

Finding that Colonel M. had already been booked, the two slower teams retired, consulted, gave more parties, and tried again. It must have been a wonderful experience for the unwitting competitors. Never had they been in such social demand. Their telephones seldom stopped ringing. Hitherto aloof hostesses almost burst into tears when they were told, "I'm sorry, I can't come on that night, I've just accepted to dine with the Arbuthnots." And when the candidates got to the parties, people crowded around them urging them to tell once again that "marvelous" story of their great-uncle Toby's taste in food. They couldn't even sit in a chair without two people kneeling down on either side of them and listening with rapt attention to their conversation.

Eventually all three teams settled on their champions. They were Mrs. Y., childless owner of a medium-size Victorian Gothic castle with fluffy hair and a profound confidence in the universal appeal of her own domestic problems. She was a youngish widow and her origins were partly English, unlike most of the Anglo-Irish who had settled in the neighborhood for many generations. And although she herself did not ride, she moved about with the hunting set and was to be seen at every meet—offering rather dry, nasty sandwiches to the riders. She knew they were nasty, and said so as she offered them, blaming, in her whining voice, her cook. She always alluded to the native Irish as "them," and seemed to occupy most of her time in a war of attrition with her servants, whom she changed constantly. Every skirmish and encounter of this never-ending battle she would recount in detail, including what she said to them and what they said to her, "their" answers being rendered in a high-pitched fake Irish brogue. Most of her affections were lavished on a tiny smooth-haired dog she took everywhere she went, and was known locally as "Maisey's rat," and when she could get nobody to listen to her, she carried on a monologue to it in baby talk.

Team B's champion was Colonel M., a tall stooping man with pale blue eyes, a kindly disposition and total recall of all his fishing exploits, which were protracted and innumerable. He was a bachelor, and it was felt locally that if he could be found a suitable wife she might cure him of the wish to share his sporting activities with all around him. It was even suggested that if it were possible to organize a match between him and Mrs. Y. they might cancel each other out—but most people were horrified at the idea, saying Colonel M. was a nice man, and they wouldn't wish such a fate on a dog—not even Maisey's rat.

Team C chose Sir W.A., bald, arrogant, and rotund and formerly in the administration of a very small island dependency of the British Empire, the knowledge of which permitted him to lecture all within range about international affairs. His only source of information was the *Cork Examiner*, a local paper not (Continued on page 98)

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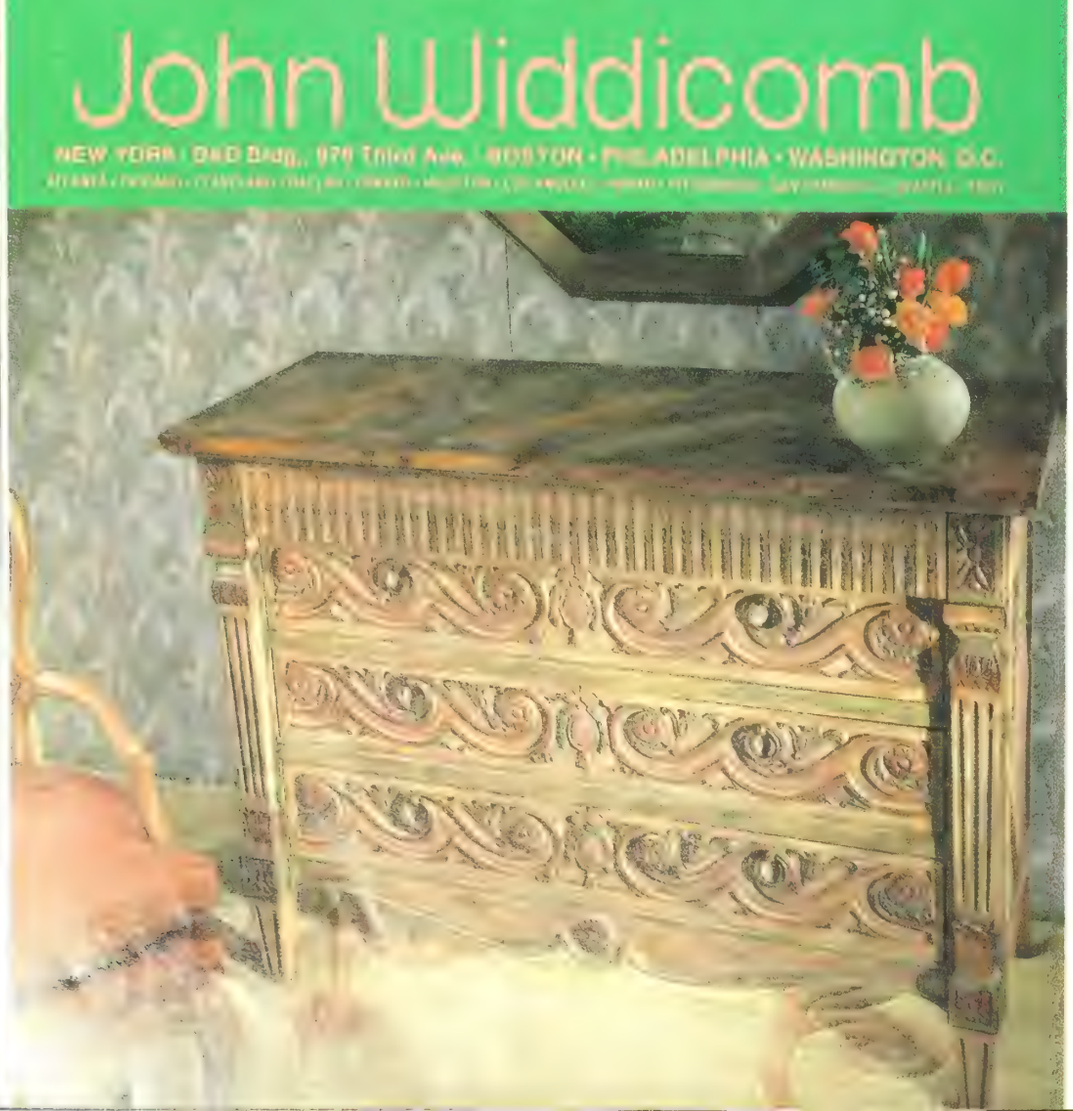
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Continued from page 90 noted for its coverage of foreign news. It omitted to mention the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in 1936, and only produced a headline stating twelve nuns raped in Spain, sometime later, thus puzzling the readers. Despite this, Sir W.A. had only to overhear some remark about foreign politics at which he would snort with contempt and in a lecturing voice state what the situation *really* was, and what the British and American governments should do about it. He went on for hours, illustrating his talk with reminiscences of his tiny island.

For the finals a grand dinner party was held at Elspeth's enormous house. The place was called Dromana and had over a hundred rooms. The older fortified wings had been built by the Villiers-Stuart ancestors, the Earls of Desmond, who had raised two large rebellions against the English in Tudor times. The rebellions were crushed and most of the castle burnt. In the eighteenth century the ruined sections had been rebuilt and enlarged, the vast Georgian rooms that resulted being beautiful but almost impossible to heat adequately. It still stands on a high cliff above the River Blackwater, with wonderful views of the Knockmealdown Mountains to the north and the wooded banks of the river below. The most beautiful room in the Georgian wing, on the south side of a courtyard, was the round drawing room, so vast that when a hunt ball was held there and was attended by only 350 guests the party was declared a flop, as people resembled the famous flies in Grand Central Terminal. The ceiling was particularly beautiful with very delicate stuccowork gilded and painted, most in pale turquoise; and from a gilded rose in the center hung the largest Waterford crystal chandelier that was ever made.

Those invited to that final dinner party were the three teams, their champions and the judges who had been summoned from far away. Also present were a number of punters who had laid heavy bets on who would be declared Supreme Bore. The setting for these forty or so people was imposing. The huge eighteenth-century dining room was lit by hundreds of candles that flickered on the gilded molding of the ceiling and on the jewelry of the women who, since the reason for the celebration had been publicly billed as a joint birthday party for two of the judges, had come dressed in their best. For once even the room was warm. Elspeth had taken great trouble to get everything just right and half an ancient oak tree was glowing and flaming under the marble mantelpiece.

Dinner was good: the traditional salmon, steamed over port, with fennel sauce. It would have been better if it had not been half cold, but as it had had to be carried a couple of hundred yards from the kitchen and then served, nobody expected it to be hot. The wine flowed, but despite all this the atmosphere was hardly convivial. It tingled with suppressed tension. Under the indifferent eyes of the Villiers-Stuart ancestors whose portraits ringed the walls the guests sat rigid with nerves and anticipation. The butler, who had heard us planning the tournament and who was consequently in the know, had plunged heavily on Mrs. Y. with the result that his shaking hand spilled wine on her and the linen tablecloth. Only the bores, ignorant of their role in the proceedings, ploughed remorselessly on through their monologues. The fifteen team members paid no attention whatever to their dinner partners but tried to listen to their champions across the table and muttered encouragement under their breath.

Colonel M. was saying, "You know that clump of reeds just below Ballyduff, not the ones near the beach trees, the ones lower down by the blackthorn bushes, no, I am telling a lie, it wasn't those reeds at all, but the ones about a hundred yards downstream on the left. I saw that this fish was heading for them so I reeled in a bit, not too much, just a bit, and then he made a run for those rocks near the ruined cottage, the cottage that used to belong to old Twomey—no, not Twomey, O'Brien, and then I. . . ."

At the other end of the room Mrs. Y.'s piercing voice could be heard, squeaking with indignation—"I tol her, I know there was more than hal that joint of beef left after Sunday, an now look at it! There is not ever enough for my darling little doggy' dinner. You've been eating it in th kitchen."

These judges had a terrible time making up their minds. No marks were to be awarded for bitchiness or incomprehensibility. The prize was for sheer tedium. They were deadlocked between Colonel M., who had risen to the occasion by telling all three judges the same immense and detailed saga of the salmon he had failed to land after playing for three hours, and Mrs. Y., who had excelled herself in recounting the impossibility of getting honest, properly trained servants in these modern days.

Finally the judges had to be locked up in a reputedly haunted room, refused all drink, and told they would be released only after a unanimous decision.

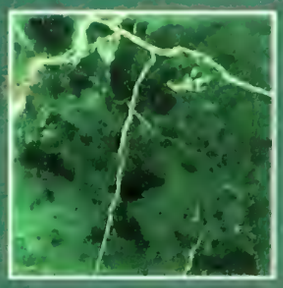
Mrs. Y. was the winner and she was declared Supreme Bore. The two losing teams were furious of course. They let it be known that they had secret information that the judges had been nobbled, otherwise how could they put Mrs. Y. before Colonel M., who had never omitted a single detail of his three-hour fishing debacle, or indeed Sir W.A., who had talked at particular length and slowness about the Middle East, of which he knew nothing.

The social success of the competitors did not end with the finals. As with all competitors, most people not only disagreed with the judges but also with the teams' choice of champions. The bores continued to be asked out so that they could display their prowess, and to their probable surprise people continued to hang on their words. The secret of the tournament never leaked out to these unknowing competitors, though nearly everyone else in the county eventually got to hear it and as long as they lived the bores would pin you to the wall and tell you endlessly and tediously of the days of their youth when they were the toast of southern Ireland, and no dinner party was complete without them. □

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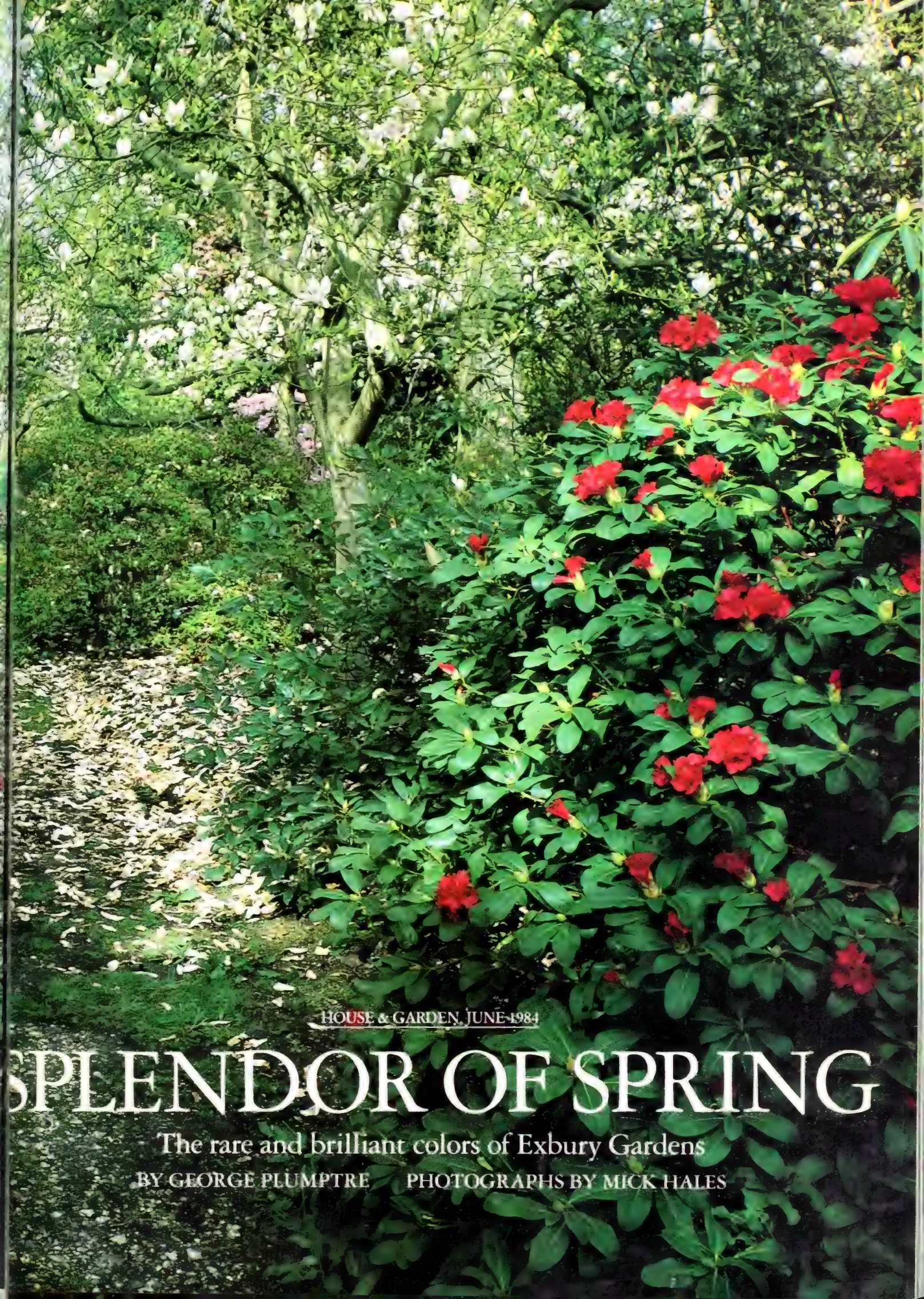
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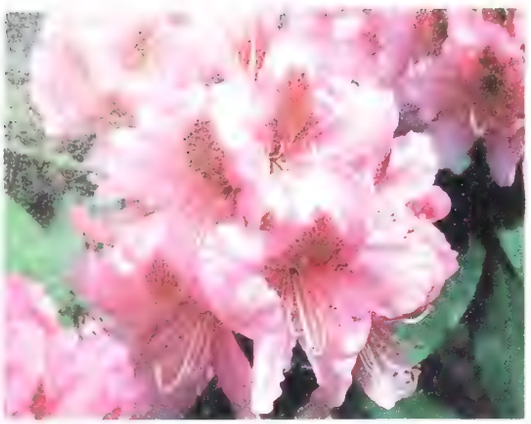


HOUSE & GARDEN, JUNE 1984

SPLENDOR OF SPRING

The rare and brilliant colors of Exbury Gardens

BY GEORGE PLUMPTRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



Rhododendron 'MRS. G.W. LEAK'

One of the most beautiful gardens in the world at its most beautiful. "The best season we've ever known." "The most spectacular bloom in fifty years," House & Garden was told last spring when we went to England to take these photographs of Exbury's renowned rhododendrons and azaleas in their romantic woodland setting

The two hundred acres of woodland gardens at Exbury are one of the great monuments of twentieth-century horticulture. They are a tribute to the genius of one man, Lionel de Rothschild, and his work in raising and breeding rhododendrons and azaleas with which he immersed himself in a lifelong love affair. In only twenty years he made his spectacular garden, but his influence stretches far beyond this small neck of land tucked away between the Beaulieu River and the Solent on the Hampshire coast of England. Not only did Exbury become one of the most welcoming homes for hitherto hardly known plants whose native habitat was thousands of miles away in the foothills of the Himalayas. New plants bred and raised at Exbury have found their way to most corners of the temperate world. If few men in the history of horticulture have had the financial means and the ambition of Lionel de Rothschild, equally few have employed them to such rich effect.

Lionel de Rothschild described himself as a "banker by hobby and gardener by profession." His qualifications for the former were impeccable; he was born in 1882 the son of Leopold and Maria Rothschild and great-grandson of Nathan Meyer, founder of the English branch of the legendary banking family.

If Lionel's talents as a gardener and horticulturist were less in his blood than banking he was brought up surrounded by some of the most impressive gardens of the day at his father's houses, Ascott in Buckinghamshire and Gunnersbury Park on the outskirts of London. Leopold was more a sportsman than a gardener but Lionel never enjoyed the regular hunting and racing parties and from childhood took great delight in his own small garden at Ascott. If Leopold was one of the leading racehorse owners of his time and twice achieved the supreme accolade of breeding a Derby winner, Lionel was later to breed many horticultural equivalents with some of his most spectacular hybrid rhododendrons.

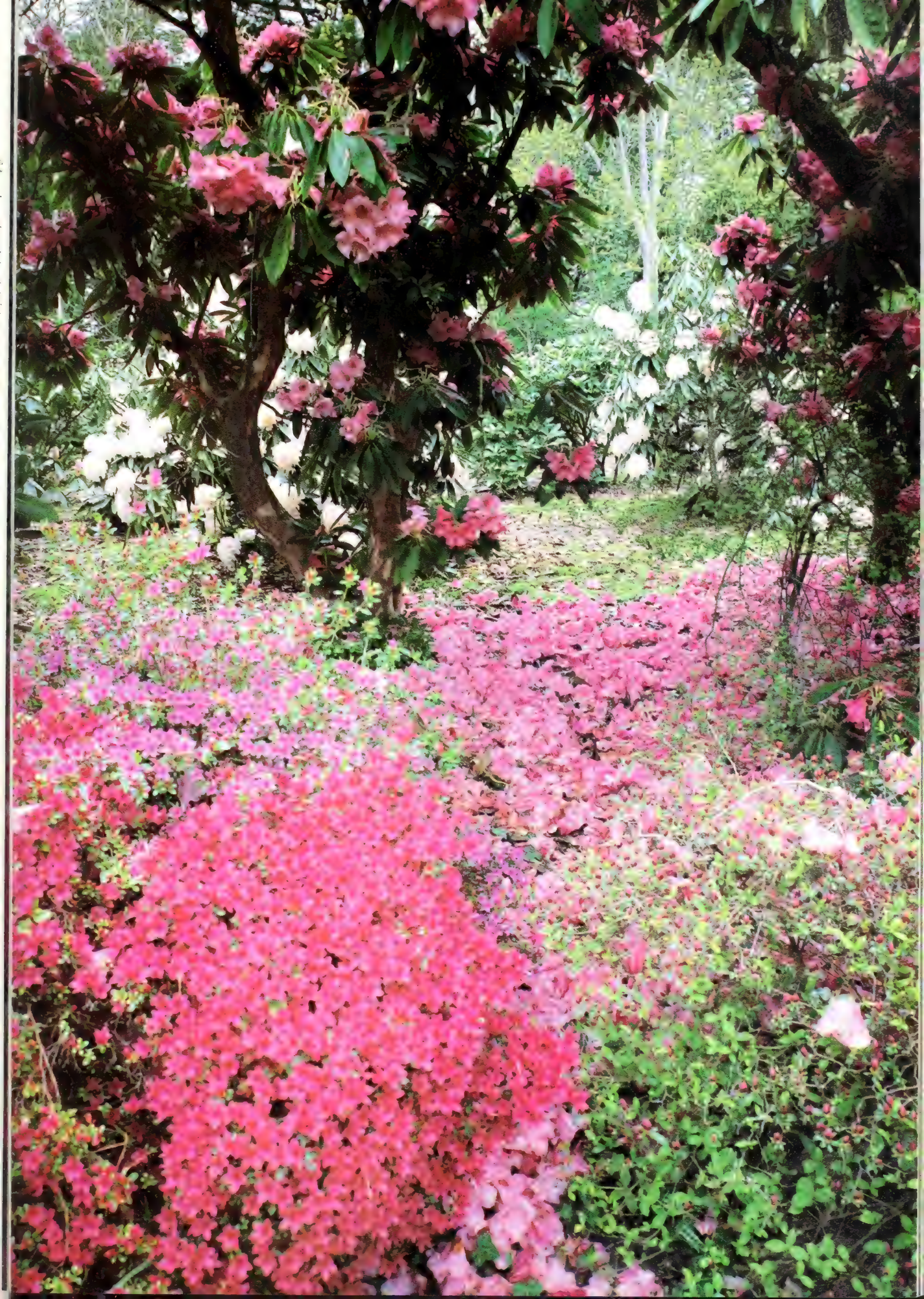
Far removed from gardening, it was the close friendship with John Montagu, father of the present Lord Montagu who lived at Palace House next to the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey in Beaulieu, which brought Lionel to the vicinity of Exbury. Lionel often stayed at Beaulieu with John Montagu, who shared his passion for motorcars. He formed an immediate affection for the area, and in 1912, after marrying Marie-Louise Beer, he bought the small estate of Inchmery, which lay on the edge of the Exbury estate, where the southern tips of the New Forest end at the Solent.

At the outbreak of war in 1914 Lionel, in the family tradition, hoped to serve with the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry. But to his great disappointment he was kept back on special orders from King George V because it was felt to be necessary to have a younger man at the bank as well as his father, age 69, and his two uncles, ages 72 and 74.

After the death of his bachelor uncle Alfred in 1918, Lionel inherited the fantastic if extraordinary house that Alfred had built at Halton in Buckinghamshire. Here Alfred had surrounded himself with splendor and beauty—superb works of art—as well as numerous eccentricities: a team of zebras he drove "four-in-hand" and his private symphony orchestra he conducted with a baton of pure ivory banded with a circlet of diamonds. But Lionel had never liked Halton and his affection for Buckinghamshire had paled since his purchase of Inchmery. In 1919, having sold Halton, which became a training establishment for the Royal Air Force, he bought Exbury House and its estate of 2,600 acres. Here, at last, he had the space and setting to realize his growing gardening ambitions.

In 1919, most of the limited number of rhododendron gardens in Britain were in their infancy. This sense of novelty, combined with the feeling of adventure involved in the collection of seed from overseas and the goal of making major advances in the breeding of hybrids, was

Rhododendron 'AYESHA' AND EVERGREEN AZALEAS 'WILLY' AND 'HINODEGIRI'



responsible for Lionel's rapidly growing fascination with rhododendrons. He had inherited the family determination to excel and it was not long before he fully realized how suitable for his purpose the estate of Exbury was.

Lionel may have been invaluable to the bank during the war but he never forgot his deep disappointment that resulted from not seeing active service. His situation was made more poignant by the deaths of his father and his brother Evelyn, who died in action in 1917. A shy and lonely man, despite his decisive, often autocratic nature and his wit, he found in his garden at Exbury a private and personal world of consuming interest into which he could escape on weekends.

There was little garden to speak of when Lionel bought Exbury. The brick house, once a home of the Mitford family, stood in a small park with a number of stately cedars of Lebanon close by. But for Lionel's purposes the site was ideal. Beyond the park and to the north the house was surrounded by extensive natural woodland, full of ancient oaks native to New Forest, as well as Scots pine and beech. The acidic soil had been enriched for centuries by layers of virtually undisturbed leaf mold. The coastal position gave both dampness and mildness, and although the rainfall was below thirty inches per annum Lionel was soon to overcome this. By and large it was an excellent site for the cultivation of rhododendrons.

The one historical connection that Lionel inherited in the garden was a pair of *Cupressus sempervirens*, grown from a wreath seed which had fallen off the Duke of Wellington's funeral car in 1852; it was collected by one of the Mitfords and planted at Exbury. The first three years were spent enlarging and modernizing the house, which became an elegant neo-Georgian mansion faced in stone. Thereafter Lionel was able to turn his attention to preparing the site of his garden.

For ten years a team of 150 men—in addition to the regular staff of sixty trained gardeners—worked to clear the dense jungle of saplings and undergrowth that filled the woodland, leaving only the oaks and other mature standards. Scots pines were joined by other faster-growing conifers to provide effective shelter belts around the perimeters. The ground was completely dug and the soil returned with peat mixed in. Lionel built a miniature railway through the woods with its own engine and trucks, largely to carry boulders for the enormous rock garden he made to the north. The cleared woodland was soon crisscrossed by a maze of paths that totaled twenty miles, some of them wide enough for Lionel to speed along in his car. The shortage of rain (many rhododendrons get up to eighty inches per annum in the wild) was overcome by Lionel's amazing watering system. A water tower was built to house two tanks, each of which held 20,000 gallons and could spread the equivalent of one inch of rain over two acres. More important, a series of boreholes, some to a depth of 270 feet, fed a labyrinthine system of underground piping 26 miles long. From numerous connection points further piping was attached to sprinklers and therefore every corner of the garden was assured as much water as the plants needed.

As the site for his garden was steadily cleared Lionel was able to begin populating it. The views along glades or across one of the ponds in Home Wood, the positioning of plants and their associations show Lionel's unquestioned eye for landscape in a natural woodland setting. But it is in his choice of plants that the real quality of his gardens lie.

In this he was aided by a remarkable group of men, the plant hunters, who made expeditions to dangerous, hostile, and hitherto hardly known parts of the world: the mountains of China, Assam, Upper Burma, and the Himalayas. Their discoveries revolutionized gardening in the Western world as they returned with the seeds of new and spectacular species. Their stories of first seeing these plants in the wild—a hillside covered with rhododendrons of treelike proportions—capture the imagination of any gardener. Along with a number of other leading and adventurous garden owners, J.C. Williams and George Johnston from Cornwall and Lord Aberconway from Wales, to name a few, Lionel became one of the main financial backers of these expeditions. He helped underwrite a number of trips by two of the best-known plant hunters, George Forrest and Francis Kingdon-Ward, contributing to Forrest's trip to Upper Burma and the Chinese frontier immediately after he bought Exbury in 1919. In return he received quantities of seed for his garden and his hybridization. And the plants he raised from these precious seeds served a dual purpose: to flesh out the bones of the woodland setting at Exbury and to provide the parents for some of his most brilliant hybrids.

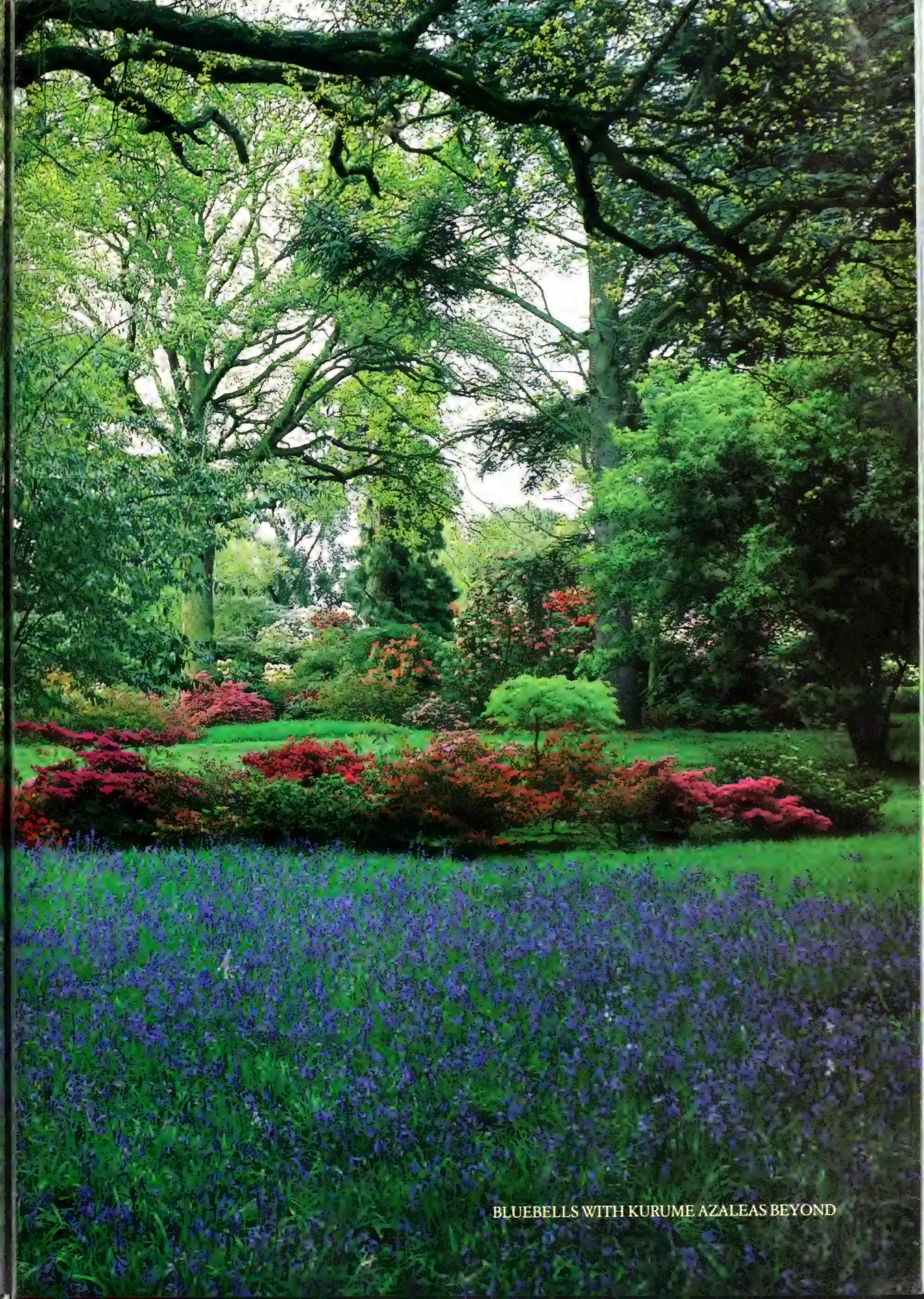
Lionel experimented with rhododendrons in his quest to produce plants that combined the best qualities of their parents and were slightly more naturally suited to the climate and habitat of England than the wilds of the Himalayas. In the relatively short time of twenty years not only did he fill his gardens with over one million rhododendrons, putting it in a league of its own as a collection, but he also made 1,210 crosses of which he deemed 462 worthy of being named and registered as new varieties.

In breeding hybrid rhododendrons in the acres of teak greenhouses Lionel had many objectives of which perhaps the most important was the achievement of pure color. His work was punctuated by a series of triumphant landmarks as he produced a particularly outstanding plant. Of these the appearance *(Continued on page 198)*

Gunnera manicata ON THE RIGHT LOOKING TOWARD TOP POND FROM ST. MARY'S SPRING



DECIDUOUS AZALEAS CIRCLING THE TOP POND



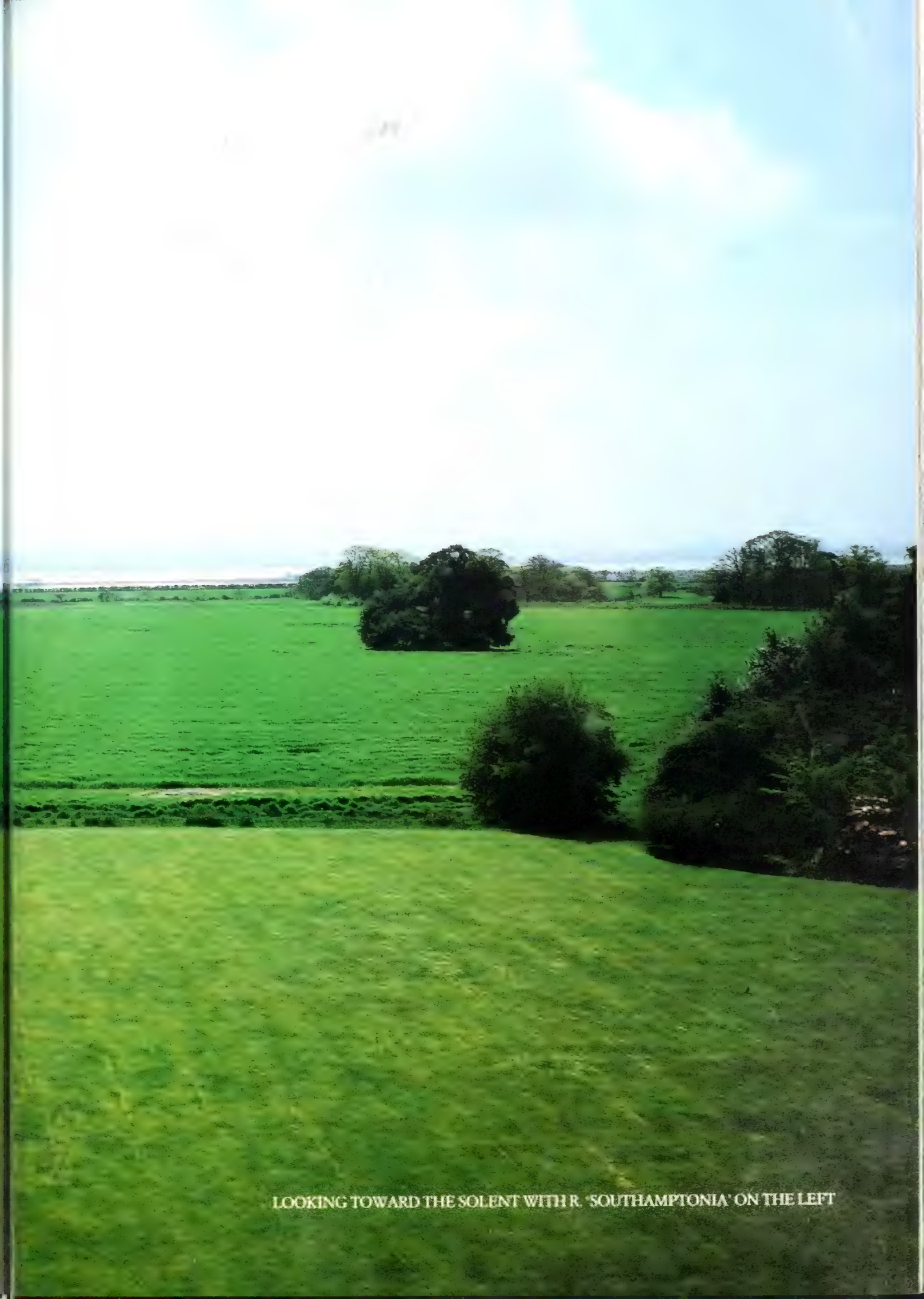
BLUEBELLS WITH KURUME AZALEAS BEYOND





BETWEEN THE TOP AND MIDDLE PONDS IN THE HOME WOOD





LOOKING TOWARD THE SOLENT WITH R. 'SOUTHAMPTONIA' ON THE LEFT


EXBURY 'MAY DAY' BEYOND



LEAN LUXURY

Decorator Daniel Kiener's own Paris flat

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY CLARKE

Right In drawing room, Kiener's own seating designs, Régence mirrors, eighteenth-century Chinese bronze candelabra.
Above From the long sitting room on the perimeter one can see the drawing room and, beyond, the designer's studio, which occupies a newly enclosed, skylighted terrace. All doorways were given a flat arched form; all room surfaces are one unifying color.





Left: Windowless central drawing room, which borrows daylight from peripheral spaces beyond facing pairs of doorways, is a favorite night room. Polished steel coffee table is a Kiener design. Régence buffet is flanked by antique Chinese jars. Two small paintings are by Bram van Velde; the largest painting is a Sheu. *Below:* In sitting room human and animal bronze heads are Indian; hand is Iranian; large piece is African.





In the world's great old cities, neighborhoods rise and fall and rise again, and the trends can take centuries; the cities have time. Le Marais—the setting for Paris and New York interior designer Daniel Kiener's own apartment—is a Paris district that was home to fashionable aristocrats from the seventeenth century until the fall of the (nearby) Bastille. The abruptly abandoned mansions of the Marais then declined slowly until the 1960s when the district began to be thought of again as a stylish and vital place to live.

A Marais mansion built in the eighteenth century forms about a third of Daniel Kiener's large new apartment; the rest is a wing added in the following century. When the designer bought the adjoining spaces in 1981 a clothing factory occupied them. He was moving to the lively Marais from the sedate Sixteenth Arrondissement: from elegant, inflexible rooms fifteen feet high to low-ceilinged, largely raw space that he could divide in any way he pleased.

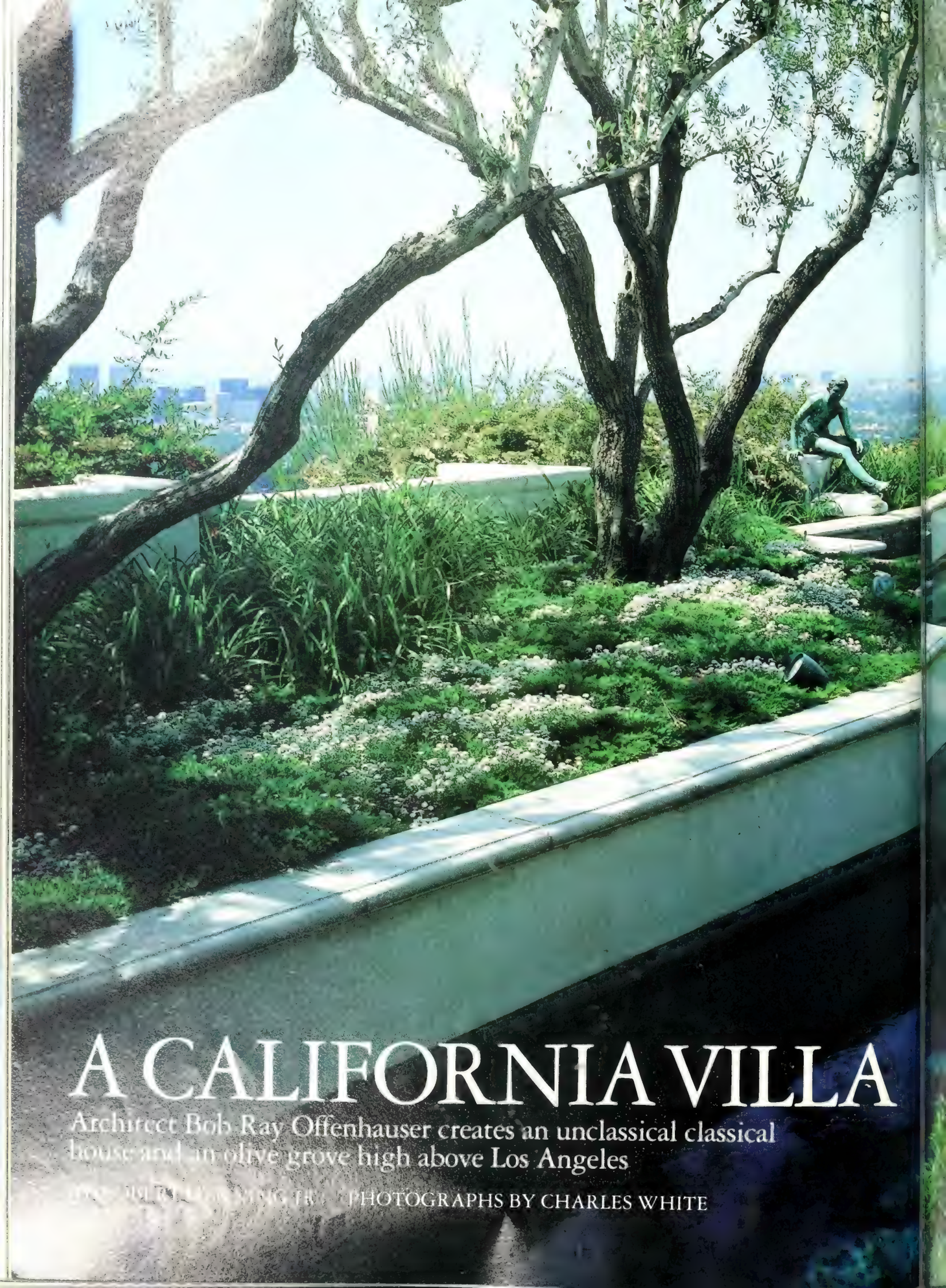
terra cotta flannel
[illegible] ceiling, drapes the bed, and
matches the carpet in an agreeably enveloping
room. On window sill, Gaïtis painting;
on wall, Gromair drawing. *Below:* Dining room,
adjacent to kitchen behind mirror doors,
stands in the older part of the flat. Circa-1930 Jansen
table expands to seat twelve.



Despite the architectural differences, Daniel Kiener intended to have the look he had lived with before, and he brought his furniture and his collections with him. He explains his philosophy, "I like underdecoration. The details should be refined and the materials good, but nothing can be flashy." A man whose training included two years at the École des Beaux-Arts, he is keenly interested in spatial proportion and volume. In dividing his open factory space and his three mansion rooms, he unified the whole with repeated arched doorways whose disappearing pocket doors allow the rooms to serve each other as interior scenery.

The low ceilings were Kiener's greatest challenge, which he met by making the floor, walls, and ceiling in each room a single color: public rooms a gray-beige, a bedroom deep terra cotta: "One must not notice where any plane starts or finishes." One does not, perceiving instead a timeless mood of spare





A CALIFORNIA VILLA

Architect Bob Ray Offenhauser creates an unclassical classical house and an olive grove high above Los Angeles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES WHITE





Above: Under a small version of the celebrated portrait of Sarah Bernhardt by Georges Clairin, a Chinese silver-and-enamel bowl, a pair of nineteenth-century bronze-mounted shells. *Opposite:* A grotto chair and verdure tapestry, in the skylit entry to the living room. Through the doors—a faïence chimney piece from southern France composed of lions lurking under a palm tree.

In the first moments of experiencing Cazadora del Sol you go through a narrow plant-lined walk to an interior garden—the cool, dark entry opens into a conservatorylike hall filled with plants whose leaf patterns are echoed in a large verdure tapestry—a smooth and subtle transition from the outside world. "Huntress of the Sun," the latest of several houses the owner has built—at least five with the same architect, Bob Ray Offenhauser—was completed about three years ago. Every aspect of the design, every detail of construction was worked out in collaboration and incorporates ideas gleaned from the experience of both men in working together and in designing houses. The house with a guest house, gardens, and pool is set on a high knoll and its creators call it Classical because of its arrangement and proportions. In its skillful blend of formal and informal elements, it gives a new, comfortable meaning to that label.

The Classical symmetry is emphasized by the disposition of south-facing rooms on either side of the living room's central axis—on one side the kitchen, dining and family rooms, on the other the bedroom. Both of these wings terminate in tall pavilions; not architectural follies at all, but practical shelters for entering and leaving the pool, which links them and extends under their glass walls. A swim-





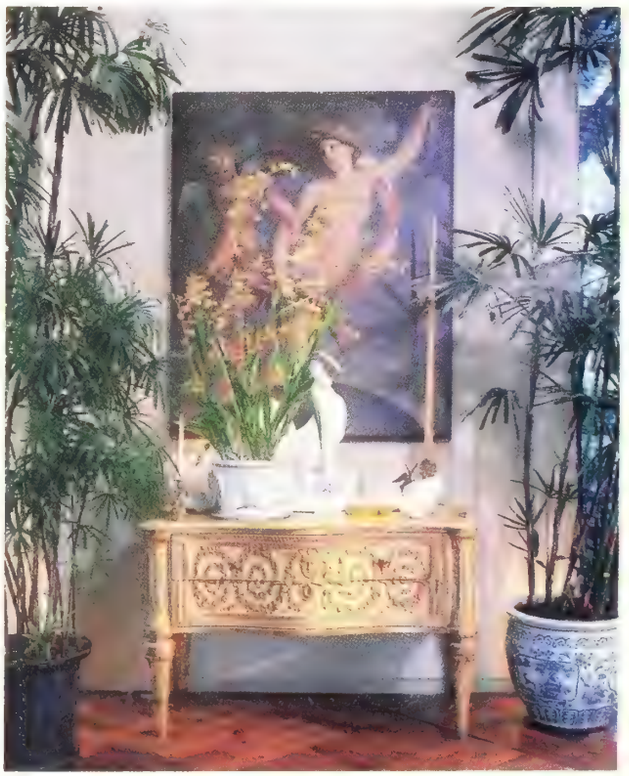


Piling shine on shine in the living room, an English Restoration mirror hangs on a mirrored wall; rock crystal obelisks and sconces frame a Gübelin gravity clock on the seventeenth-century French stone fireplace. Oriental lacquer boxes serve as small tables, and French armchairs are clustered around the granite table designed by the owner.









Top left: A gilded and polychromed wood eighteenth-century Portuguese torchère is backed by a Chinese screen. *Top right:* A medley of English marine paintings by Thomas Butterworth, Peter Monamy, and William John Huggins and miniatures of Marshal Lefebvre and wife by Jean Baptiste Isabey surround the fireplace in the master bedroom. *Above left:* Louis XV *bureau à cylindre* is framed by John Wootton's *Squirrel and His Groom* and a portrait of Lady Cotton by Thomas Gainsborough. *Above right:* On a bureau attributed to Giuseppe Maria Bonzanigo is a narwhal tusk, porcelain rooster, and a Rouen foot bath. On the wall, an eighteenth-century copy of Guido Reni's *La Fortuna*. *Opposite:* Olive trees frame Hermes, a copy of a Roman bronze from Herculaneum, and the lights of Los Angeles.





Above: Hangings for the guest bed, probably late-nineteenth-century Northern Italian, were made by Rod Martin. The eighteenth-century French wallpaper was revised during production to include *citoyens* in the foreground.
Opposite: A wood-and-gesso chandelier with American Indian figures and etched Venetian-glass mirrors hangs over the dining-room table, actually two Louis XV consoles, circled by Directoire chairs. The enamel-and-silver candelabrum centerpiece is a copy of one made for Catherine the Great.

mer has the choice of entering from the sunroom pavilion off the master bedroom or from the opposite one that houses a whirlpool bath. Cazadora del Sol deals with the realities of the Southern California climate in a number of ways. The living room's glass walls are actually pocket doors that slide completely out of sight allowing house and terraces to merge into a single space for entertaining, with an uninterrupted view of the city framed by the trees beyond the pool. A system of trellising moderates the effect of the sun over a large outdoor area and natural light is provided throughout the house by some sixty skylights. These give plenty of light for the plant-loving owner's orchids and bromeliads but are constructed to protect works of art and furnishings from too much direct sun. The quality of light also becomes a part of the aesthetics of the house as it moves randomly over various parts of the rooms at different times of the day or season, sometimes suavely, sometimes producing a sudden shaft of illumination. Daylight effects—functional, dramatic, atmospheric—are paralleled by a flexible low-voltage lighting system worked out by architect and owner with F.I.R.E.-LTD., a firm specializing in energy-conserving lighting. Out-of-the-way details in furnishings, large works of art, and display cabinets are individually lit—"it has made the greatest difference in the world to the house at night." *(Text continued on page 209)*







CAPE COD BLUES

Charles Jencks's studio in the woods celebrates the sky, sea, and remarkable light of the Cape

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES JENCKS

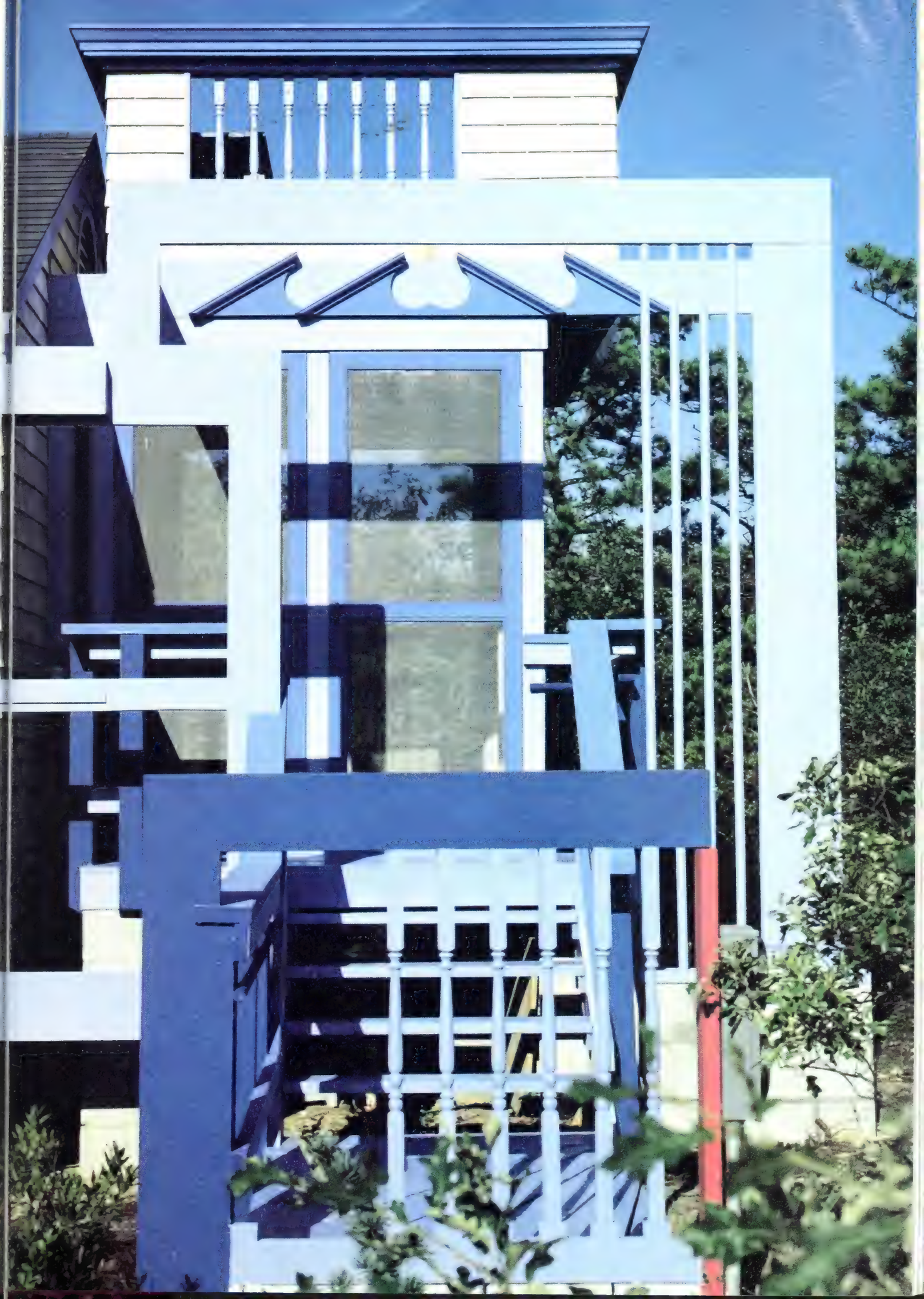


Left: Looking out to the south-facing balcony whose overhead rotunda casts a three-o'clock shadow on the tile floor. Deep blue stripes mark cross axes aligned to the four horizons. *Opposite:* The entrance gate. Stock-in-trade elements of Cape Cod building—Widow's Walk, crown molding, balusters, shingles, pediments (shorn of their pineapples)—are layered in an asymmetrical Post-Modern manner, although the split broken pediment is centered over the front door.

The historian of Post-Modernism and his wife, garden scholar Maggie Keswick, talk about their controversial "Garagia Rotunda"

Charles Jencks: Yes, "Garagia Rotunda." Let me explain. It's an attempt to merge two building types which are opposite: the villa rotunda and the garage. The garage because it's inexpensive and modest and informal, and the rotunda because it is pretentious if you like, metaphysical, oriented to the four horizons and simple. It's an attempt to create a tension by combining the two contrary drives that people have when they build a house; to be informal, relaxed and like the neighbors, to do something easy to build like a garage, and cheap; and to build something that's cosmic, lasting, and important. It will annoy both sides of that dichotomy and already has. Italians find the rotunda a blasphemy because it's only one inch high. But it's the most magical space; it really does capture the blue of the sky. It's such a simple idea, which is the oculus of the Pantheon, and if you just curve it even one inch it forms a shadow line and the blues which change in the sky ten times a day are really captured by it. You feel yourself going up as you do in the Pantheon. I suppose we could also call it "The Blue House." Blueness forms a basic theme: ten shades of blue paint inside, about ten shades on the outside, all of these blues against the blue of that sky and the ocean and the pond. And it's Maggie's idea that it is a scholar's hut set in nature.

Maggie Keswick: We started working on this house while I was doing my book on Chinese gardens and we were very excited about the Chinese tradition of a scholar going into nature, building a little retreat completely surrounded by nature for working and drinking and composing poetry. The piece of land which belonged to Charlie's parents and which they very kindly gave us is like a very elongated *(Text continued on page 216)*





The symmetrical west wall, *opposite top,* centered on a niche pushed out for the bed from the basic 16-by-24-foot shell. Floor-level windows offer a view under the bushes. *Opposite:* Three ganged standard screen doors slide like a barn door to close off the balcony, reinforced when needed by a parallel set of glass doors. The aedicule on the left with its graduated quoins and permanently billowing curtain—the secret, a bent hanger—stores books and clothes; 4-by-4 studs function both structurally and decoratively in geometric wall divisions and in the custom-made furniture. *Above:* In near symmetry the aedicule and the louvered toilet enclosure frame the garage door. *Right:* Lattice panels stepped up and inward to a central oculus framed in dark blue form a rotunda above the balcony.





Looking down from the Widow's Walk on the entrance gate with its de Stijl–like layering, a view that illustrates the "dissonant harmony" Jencks was seeking. The splash of red among the blues indicates the electric meter.



A PLACE TO HANG YOUR HAT

Bruce Chatwin writes about bunking down in London to the design of John Pawson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

Sometime in 1944, my mother and I went by train to see my father aboard his ship, the *Cynthia,* a U.S. minesweeper which had been lent to the British and had docked in Cardiff Harbor for a refit. He was the captain. I was four years old.

Once aboard, I stood in the crow's nest, yelled down the intercom, inspected the engines, ate plum pie in the wardroom; but the place I liked most was my father's cabin—a calm, functional space painted a calm pale gray; the bunk was covered in black oilcloth and, on a shelf, there was a photograph of me.

Afterwards, when he went back to sea, I liked to picture my father in the calm gray cabin, gazing at the waves from under the black-patent peak of his cap. And ever since, the rooms which have really appealed to my imagination have been ships' cabins, log cabins, monks' cells, or—although I have never been to Japan—the teahouse.

Not long ago, after years of being foot-loose, I decided it was time, not to sink roots, but at least to establish a house. I weighed the pros and cons of a whitewashed box on a Greek island, a crofter's cottage, a Left Bank *garçonniére,* and other conventional alternatives. In the end, I concluded, the base might just as well be London. Home, after all, is where your friends are.

I consulted an American—a veteran journalist, who, for fifty years, has treated the world as her backyard.

"Do you really like London?" I asked.

"I don't," she said, in a gruff and cigaretty voice, "but London's as good as any place to hang your hat."

That settled it. I went flat hunting—on my bicycle. I had but five requirements: my room (I was looking for a *single* room) must be sunny, quiet, anonymous, cheap, and most essentially, within walking distance of the London Library—which, in London, is the center of my life.

At house agents, I talked to fresh-faced young men who might have had carnations in their buttonholes. They smiled politely when they heard my requirements, and they smiled contemptuously when they heard how much I had to spend. "The bed-sitter," they said, "has vanished from this area of London."

Broadening my search to the West, I viewed a succession of studio conversions, each more lowering than the last, all outrageously priced. I had visions of being ground down by mortgage payments, or by yakking children on the next floor landing. Finally, I explained to a friend of solid Socialist convictions my reasons (which seemed to her perverse) for wanting an attic in Belgravia.

I wanted, I said, to live in one of those canyons of white stucco which belong to the Duke of Westminster and have a faint flavor of the geriatric ward; where English is now a lost language; where, in the summer months, men in long white robes walk the pavements; and where the rooftops bristle with radio antennas to keep the residents in touch with developments in Kuwait or Bahrain.

It was a Sunday. My friend glanced down at the property columns of the *Sunday Times;* her finger came to rest beside an entry, and she said, ironically, "That is your flat."

The price was right; the address was right; the advertisement said "quiet" and "sunny"; but when, on Monday, we went to view it, we were shown a room of irredeemable seediness.

There was a beige fitted carpet pocked with coffee stains. There was a bathroom of black and bilious-green tiles; and there was a contraption in a cupboard, which was the double bed. The house, we were told, was one of two in the street that did *not* belong to the Duke of Westminster.

"Well," my friend shrugged. "It's the kind of flat a spy would have."

It did, however, face south. The ceiling was high. It had a view of white chimneys. There was an Egyptian sheikh on the ground floor; and outside an old black man in a djellabah was sunning himself.

"Perhaps he's a slave?" said my companion.

"Perhaps," I said. "Anyway, things are looking up."

The owner agreed to my offer. I

The author sits under Peruvian parrot-feather hanging. At left, table by Alvar Aalto is next to canapé by Jacob-Desmalter from apartments of Empress Marie Louise at Versailles.

went abroad and learned from my lawyer that the flat was mine.

On moving in, I had to call my predecessor over one or two minor matters—including the behavior of the phone.

"Yes," he agreed. "The phone *is* rather odd. I used to think I was being bugged. In fact, I think the man before me was a spy."

Now once you suspect your phone of being bugged, you begin to believe it. And once you believe it, you know for certain that every bleep and buzz on the line is someone listening in. On one occasion, I happened to say the words "Falkland Islands"; on another, "Moscow" and "Novosibersk" (I was planning a trip on the Trans-Siberian Railroad) and, both times, the phone seemed to have an epileptic fit. Or was it my imagination? Obviously it was. For when I changed the old black Bakelite model for something more modern the bleeps and buzzes stopped. I lived for some months in seediness before starting to do the place up.

Very rarely—perhaps never in England—I've gone into a modern room and thought, "This is what I would have." I then went into a room designed by a young architect called John Pawson, and knew at once, "This is what I definitely want."

Pawson has lived and worked in Japan. He is the enemy of Post-Modernism and other asinine architecture. He knows how wasteful Europeans are of space, and knows how to make simple, harmonious rooms that are a real refuge from the hideousness of contemporary London. I told him I wanted a cross between a cell and a ship's cabin. I wanted my books to be hidden in a corridor, and plenty of cupboards. We calculated we could *just* make a tiny bedroom in place of the green bath. The *(Text continued on page 214)*



Fiberglass sculpture by John Duff hangs over Regency chair; the author's bed compartment with African blanket. On right, red lacquer Japanese boxes, fifteenth/sixteenth century, Eskimo ivory seal sit on a Negoro lacquer tray. Behind, Arab calligraphy from the ninth century, a Mughal miniature, and Tibetan book cover. On the wall, far right, an Indian drawing of a banana tree.







AND A LITTLE MORE

Designer Ann LeConey's decorating maxim illustrated in her own apartment

BY MARGARET MORSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

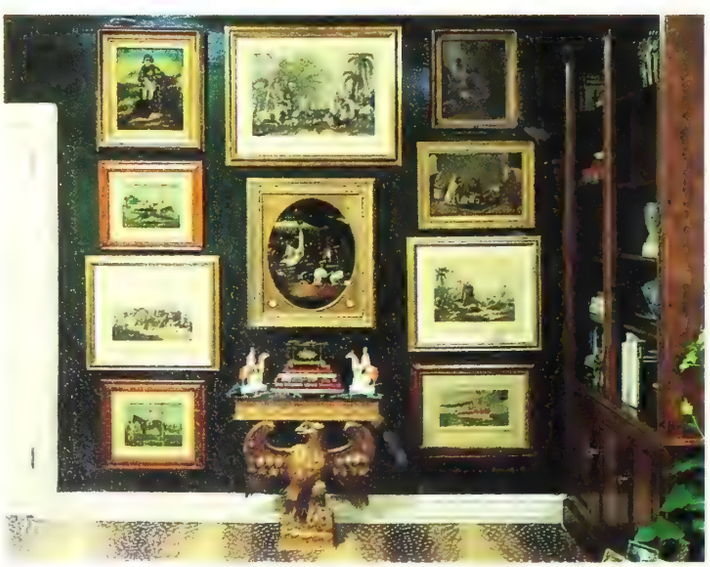
A decorator's own quarters are like a three-dimensional professional portfolio, revealing her aesthetic preferences at their strongest. Ann LeConey's city apartment, where she and her husband, Michael, live with their young sons, is a case in point, particularly since it is the base of operations for her decorating business, Ann LeConey Incorporated.

Ann loves the overstuffed chintzes and aristocratic antiques and bibelots of the English country look but renders that look not in the usual shy pastels and musty shades. Rather, she prefers clean, clear colors and uses them in such intense tones and inventive combinations that the effect borders on daring: for example, in the master bedroom, she crowns the robin's-egg-blue walls with a lavender ceiling.

Ann says her decorating maxim is "And a little more." Like a pastry chef with icing, she has a fondness for adding frills—fringe, cording, and tassels,

In the living room, lesser pieces of Staffordshire china have gradually been superseded by older, finer ones, whose patterns are generally crisper in definition, such as the unusual camel and elephant platters here. On the armchairs and pillow, a Lee/Jofa chintz and Brunschwig's strié silk and harlequin print. The rugs came from Rosecore, as did the other floorcoverings in the apartment. The clock on the table keeps time; the one over the doorway was bought, *sans* pendulum, for looks alone.





Pictures of ships and racehorses, *above,* line the lacquered library. A floral border from a Clarence House fabric embellishes "Sea Coral" cotton by Cowtan & Tout. The sofa's whippet print is by Lee Jofa; the pillows' tigerskin velvet, by Brunschwig & Fils. Carved stool came from Circa David Barrett. [illegible] gilt table, animal [illegible]



The pink plaid-glazed walls, *above,* diminish the dimness of the apartment, which is on a low floor. Curtains of Lee/Jofa chintz frame lacy panels from Henry Cassen. *Left:* A chair done in Old World Weavers fabric displays a handpainted silk pillow by Robert Warshaw, who also did the dog, cat, and bird's-nest pillows here and in the library.



Above: For the dining room, Ann had a Louis W. Bowen wallpaper colored to match a Brighton Pavilion counterpart. Checked silk from Drapery Modes covers the chairs. Over the Regency sideboard is a painting by Bob Kane, from the Haller Gallery. *Opposite, above:* Cowtan & Tout fabrics curtain the bed. A Brunschwig stripe skirts the recliner and ottoman. As in the dining room, the linens are by Porthault. *Opposite, below:* The trompe-l'oeil painted foyer is furnished with an Empire chest, a twenties French lamp, and copies of the LeConeys' Staffordshire. Yellow china-patterned wallpaper is "The Incurable Collector" from Clarence House.

which she has made up in custom colors by Standard Trimming Corporation. Tufting is decorated with small bows rather than buttons; library armchairs have an inverted pleat down the back; a bedroom recliner and ottoman are seamed with two fabrics for a medallioned effect; at the living room window the chintz of the ribboned swag is gathered up in rosettes.

Michael's mother, Elizabeth Le Coney, owns an antiques shop in Dallas, and Ann recalls fondly that "we were practically just off the plane from the honeymoon when she took us shopping." Thirteen years later, Ann tells how her mother-in-law persuaded them to buy a pair of chinoiserie brackets: "They're too beautiful to pass up, even though you have nothing special to put on them now. Someday you will." (They now display Persian vases.) Once, in a bric-a-brac barn, the senior Mrs. LeConey homed in on a heap of unidentified chair parts, going for $180. "Regency!" she whispered to Ann. Now, professionally reassembled, with their missing brass inlays replaced, the ten chairs mix with four reproductions with rope-motif backs. Similarly, old "Three Graces" candelabra by Baccarat are supplemented by reproduction candlesticks from New York's Metropolitan Museum. Along the way Ann collected crystal prisms and had them made up into the chandelier and sconces. She has also amassed all manner of tea caddies, Staffordshire figures, including fifty "city dogs that don't bark," and row upon row of photographs in silver frames.

Fortunately the LeConeys' three young sons would much rather play with their toys than these fine and delicate things. Ann put the library's chairs and cocktail table on wheels so they could be pushed to one end of the room to leave play-space in the middle.

Were Ann LeConey to give a title to her decorating philosophy, it might be "Formal Can Be Fun." No place is her sense of humor more apparent than in the trompe-l'oeil painting (by David Cohn, Karen Becker, and David Polatsek) in the foyer. There's a likeness of the spiral staircase from the building's hallway, but lest anyone take the idea of a grand entrance too seriously, David Cohn added a banana peel below the bottom step. *(Text continued on page 210)*





VIEW FROM ABIQUIU



How sculptor Juan Hamilton found a home in the New Mexico desert

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEILA METZNER







Preceding pages: Trapezoidal windows of the master bedroom facing north. *Above:* Juan Hamilton with one of his sculptures. *Opposite:* On red flagstone fireplace in front entryway are, left to right, a Hopi mask, a Tantric lingam, pre-Columbian pottery, a jade Ming cup, Mayan ceremonial ax in shape of head, ceramic Chinese horse head, Brancusi photograph of sleeping muse. Above, a bison skull.

Juan Hamilton may be tall, dark, and talented, but in the spring of 1972 he was just another confused 26-year-old potter trying to deal with the breakup of his marriage. His method was the classic one: driving aimlessly around the country. One day he'd be in San Francisco, the next in Mendocino. Then Seattle would beckon, and he'd head up the coast in search of fresh disappointment.

Three months into this odyssey, Hamilton's dog disappeared, his clothes were stolen, and his truck broke down and died. He returned to his parents' New Jersey home and made day trips to New York. This wasn't exactly what he had in mind for a career, and when a family friend offered to arrange something for him at the Presbyterian Church's Ghost Ranch conference center in Abiquiu, New Mexico, he was quick to accept—although he'd never been there, he thought New Mexico would be like Central America, where his family had lived, very comfortably, until he was fifteen.

After eight months of scutwork at the conference center, Hamilton decided it was time to move on. Summoning up his courage, this difficult young man knocked at the kitchen door of the most difficult woman in Abiquiu and asked if she had any odd jobs for him. Georgia O'Keeffe, who routinely turned visitors away, said she didn't. Then, as Hamilton walked away, she reconsidered her situation. The previous year, at 84, she had lost her central vision and had virtually stopped painting. That week, she'd lost her secretary. And here was a ponytailed man who sounded educated and looked, in her peripheral vision, like "a wilted leaf." She called him back—and began a relationship that not only revived both of their lives and careers but has confounded and infuriated the art establishment for twelve years.

"So you're a potter," O'Keeffe said, a few weeks after Hamilton started taking dictation. "Well, if you plan to stay around here, you'd better start working soon." Hamilton dutifully bought some clay and started making asymmetrical pots on O'Keeffe's kitchen table.

Hamilton's dark and polished pots were so reminiscent of O'Keeffe's paintings of rocks that O'Keeffe quickly graduated from caressing them to trying her own hand with clay—a medium she had once described as "dirty." Soon O'Keeffe and Hamilton were working together. Andy Warhol visited and asked O'Keeffe how she got such a good-looking man. "I didn't get him," O'Keeffe said. "He got me."

That Juan Hamilton would sink some roots in Abiquiu







Above: Kitchen garden to east of the house where the Hamiltons grow herbs, Red Leaf, Bibb and Deer Tongue lettuce, arugula, snow peas, and such flowers as nasturtiums, petunias, cosmos, sunflowers, marigolds, columbines, and sweet peas. *Opposite:* The traditional adobe fireplace in dining room.

was now clear. The terms weren't. Why was O'Keeffe—who'd never been a mentor before—taking such an interest in Hamilton? When their bond was formed, Juan Hamilton was intriguingly vague about his relationship with the woman he still calls "Miss O'Keeffe"—asked if they were husband and wife, he fueled speculation with a "No comment." Now that he is enduringly married to a beautiful and serene woman who has borne him two sons, and is successful enough to wear Perry Ellis shirts with his Levis, he is still not much more forthcoming about O'Keeffe But as he talks about the life he's made for himself in Abiquiu, it becomes clear that what John Bruce (Juan) Hamilton and Georgia O'Keeffe have had all these years is a friendship based largely on shared obsessions: work, privacy, and natural beauty.

For Hamilton, these obsessions came together on a seven-acre hilltop three miles from O'Keeffe's home. When he bought it in 1973, the house was a badly designed six-room ranch sheathed in pink stucco. But as the most elevated property in the village it enjoyed a commanding view of one of the most extraordinary valleys in New Mexico: an enormous bowl with a mesa and mountains for backdrop. Hamilton demolished the outbuildings and pigpens and started tearing the interior walls down. He had no help—and he didn't need any.

As a child, he'd been encouraged by his father to work with his hands, "maybe because he thought I didn't have a very good brain." Later, he wanted to be an architect, and might well have become one if his high-school guidance counselor hadn't laughed at his atrocious spelling of his chosen occupation. But if Hamilton was confident of his design and building skills, it was mostly because he had, for a decade, worked on construction: "One summer during college, I was a house framer in New Jersey. Four Hungarian carpenters and I would frame a four-bedroom house in three days. Later, when I was married to my first wife, I built a modern cabin in two or three months on her family's land in Vermont."

From the cabin, he learned "something everyone should heed: never build on someone else's land." From his summer job, he learned an even more valuable lesson: "It was the worst kind of architecture, but I mastered the basics. In any kind of design work, to understand the function as well as the look is very important."

The function of his new house, he decided, was to provide him with a quiet studio, great views, and enough space for a wife and children—if, that is, he could ever shed his self-chosen image *(Text continued on page 217)*





PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Augusta Maynard wanted to live in an orangerie so Benjamin Baldwin designed one for her

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

Right: Augusta Maynard's roses do very well in the beds flanking the fountain pool. She also has a greenhouse, vegetable garden, and wild-flower meadow. *Above:* The main entrance.







If you were a stranger visiting Mrs. Walter Maynard's house, you would know before you met her that a beautiful lady lived here: a lady in the old-fashioned sense, meaning refined, cheerful, considerate. The rooms tell you all that.

Defining Augusta Maynard's days in this small bright house on the eastern end of Long Island, New York, are two absorbing occupations: gardening—she often tends her beds and borders from sunrise to sunset—and the breeding and showing of Pekingese dogs.

A few years ago, when Augusta Maynard's city apartment and large Federal country house began to be a burden to take care of, she bought four acres of secluded fields with a hedgerow boundary and asked a friend, the architect and interior designer Benjamin Baldwin, to build her a simple, manageable year-round house. "I would like to live in an orangerie," she said to him. Baldwin remembers, "Orangerie told me everything—that the house should be graceful and formal, a loggia for growing plants with large windows on the south side. Augusta's articulateness helped me fulfill my invariable goal—to make a building reflect the person who lives in it."

As soon as Baldwin knew where the house would stand, his client moved in truckloads of trees from her old property: a grove of conifers including Blue Colorado spruce and Spanish fir; a hedge of English hollies; small rhododendrons, her late husband's favorite shrub. Beloved antiques came along, too: Adam chairs from a great-grandmother, a great-aunt's tambour desk.

True to the orangerie inspiration, every major room in the symmetrical house faces south, and even if the day is cloudy, the pale melon-colored walls, flowering plants, and floral prints make it sunny indoors. □ *By Elaine Greene. Editor. Babs Simpson*

Fresh, gentle colors and generous seating in two comfortable groups furnish a living room glazed on three sides. From Manuel Canovas: white herringbone on the Benjamin Baldwin tub chairs, the fabric for the twin sofas and curtains. Jack Lenor Larsen fabric on French chair in foreground.



Above: Dining chairs by Benjamin Baldwin in a room used frequently for small dinners. Mrs. Maynard likes to write letters here, where she can survey her rose garden. *Below:* Pale peach tones warm the downstairs guest room. Wallpaper and chaise fabric, Cowtan & Tout; Brunschwig fabric on desk chair; Pratesi bed linens.





Above: Major downstairs rooms open on long south terrace. Pergola by Dan Kiley. *Below:* Two of the prize Pekes upstairs in the master bedroom, which includes a fireplace and a generous sitting area with a deep sofa. Cowtan & Tout wallpaper and curtain, bench, and chaise fabric. Bed linens by D. Porthault; Manuel Canovas fabric on four side chairs.





The Whole is the sum of all its People: The Four Seasons cast, left to right: Front row: Tom Margittai, Paul Kovi. Middle row: Oreste Carnevali, Giuliano Niccolini, Alex von Bidder, Jim Kelly, Seppi Renggli. Top row: Bruno Comin, Victoria Pinter, Christian Albin, Damien Owens, Robert Menge. *Opposite:* Richard Lippold stalactite sculpture "Lovers" a ceiling. Philip Johnson's fractured glass panels separate Pool Room from Bar.

NEIL SELKIRK

NOT BORN YESTERDAY

New York's legendary Four Seasons celebrates a quarter century

BY NAOMI BARRY





The Conquerors of New York are sitting right now at Tom and Paul's place pursuing ideas, birthing books, and hatching giant deals between *la poire et le fromage*. Consequently an appetizer of Scottish smoked salmon at The Four Seasons is worth twice the price because any friend of Tom and Paul has the chance of becoming the friend of any other friend of Tom and Paul. In the sacrosanctum of The Club, there are no outsiders.

Dear Tom, dear Paul. . . how did you pull off the miracle? How did you conjure up the Greatest Hungarian Coffeehouse on Earth out of a cavernous Park Avenue space originally conceived as an automobile showroom?

"Paul," I asked him the other day in his small windowless office near the kitchen, "what is your definition of a great coffeehouse?"

He narrowed his eyes into a Magyar slant. "They were before my time."

Nonetheless he caught my tease and ran with it, having grown up in the lingering aura of the great Hungarian coffeehouses that existed before his time. Except for now, of course.

"After the Neanderthaler, after the Cro-Magnon, man finally arrived at *Homo sapiens*," recounted Paul. "It seemed he had reached the summit and nothing more could be done with him. Then around the turn of the century in Budapest, a new species arrived. . . Homo Café-aticus."

Paul was now in full spin. "The smart coffeehouse keeper sought out his particular Homo Café-aticus from among the actors, army officers, literati, social reformers, wits, half-wits. Once they had established the group, all the cafés operated pretty much the same whether they catered to the goose-liver cognoscenti or the garlic-sausage crowd.

"In a good café," continued Paul, "a habitué was adopted by the proprietor who addressed him by name, knew his tastes so well he never had to ask 'one sugar or two?', fed him the pertinent gossip along with a melting cherry strudel, introduced him to profitable connections, supported him against slander, and discreetly pampered him so that his well-being was greater even than at home.

"To do this, the owner had to put a piece of his soul into it."

The Four Seasons, in this its 25th-anniversary year, has walloped the odds that once plagued its existence because eleven years ago the Dr. Faustus price was paid with a huge piece of soul by Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi, a pair of Hungarian immigrants who wanted desperately to become New Yorkers.

The Four Seasons offers splendid food and superb wines served on a ribbon of silk. Ergo, it is called a restaurant, perhaps the most prestigious restaurant in America. The appellation is too narrow. The amalgam of its many attributes sounds like more hyperbole than anyone can swallow, for it is a synthesis of outstanding architecture, entertaining showmanship, exemplary labor relations, precision organization, slavish work, ancient hospitality, creative business, and a big slather of love and friendship.

They're good, this duo of individual pros. The inevita-



Jim Rosenquist jubilates before his canvas . . . still unnamed . . . which has just gone up in Private Dining Room One, an anniversary present from Tom and Paul to "The Two of Us."

ble corollary of "You very good" is "I take pot-shot." Naturally there are complaints but they are handled in The Four Seasons manner, immediately entered into a logbook for all the staff to read and take to heart. Within 24 hours the house has made apologies and amends to the offended party. Chances are it will be Tom Margittai himself calling up to say "Sorry."

At the quarter-century mark, Tom and Paul's place has become New York's monument to the good things of life for the leaders of the world. Everybody is willing to be seen, knowing full well their conversations are safe as in a confession box. The seating plan for 450 is equivalent to a protocol chart of New York's power and might. Who is with whom is a sufficient tip-off as to what is going on. Tom and Paul, however, have shrunk the grandiose proportions of The Four Seasons to a cocoon, warm and intimate as an old-fashioned coffeehouse.

The public's affection is not puff paste. Marvin Sloves, board chairman of ad agency Scali, McCabe, Sloves, who is rated as number one guest in frequency, states flatly, "If I lost my table at The Four Seasons, I'd feel as if I had lost my club. I'd leave New York and move to London immediately."

The Four Seasons story begins in 1955 when Jerry Brody, then the president of Restaurant Associates, spied a hole in the ground on Park Avenue between 52nd and 53rd Streets. Restaurant Associates, a band of lively young men whose approach to public eating was as much circus as bread, had already captivated New York with a series of theme restaurants such as The Forum of the Twelve Caesars, the Fonda del Sol, and The Tower Suite, and were opening more as fast as they could think them up.

Brody was ever on the lookout for extraordinary landlords in extraordinary locations. This section of Park Avenue was in the exciting process of changing from residential to business. Brody pursued the Pimpernel landlord for a year before being summoned to a meeting with Sam Bronfman, head of Seagram's, and his son Edgar.

At the long conference table in their Chrysler Building headquarters, Sam said, "I hear you want to run a restaurant for us."

Brody launched into the epicurean excitements of Soufflé Rothschild in the Seagram Building.

"The two of them kept staring at me," recalled Brody. "Then Sam dozed off. I kept talking louder. He closed his eyes and he was gone. It had taken me one year to get to this point. Edgar asked a few more questions and tapped his pencil to wake the old man up."

Brody finally zeroed in on the right persuasion. Since Seagram's was in the hospitality trade, it should have an elegant restaurant in its new building.

"The Bronfmans were extremely generous with us. We didn't have the money and they knew it. To them we were kid stuff. But they gave us the design control and they agreed to pay." *(Text continued on page 202)*





SHINGLE STYLE AGAIN

Architect Robert A. M. Stern's latest house in the Hamptons raises eyebrows, thrusts a turret, and gets a grilling

BY PAUL GOLDBERGER PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY

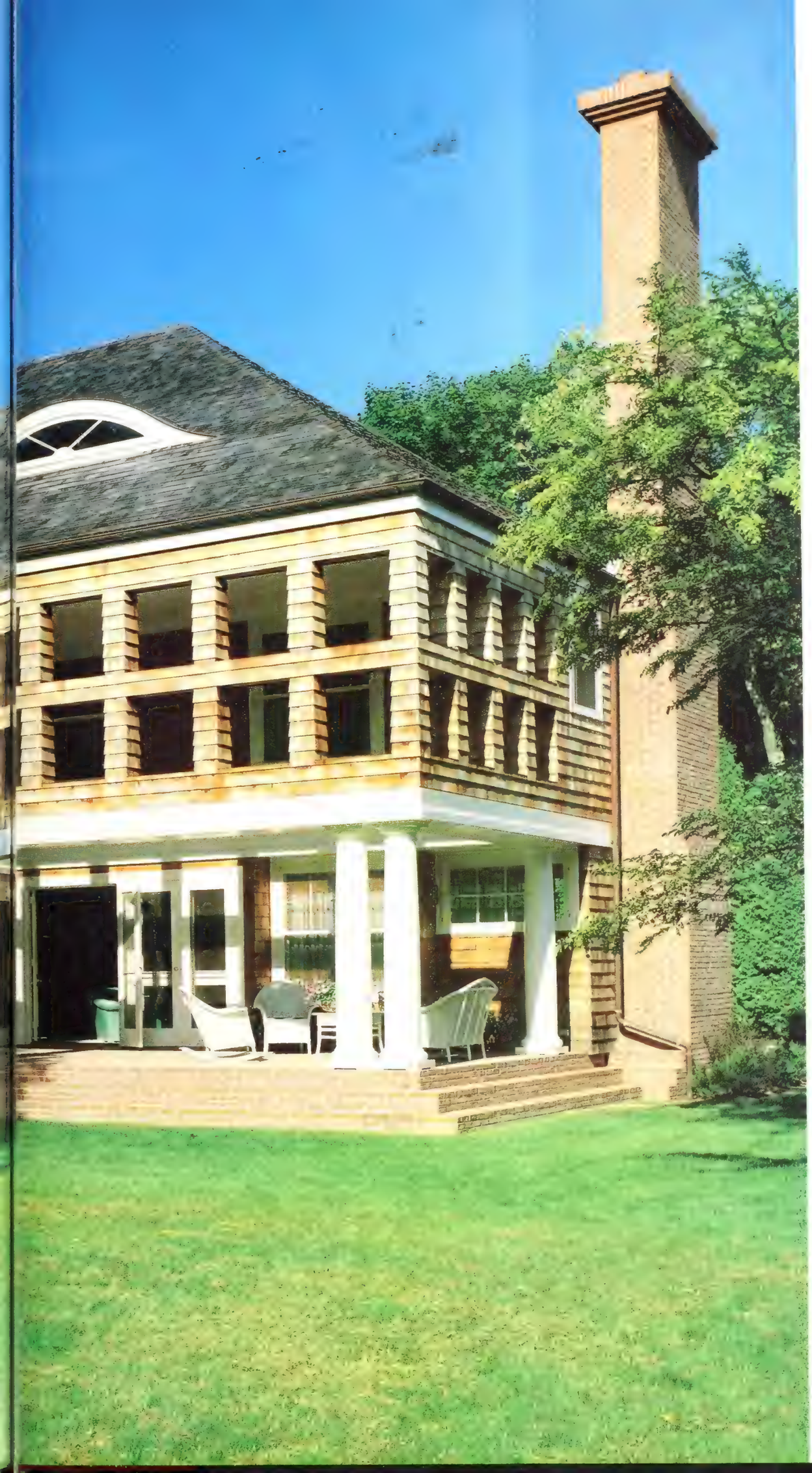
The tendency to make new architecture out of the elements of old—an occasional oddity just a few years ago and now common enough to be almost the mode of the age—is all too often an invitation to glibness and, ultimately, triteness. A Lutyens doorway here, a Serlian window there can be a wonderful game to play, but in a lot of such work the idea of quotation becomes an end in itself. It only rarely yields a building that is a coherent architectural whole.

The New York architect Robert A.M. Stern, a leader of the school of new historicists, has been guilty of a fair amount of overzealous quotation himself over the years. But his recent work has attained a degree of completeness and self-assuredness that bespeaks a different set of values altogether. Historical form is still the dominant theme of Stern's work, but he now seems to use it less out of a desire for eccentric effect than to bring us architecture that affectionately, even lovingly, recalls the past.

The house that Stern, along with his associates Roger Seifter, Terry Brown, and Ronne Fisher, has just completed for a family of four in East Hampton, on eastern Long Island, splendidly illustrates the point. It is based, like so much of the architect's work, on the gracious, sprawling Shingle Style houses of just before and after the turn of the century. But where Stern a few years ago seemed at pains to make his neo–Shingle

Opposite: The view from the master bath onto the colonnaded porch gives the impression of a two-story outdoor room, whose grid of windowlike openings provides additional privacy. *Above:* An oval oculus looking onto the backyard, one of several in the house, is a characteristic Shingle Style element.





A Tuscan-order colonnade wraps around the lower story of the house's rear façade, giving definition to its volumes and a measure of unity to its variegated surfaces. The openness of this side of the house, with its screened and open porches, takes advantage of light, air, and views of the garden.





The light-filled stairway, *left,* with screen wall looking onto the entry hall, is the focus of the interior. The old-fashioned quality of its lacy-patterned wallpaper underscores the architecture's traditional character. *Above:* A dizzying view up into the conical roof of the two-story turret reveals the feeling for craftsmanship that this house shares with its turn-of-the-century predecessors.

Style houses a deliberately quirky, ironic comment on the originals, he now is less interested in commenting on the style than in actually trying to practice it.

Not that this three-story, rambling structure could be mistaken for a 1910 leftover. There are plenty of signs, both inside and out, of a 1980s sensibility. But the newer aspects are never permitted to control the overall composition, and as a result the overall mood of the house is gentle, even relaxed. In this sense the house might be said to show that Stern has learned the most important lesson to be taught by the historical style with which he has so identified himself. For if the Shingle Style has any theme, it is not so much the value of porches and stair halls as it is the resolution of Classical elements into a mood of wholeness and calmness. There is a strength to the Shingle Style, but not much anxiety.

And so it is with this Stern house, which occupies a site in a section of East Hampton that was built up largely in the era of the Shingle Style's dominance. Its neighbors are thus its inspirations; this new house sits amid what we might call the real thing. And here, Stern's preference for making architecture that extends and comments on the Shingle Style now takes on a heightened contextual importance, for it becomes the way in which the house relates to its immediate surroundings.

The site is a bit squeezed—it is the backyard of an older house that was sold off as a separate lot a few years ago—but the façade nonetheless bespeaks the expansiveness of space that is characteristic of the Shingle Style. The house appears solid, almost heavy, from the street; a great hipped roof envelops the mass of the house, and the building feels, unlike so many modern houses in East Hampton, connected directly to the ground. A pair of eyebrow dormers is cut into the roof, and eleven double-hung windows, a central entry porch, a tiny side porch, and an oval oculus for punctuation complete the composition.

The columned entry porch has a split entablature and a gable with a trellislike grid in the middle, and it is clearly this aspect of the façade that departs most firmly from Shingle Style *(Text continued on page 211)*



In the sunny octagonal dining room a formal note is sounded in the rich green walls and the alternation of doorways with classically inspired niches. The ladder-back oak chairs were designed by Gustav Stickley; the dining table by the architects in the manner of Stickley. Flower arrangements by Antonia.





The main entrance, *above,* with its unorthodox broken pediment. The pavilionlike screened porch, *below,* is an ideal setting for informal dining. The living room, *right,* is furnished with pieces designed by architect Stern and his associates.







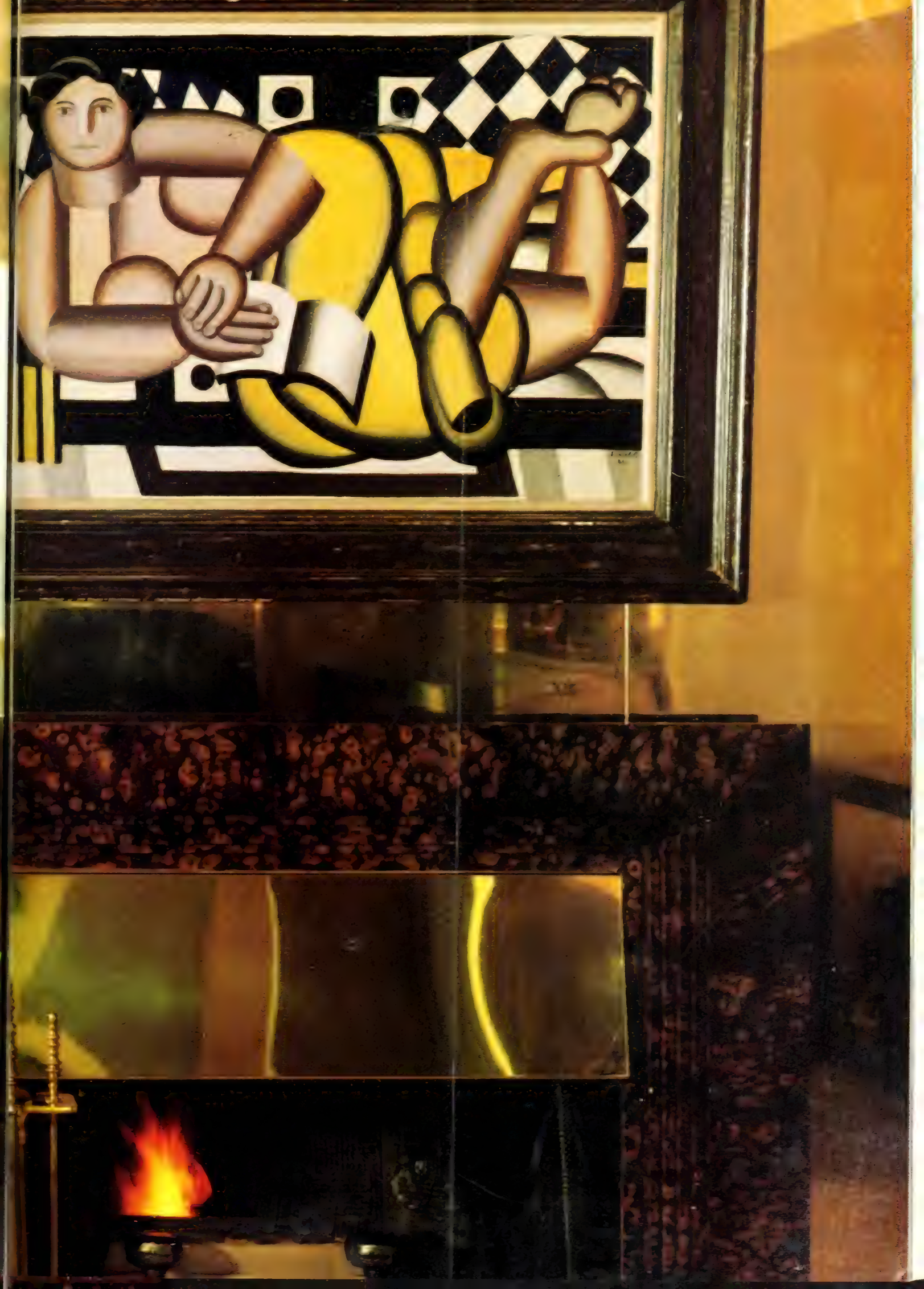
OASIS IN THE SKY

A spectacular apartment by Alessandro Pianon epitomizes the urbane glamour of New York's new international style

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



In the Manhattan duplex of Saudi Arabian businessman Adnan Khashoggi, polished brass paneling reflects the master bedroom. Above the *faux* tortoise-shell mantel hangs Fernand Léger's 1922 oil, *Femme couchée*; to the left is a circa-1890 bronze *Amazon and Centaur*, one of a pair by Franz von Stuck, Andrew Crispo Gallery.



These strikingly contemporary interiors for the Adnan Khashoggis, for all their slickness and sophistication, nevertheless embody many of the design traditions of the classic Arabic home. This subtle melding of two cultures by a Venetian decorator is a reminder of the key role his city has played for centuries as the glittering gateway between Europe and the Middle East



Above: In the entry hall, a curved niche shelters a spherical bronze by Arnaldo Pomodoro. The floor pattern was achieved with three shades of marble. *Opposite:* The apartment's most dramatic feature is a two-story atrium created by breaking through the slab of the upper floor of the duplex; at its base is a swimming pool, the bottom of which was painted with a foliage motif by artist Fabrizio Plessi.

The past ten years of world history, fraught with political upheaval and economic uncertainty, have witnessed a remarkable transformation in America's largest city. Once one of the most resolutely provincial of places—despite its enormous size—New York today is a true world city, attracting both new waves of foreign emigrants and the new breed of multinational citizens of the world. The latter are no recent phenomenon, for owning multiple homes in London, Paris, Deauville, Marbella, Acapulco, and a number of other highly desirable locations around the world has been if not common then at least not unheard of in the two decades since jet travel made intercontinental transit a relatively routine procedure. The major change is that New York is now inevitably part of such glittering lists of the domiciles of





Overlooking the towers of midtown Manhattan, the double-height atrium is bisected on its southern end by a mirrored balcony planted with lush greenery and reflecting the lounging area adjacent to the pool. Another planter below it adds to the feeling of a modern [illegible] garden, emphasized by the leaf pattern of the mirrored [illegible] and echoing his similar design in [illegible] below.







Above: Flanking the doorway into the dining room are a pair of bronze pumas by William Zorach, 1948, Andrew Crispo Gallery. Above the dining table is Picasso's 1955 canvas, *Femme au costume orientale. Opposite:* Views into the living room, below, and Mrs. Khashoggi's bedroom, top, both of which overlook the second of the apartment's two-story atria and give spatial grandeur to the relatively low-ceilinged rooms of the building. Over the living-room sofa is *Spring No. 1,* a 1913 oil by William Zorach, Andrew Crispo Gallery.

the very rich and very famous.

It is safe to say that New York today possesses no more spectacular evidence of its new cosmopolitan status than the apartment of Adnan Khashoggi, the legendary Saudi Arabian businessman. Strictly speaking, his duplex is a *pied-à-terre,* since he also maintains residences in Paris, Rome, Madrid, Marbella, Cannes, and Kenya, in addition to several in his native country. But if his Manhattan home is just a *pied-à-terre,* then, as the French would say, *Quel pied! Quelle terre!*

As the availability of housing in New York becomes increasingly tighter because of the influx of new residents from abroad, the greatest luxury of all is space, and it is in that respect that the Khashoggi apartment is its most luxurious. It occupies two full floors of the Olympic Tower, the first of the great full-service New York buildings built in the seventies specifically to attract





A pair of elephant tusks flank the living-room window, adding an exotic counterpoint to the New York skyline. At the far left is Carlo Bocchi's landscape *Morning Prayers*, circa 1902; Andrew Crispo Gallery; at the far right is Vasily Kandinsky's *Improvisation II (Trauermarsch)*, 1909. On the travertine console table is a pair of K'ang hsi–period covered jars, and a twenties silver cigarette lighter in the shape of a Hispano-Suiza racing car. The coffee table holds a Cartier mystery clock; its face is made from an ammonite topaz.



Above: The sybaritic cynosure of the dining room is a table inlaid with lapis lazuli in a starburst pattern, a dramatic counterpoint to the nighttime skyline of Manhattan; visible through the window is the illuminated spire of the Empire State Building. *Opposite:* Though extremely large, the Khashoggi apartment contains a number of intimate seating areas. This one adjoins the two-story atrium that encloses the swimming pool. The *pietra dura* coffee table (employing an ancient Italian technique) is one of several indications throughout the apartment of the Venetian sensibility of decorator Alessandro Pianon.

the new international market concerned with maintaining at least a foothold in a stable country. Enjoying magnificent views in all four directions, the Khashoggi duplex occupies the space of sixteen conventional Olympic Tower apartments, with its living room the equivalent of two flats in itself.

Unlike the great New York apartments of yesteryear, the Olympic Tower does not have lofty ceilings—they are about nine feet high—and thus it was decided to maximize the spatial possibilities of the duplex arrangement by creating a considerably more dramatic interior layout than could be done on any single floor of the building. In charge of the project was the Venice-based designer Alessandro Pianon, who had already decorated several earlier houses for Adnan Khashoggi. Mr. Pianon began work on this project even before the building was completed, which allowed him to direct the several important structural modifications of the raw space. With the help of his collaborators, architects Giorgio Panfilo and Gianpietro Pizzato, Mr. Pianon supervised the elimination of the concrete slab between the two stories of the duplex, creating a pair of double-height atria to effectively preclude the claustrophobia that most certainly would have been felt had so large a low-ceilinged space remained only horizontal.

This introduction of verticality was


RDO DA VINCI
REMBRANDT

exploited for every ounce of architectural excitement. One of the two atria houses a full-size swimming pool, allowing the owner and his no doubt bemused guests the rare opportunity to take a swim almost fifty stories above street level while they look out at the incomparable skyline of New York. This thoroughly astonishing space is planted with lush greenery, resembling a tropical garden amid the hard, gray city beyond the floor-to-ceiling window walls. The second of the two-story courtyards is landscaped as a modern winter garden, creating a veritable oasis in the sky on the corner of 51st Street and Fifth Avenue.

There are a number of other showstopping features throughout the apartment, including a sumptuous lapis-lazuli-encrusted dining table, gigantic ivory elephant tusks, and the latest in state-of-the-art electronic control and security systems. But those things aside, the general tenor of the interiors in the Khashoggi apartment is both subdued and highly unified.

Alessandro Pianon devised a subtle, restful scheme of pale, tawny tones that predominate throughout, acting as an ideal backdrop for the owner's impressive collection of early-twentieth-century art. Interestingly, although there are a number of superb paintings on view—including an important Léger and an early Kandinsky—they are accorded a proper place and do not take over *(Text continued on page 198)*



Although not specifically Arabic in its detailing, the sauna is enclosed by a latticework grille that gives it the feeling of the screened rooms found throughout Moslem society. This reposeful retreat, part of the extensive portion of the apartment given over to the owner's fitness regimen, has double-glazed windows behind the grille to mediate the difference between indoor and outdoor temperatures.







As in traditional Arab interiors, there is a strict segregation in the Khashoggi apartment between rooms for entertaining guests and those reserved for the family. In the owner's personal portion of the apartment, a large and luxurious suite is maintained for his private use. *Opposite:* A rare large elephant tusk frames a mirror that reflects the wash basin and bathtub in the master bathroom. Visible through the door at left is a barber chair with a needlepoint pillow worked with the visage of a lion. *Above:* The owner's bathtub is rimmed with Bahia Azul granite. On the window sill are two bronzes by the American sculptor Paul Manship, Andrew Crispo Gallery. *Below:* Adnan Khashoggi's bed, ten feet wide, is covered with a sable spread.





A bedside electronic console in the master bedroom, *this page*, controls the lighting, the motorized curtains, and the stereo and video systems. Because of the unusual width of the bed, there is an identical unit on the opposite side. *Opposite:* Mrs. Khashoggi's wash basin is topped with Azul Bahia granite. The gilded faucet and handles were copied from ducties or spouts from the Wedgwood Room [illegible]





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OASIS IN THE SKY

[illegible] one's sense of the [illegible] which can often happen in an art collector's apartment. Complementing the rich but neutral wall and floor surfaces are the luxuriously understated fabrics by the house of Rubelli of Venice, which Mr. Pianon has used throughout.

Mr. Pianon manages to combine both a definite Middle Eastern flavor and an absolutely contemporary New York feeling without resorting to any of the more obvious techniques often used by decorators to summon up those very different places. Thus, there are no overtly Islamic motifs, no glittering arabesques or the other exotica we associate with what the French call *le goût arabe*. On the other hand, there are neither any of the trendy New York touches—black walls, stainless steel ceilings, theatrical lighting, or surrealistic furniture—that are often employed to signify the distinctive allure of penthouse living as imagined by everyone from Cole Porter to Francis Ford Coppola. What emerges instead is far more convincing, and is happily without the disorienting feeling that often comes from decorating an interior in a manner too far removed from its surroundings.

That Alessandro Pianon has been able to extract the best from two very different worlds reminds us of the pivotal role Venice played for centuries as gateway between Europe and the Orient, and the easy synthesis of two seemingly opposed cultures and ways of decorating has been very skillfully resolved by the Venetian Mr. Pianon. When it is pointed out to him that the latticework-encased sauna—which might be the apartment's most beautiful room—is reminiscent of similar rooms of Islamic filigree, he counters correctly that the Venetian architectural tradition includes that alluring device as well. The innate Venetian genius for working with fine fabrics is likewise quite close to the respect with which the Arab world has always regarded exceptional weavings, while the love of metallic finishes and marbles is shared with equal enthusiasm.

The Khashoggi apartment, then, for all its stunning gestures of opulence and high imagination, is nevertheless a statement about a new way of life that has emerged since the Middle East has risen to a crucial position in world politics. This stupendous home away from home speaks simultaneously about retaining a connection with one's origins and being part of the international life of our times. The settings devised by Alessandro Pianon for Adnan Khashoggi express that wisely and well, and with more than a bit of the surprise that has become a hallmark of the changing world we live in. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

SPLENDOR OF SPRING

(Continued from page 105) of one of the most handsome, 'Fortune', was movingly recorded by his wife in 1938. There was a note of expectancy about the plant's first flowering anyway, as it was the child of two of the noblest large-leafed rhododendrons, *Falconeri* and *sinogrande*. "It was a lovely April day when Exbury had donned its Riviera look. As we walked into the woods we saw this magnificent plant holding up its glorious blooms to a deep blue sky. In the evening Lionel gathered his family to a round-table conference to discuss the merits of this new seedling. There it stood in the largest vase available, looking most majestic. Not only was the plant outstanding, but its stance and bearing were bold and commanding. Its great leaves were disposed so as to remind me of the Discobulus, the Greek thrower of the discus, with arm outstretched and poised for the throw."

It is ironic that Lionel's ultimate achievement in his quest for pure color, which was always dominated by his hopes to produce a perfect yellow, was a legacy that lay undiscovered for many years after his death. At the beginning of the Second World War he produced a hybrid he named 'Hawk'. (The plant was so named because during the war Exbury House was taken over by the admiralty, and H.M.S. *Hawk* was the third name they gave to their base.) The plant was the smallest in a box of seedlings of which, with characteristic generosity, Lionel had given the rest away. 'Hawk' was immediately acclaimed for its yellow color but it was not until the early fifties that the one plant flowered that was recognized as having achieved the truest color of any woodland rhododendron. The plant was named Hawk variety 'Crest' and was awarded a First Class Certificate by the Royal Horticultural Society (the Society's highest award) in 1953, as 'Fortune' had been in 1938.



Mr. and Mrs. Edmund de Rothschild beside *Rhododendron* "Eleanore."

Lionel also produced the Exbury strain of *(Continued on page 200)*

Above all, the lowe



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deciduous azaleas whose superior characteristics and superb range of colors have added a new dimension to the rhododendron world. They originate from the Ghent azaleas that were produced in the Netherlands during the nineteenth century by crossing the native European *R. luteum* with four species of American deciduous azaleas. The first real advances with Ghent azaleas were made by Anthony Waterer and more particularly his son of the same name at their Knap Hill nursery in Surrey. They created the Knap Hill strain, and it was from these that Lionel, by an extensive and ruthless system of hybridization, grew the Exbury strain. Today they are a household word and have become some of Exbury's foremost ambassadors in Europe, North America, and other parts of the world. After the Second World War Lionel's son Edmund de Rothschild made further developments in the strain to produce the Solent range.

Though Edmund inherited Exbury after the war, he chose to live in Inchmery. To enable himself to keep his father's unique creation in the gardens, he sold a quantity of works of art he had inherited from his great-uncle Alfred. It was a brave decision, for it was obvious that the gardens had suffered extensively from the enforced neglect. The arboretum had been turned back into farmland and the two-acre rock garden was a jungle. Gone were the exotic plants that had filled the tropical house, the scented and tender rhododendrons which had been protected in the rhododendron house, and Lionel's vast collection of orchids, in whose cultivation he made almost as many advances as he did with rhododendrons.

Compensation for the losses came in the form of the numerous new hybrids Lionel had bred but which had not yet flowered, like, for instance, Hawk variety 'Crest'. And in 1947 another completely unexpected success began for Exbury; the dwarf Japanese *Rhododendron yakusimanum*, which Lionel had introduced to Britain in 1934, was awarded an FCC, and thereafter went



Rhododendron 'Naomi'

The necessary clearing of dead wood and undergrowth that took place in the years after the war was followed by extensive replanting in many parts of the gardens, either to replace old plants or introduce new varieties. Initially slow, the progress has steadily quickened pace and at the same time the gardens have been open to the public during the flowering season, thus enabling thousands of visitors to share their often breath-taking delights. In recent years major renovation has been carried out. Since 1976 the watering system has been renewed and the water now comes from two enormous reservoirs, rather than the old boreholes, which were silting up. In 1979 the most ambitious piece of restoration was begun with the clearing of the rock garden. In 1980 the two-acre site was replanted, and will soon recapture the beauty of the interwar years.

In 1983 the years of labor to recapture Exbury's old glory were rewarded by the most prolific flowering season in the garden's history. Not only did the season reveal the scale that some of the original planting had achieved, with many rhododendrons fifteen to twenty feet tall laden with trusses of flowers to the ground, but many plants that had either only flowered rarely or not at all in the past revealed their full beauty. At the bottom of Home Wood, toward the Beaulieu River, 'Fortune' flowered among other large-leafed varieties in the Winter Garden as never before. Close by the Camellia Walk was a mass of red, pink, and white in the early spring.

Equally brilliant were the ranks of Exbury azaleas around the ponds and in other parts of the garden, contrasting with the even brighter, almost garish, evergreen Kurume azaleas. I different parts of the woods the fasc nating succession of generations o rhododendrons bred by Lionel coul be traced: 'Aurora', one of the best hy brids that he raised during his first yea of breeding (all those of the first yea begin with an A, and the next year wit B, and so on), and of particular merit a one of the parents of 'Naomi', name after his youngest daughter and per haps the finest all-round plant that h ever raised. 'Naomi' has been credite with all the best qualities of a rhodo dendron and never fails to produce a rich display of its pink flowers. Its in fluence has become equally significan in subsequent generations, for amon the children of 'Naomi' are three su perb varieties, 'Carita', 'Idealist', an 'Lionel's Triumph'.

But Exbury isn't, and never has been, just a rhododendron garden. Fo much of the year their evergreen fo liage blends with the softer leaves o maples, beeches, and other deciduous trees or the flowers of other species notably the magnolias and camellias The framework of forest oaks and Scots pines has been greatly enhanced by numerous other more unusual trees; the huge swamp cypress (*Taxodium distichum*) on the island in upper pond, many brewer's weeping spruces (*Picea Brewerana*), and different varieties of nothofagus, the South American beech.

While Exbury itself continues to mature and develop, its influence spreads farther and farther afield. It is characteristic of the generous friendship which is the hallmark of gardeners all over the world that one of gardening's most remarkable men, Lionel de Rothschild, should have gathered plants and material from far and wide and that ever since his work at Exbury began they have spread out again in ever-increasing profusion.

No memorial was raised in 1942 at the time of Lionel's death and the austerity of the war years diminished recognition by his contemporaries. But as it is written on Wren's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral, so for Lionel de Rothschild at Exbury: "If you seek a monument look around you." □


KRAVET.
The creative hand.
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Continued from page 162

Restaurant Associates chose the architects who had produced the Seagram Building. Project manager was Sam Bronfman's daughter, Phyllis Lambert. The afterthought of a luxury restaurant in what was to have been the exhibit hall in his completed building was too much of a craziness for Bauhaus architect Mies van der Rohe. He tossed the hot *pomme de terre* to his Ohio-born associate Philip Johnson and left town.

For the next two years Johnson and the cultivated Princess of Seagram, Phyllis Lambert, tussled with a project of "Problems Preposterous." Three blank walls of glass are fine for displaying cars but as conducive to intimate dining as hot-dog time at Nathan's. Beneath the twenty-foot ceiling the tables gave the giddy impression of floating free. Light from a ceiling of such height threw shadows from nose to chin on the faces of seated diners.

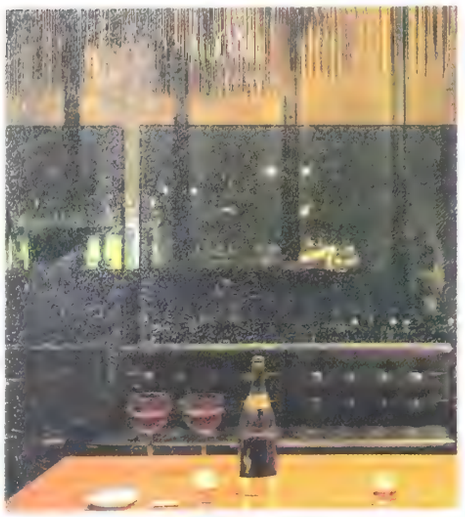
"For a restaurant, everything was wrong," recalls Johnson, who these days lunches daily in the Bar Room. "It's a credit to these people they've made it work at all. Can you imagine a restaurant with no toilets?"

To provide for a separate 52nd Street entrance, plus a cloakroom as well as the lavatory facilities, the only way was to pierce the podium. The Seagram Building was the stunning unity of a tower soaring up from a granite pedestal set templelike on a plaza to which one ascended from Park Avenue by a series of broad steps. With a wrench the architect agreed reluctantly, and the difficult and expensive tunneling into the granite base began.

Johnson and Lambert were anxious to have a big Picasso in New York and acquired the huge canvas backdrop he had painted for Diaghilev's ballet production of *Le Tricorne*.

It was too tall for The Museum of Modern Art so they hung it in the hall that connected Bar and Pool rooms, giving life and importance to an otherwise dull corridor.

Although Seagram's was advancing the money, the contract specified that Restaurant Associates had the final say in design control. Hot seat was Mies's Brno chair. Johnson and Lambert were



Aluminum chains anodized in three colors shimmer at windows.

porch. Without losing the stamp of the master, the chair was altered at great expense for the forthcoming restaurant. It is still in use, probably the most commodious chair in any public dining room and the acme of comfort for the corporate bottom. Danish cabinetmaker Hans Wegner's armchair inspired by a traditional Chinese model was chosen for the private dining rooms. It too has withstood the hard wear of 25 years and is another of the contemporary classics in The Four Seasons.

Johnson's solutions have all worked, although he credits much to chance.

"I am very fond of Austrian jalousies. Nicest way to cover a window. Silk would have lasted six months. I tried metal jalousies, which had never been done before, alternating three chains of aluminum with three of brass and three of copper.

"They ripple up the windows, thanks to the heating and the air conditioning. I hadn't anticipated the luck.

"The dark French walnut that panels the Bar Room was another stroke of luck, for we found just about the last of it in that quantity that existed. It's all here. Watch the change in veneer as you walk up and down the stairs.

"There was no place else to put the bar except at the top of the stairs. Since there was no way to cut it from the rest of the room, we provided the illusion of lowering the ceiling over this particular area through Richard Lippold's suspended sculpture, a stalactite composition of anodized metal rods."

To further the illusion of separating Bar from Bar Room, last year Johnson installed a partition of low fractured glass panels.

"When light bounces off, a delight."

As the 25th-anniversary present to themselves, Tom and Paul commissioned a painting from James Rosenquist because "we liked him best of the New York School," said Tom. They are lending the 23-by-7½-foot canvas to the restaurant, where it will hang in Private Dining Room Number One henceforth to be known as The Rosenquist Room.

Otherwise there has been no basic alteration in the physical scheme of The Four Seasons since it opened July 1959 to a mob of New Yorkers eager to see how $4.5 million had been spent. Today the figure would be more than $16 million, and even at that the Seasons could not be reproduced.

Brody's greatest pleasure in the Seagram backing was the opportunity to give Joe Baum everything he wanted. Baum—who now heads his own consulting company masterminding restaurants, leisure complexes, and commercial centers around the world—was the original creative force of The Four Seasons.

Though he can spend money like manna, he has never confused expensive with elegant. For the Seasons, he demanded excellence, and all the best he could lay his hands on.

Joe gathered around him a task force of experts: Garth and Ada Louise Huxtable to design the table appointments—eighteen of these designs are now in New York's Museum of Modern Art—Sam Aaron of Sherry Lehmann and James Beard to instruct the staff on wine that they might counsel the customers with some authority. With majestic magnificence, Baum ordered the waiters and the captains to taste every vintage on the Seasons' impressive list. Beard advised the chef on food and sat in the kitchen testing dishes every day for six months prior to the opening.

Although neither is any longer associated with the restaurant, both Beard and Baum continue to be frequent and beloved guests.

For its first decade The Four Seasons bedazzled New York despite ac-

ısations that the décor was im-
ressive but cold. However, by the end
the sixties both Brody and Baum
ıd moved elsewhere.

About this time depression had set
s blight on the city. The new corpo-
ıte management of Restaurant Asso-
ates, geared to middle-range opera-
ons, cut corners, trimmed quality.
uxe is a demanding mistress. You
ın't economize and expect her to sur-
ve. The splendid Seasons sombered
ke a derelict liner marooned in the
eagram Building.

Restaurant Associates tried to sell
ıe wreck but nobody would buy. The
mart boys were leaving for the Sun
elt. By 1973, desperate to jettison the
Kohinoor of their properties, they ac-
epted an offer from the supervising
xecutive of the chain, Tom Margittai,
ubleasing the Seasons to him for a
omparatively small payment (all the
ıoney he could scrounge up) plus an
greement to assume all debts and re-
sponsibilities. For an individual, the undertaking loomed like a crusher. Seagram backed him, however. They didn't want to find themselves back with an exhibit hall, either.

"I was fed up with corporate life," said Tom, "and I wanted to be my own boss. Furthermore I believed New York was still the center of the world.

"I knew I couldn't run The Four Seasons alone and needed a partner." He turned to another employee of Restaurant Associates. Paul Kovi also believed that New York was the American dream.

On the Sunday after the deal was closed Tom and Paul sat down in the empty restaurant and plotted and planned like a pair of old Hungarian coffeehouse keepers. Just which group of New Yorkers did they most want to serve and cherish?

Others were already catering to the Jet Set and The Beautiful People. They decided to pitch for the segment that regulates the heartbeat of New York . . . the Makers and the Doers of the Mainstream. A tall order for a hulk in the red.

The two partners shared a mutual respect for the other's integrity, dedication to work, and loyalty to friends. Despite a certain geographic similarity, their backgrounds were divergent. Paul is Catholic, Tom is Jewish. Paul had graduated from the University of Transylvania, majoring in agriculture and viniculture, starring in football. In Rome he ran his own restaurant before emigrating to the United States, where he began his career again as a waiter at the Waldorf.

Tom, erudite and reserved, was born in the Carpathians where his father was a wealthy lumber tycoon. The area shifted between Hungary and Rumania according to the political winds so sometimes he found himself in school in Budapest and sometimes in Bucharest. *(Continued on page 204)*

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Canada in 1931. He grew up in so many places he speaks seven languages fluently. Tom arrived in New York at the age of 21.

"Coming up from Ambrose Lightship on the S.S. *LaGuardia*, I gasped. This is it. Home. I knew. It's my town."

He wanted to learn the hospitality trade. His first job was as a trainee under Philippe of the Waldorf.

"Under Philippe I worked very hard, learned to be very exact and precise, to pay attention to detail. This is a detail industry.

"But the restaurant business I learned from Joe Baum. Rather I should say, what didn't I learn from Joe Baum? He knew everything I wanted to know. He taught me quality control and the running of an organization. What to read and how to demand from people. To sell literally anything to anybody, to hire consultants, to research recipes and to research markets.

Within two years of the takeover Tom and Paul had paid off their obligations to Restaurant Associates.

The first move into the black and the gold was the association with graphic artist and advertising genius George Lois, a hard-talking Greek from The Bronx who keeps twenty suits hanging in his office so "I'll have something decent to wear when I come over to The Four Seasons."

Lois said to Tom and Paul, "Just te me what you want and I'll tell you ho to get it. I guarantee my mind, m heart, my balls, my baby we'll have beyond our desires."

He had the two of them photo graphed shaking hands on the curb be fore the 52nd Street entrance to th restaurant. "Just two guys. Could hav been your uncles. No more corporat headquarters at 1540 Broadway."

The photograph and news of th transfer of ownership went out as preview mailer. Lois advised Tom an Paul to shoot the wad and reprint th mailer as a double-page spread in *Th*

Come to Canada T



w York Times. Phone calls came in om all over the world.

As the glitter of the clientele went , the snoot that marks so much of the staurant world went down. The wine t was simplified to look like a forth-ght listing of wine and not a blue-chip port. English was the language of the ouse and nothing was ever repeated French. Anybody who wanted a rec-e was given the recipe.

The substructure of The Four Sea-ns is an ant hill of minutiae, and obably no other establishment in e world hawk-watches them to such degree. What distinguishes the Sea-ns, however, is the extra factor of loving care.

The early-morning preliminary is a fine-combing of newspapers for mentions about clients. A merger, a new account, an award. These items are posted on a bulletin board to acquaint the entire staff of the latest achievement of a guest. Out go the notes of congratulations from Tom and Paul.

The regulars in the Bar Room rarely consult a menu and simply leave it to Julian. Before recommending, he quick checks the file in his head for such special instructions as the request from Mr. R's physician to keep an eye on R's diet. He tells R with authoritative enthusiasm to have the steamed bass. For R's guest, a newcomer, he suggests charcoal-grilled graavlax with dill mustard sauce, one of the Bar Room's signature dishes.

Lucca-born Giuliano Niccolini, 30, whose casual manner masks his intensity, manages the Bar Room, which Tom and Paul adroitly have developed into the annex headquarters of New York's media moguls. Giuliano is due at 10 AM but arrives by nine to follow up on his people. Realizing X has not been in for several weeks, he phoned to find out if all was well. A secretary revealed that Mr. X was recovering from a bypass operation in a Boston hospital. That *(Continued on page 206)*

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NOT BORN YESTERDAY

(Continued from page 205) same morn ing the prettiest of the page girls in he uniform was dispatched by plane to th hospital like a Little Red Riding Hood Over her arm she carried a double-lid ded market basket packed with smoked salmon, caviar, chicken soup Four Seasons bread, champagne. Th patient called back after lunch in tear ful joy. He had shared the picnic wit his surgeon and decided that life wa worth living.

Giuliano was nineteen when he ar rived in New York. He worked at th St. Regis Hotel and at the Palace Res taurant, and "every cent I earned I spent eating out. One night I came to dinner at The Four Seasons. It was be yond belief. A page escorted us to a ta ble. Nobody had ever heard of me but the captain and the waiter already ad dressed me by name.

"I was so impressed by the quality of the food, the extent of the wine list, the fair prices, the incredibly attentive ser vice—every time I turned around, a waiter was there when we needed him—that I wrote a letter to Paul Kovi."

Kovi and Margittai, ever ready to grab talent, hired Giuliano, who was then 23, to manage the Bar Room. Both are delegators. When they judge the human material to be valuable, they hand over the responsibility.

After seven years on the job, Giu liano is more impressed than ever.

"I had never seen such professional ism, loyalty, and attention to detail. Ev erything is noted. Mr., Miss, Mrs., Ms., first names. Secretaries' names. Phone numbers. Likes and dislikes. Doctors' orders. If a cup has the slightest chip, it goes into the garbage. If a cloth has the smallest hole, it goes into the dead-end bin unless we can make napkins of it. We have a full-time seamstress on the staff."

Giuliano's counterpart in the Pool Room is Mantua-born Oreste Cane vali, a twenty-year veteran of The Four Seasons. The more formal Pool Room, named for a twenty-foot square pool whose gurgling water covers the con versations of the tables around it, ap peals to chairmen and presidents of the heavyweight corporations like A.T. & T., Pan Am, Georgia-Pacific.

Table-hopping for autographs from celebrities is not permitted and tourists anxious for a camera record of their

sit are courteously invited to pose in
ie corridor before the Picasso curtain.
It was Oreste's idea to surprise chil-
ren at the end of a meal with an enor-
ous fluff ball of candied sugar
eremoniously presented on a formal
inner plate. Hang the splendid sur-
oundings. Italians love children more.
leanwhile, enough time has passed
or some of those kids to be back as sec-
nd-generation customers.

Crown Prince to Tom and Paul is
lex von Bidder, age 33. Zurich-born
f a Prussian family that followed
atherine the Great to St. Petersburg
1 the eighteenth century, Alex is all
ver the house in addition to handling
pecial parties, sometimes sixty in
reparation at a time. At 23 he was
ead of Food and Beverage for the
'ark Lane in New York with 230 em-
loyees under him. Seven years ago
'om and Paul lured him to The Four
easons, whose banqueting was at a
omparatively meager $150,000 to
200,000 a year. Currently it is running
t approximately $1.3 million.

"For seven years I have been collect-
ng telephone numbers and addresses.
'his is a most fascinating city. There is
othing you cannot get the same day in
lew York. I live by this. Anything. A
ood-grain tap-dance surface in sil-
ery beige to cover the top of the pool
or a Bill Blass fashion show. An ice-
ream mold to simulate the Chippen-
lale roof of Philip Johnson's new A.T.
& T. building. A white wedding runner
n half an hour. Any hoopla in the Pool
Room is cleared away for lunch and
linner. The parties must never get in
he way of regular business."

Over a light lunch, Alex provides
nore bits to the mosaic that makes up
The Four Seasons. No waiter is permit-
ed to grind a pepper mill for a custom-
r, a habit the house regards as an
ntrusion of personal privacy equiv-
alent to adjusting a napkin on some-
one's lap. Christian Albin, "Hitch,"
he adjutant chef, "pushes out a thou-
sand meals every day." Robert Menge,
he purchasing agent, physically re-
ceives or rejects $3-million worth of
food and beverages a year. Dublin-
born Damien Owens, who handles the
seating plan at night, entered The Four
Seasons as a busboy twenty years ago.
In 1984, The Four Seasons hired its
first young woman in a managerial po-
sition. *(Continued on page 208)*

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(Continued from page 207) Victoria Pinter, 23, is responsible for the balcony of the Bar Room. "And now the balcony has stopped being Siberia," said Alex. The restaurant is practically a service bureau for requests. A hotel suite in New York for the clients of a concierge who phoned from Monte Carlo. A reliable source for a customer looking for fresh morels.

Spark plug of the kitchens, that great outback, is Seppi Renggli, as dependable and finely regulated as a jeweled watch from his native Switzerland. From an apprenticeship at the Buffet de la Gare in Zug, he worked ranges around the world before becoming chef of Restaurant Associates' Fonda del Sol in 1966, later becoming supervising chef for all their properties.

Fashion of the period was to gussy up dishes, placing shrimp in deep-fried presentation baskets made of shredded potatoes. "I don't like food that doesn't look like food," said Seppi. "I can't stand all this playing around."

"Whatever is used for garnish, you must be able to taste it. Three or four peas you can't taste. You have to see food and at least be able to recognize it," he said in a jab at the itsy bitsy that came into vogue with Nouvelle Cuisine. Tom had him go through the entire repertory of The Four Seasons' dishes. Of those that remained, nearly all have been imperceptibly altered.

"During their first years, Tom and Paul got all the big chefs from France and Italy to come over and cook a couple of times a year. It was a big thing for us. We started to change."

Seppi's style began to emerge. He braised red snapper in red wine and added black Chinese mushrooms, a lovely combination. He sautéed a fillet of veal, topped it with a lump of crabmeat, and garnished it with artichokes and mushrooms. At first the Palace Guard of The Four Seasons howled. Meat and fish. Impossible.

"You're crazy," shouted back Seppi.

"I'd worked in Sweden," he said recently, "where they were making Veal Oscar with crawfish tails. I knew if it worked for a whole country, it would work here, too.

problems. I never before worked where it was so fine with every department. It's fun to work here. Something special.

"Tom reads every line about food, circles it, and gives it to me. If something has come on the market and we don't have it, we will phone every dealer in America if we have to until we get it. If a purchasing agent gets hold of a brand-new product, he will be on the phone. I'll tell him how much to buy and then I go to work on the recipes."

Through this aggressive game of seek and buy, The Four Seasons has been the first to introduce New Yorkers to chanterelles from Washington State, Shiitake mushrooms from Japanese growers in California, sugar snap peas from Wisconsin, fresh hearts of palm rather than canned.

Early last year Tom asked Seppi to put his hand to spa cooking. For eight months Seppi consulted with doctors and nutritionists until he was satisfied with "prudent" dishes that still were worthy of The Four Seasons.

"We're not cooking for the sick. Sure, I'll use a little butter. No margarine. I can't stand it. But now I can leave out salt entirely."

Instead he obtains his flavors from sun-dried tomatoes, ginger, horseradish, lemon grass, shallots, leeks, chives, jalapeño peppers, Japanese radish, watercress, arugula, mustard cress, fresh herbs, and the zests of lemon, orange, lime, and kumquat.

"I have a terrific crew of 32. Eleven are apprentices straight from school. After two years I encourage them to leave. They have to learn more."

To keep the kitchen happy, Seppi had Tom and Paul install a sound system. People work better with music. And they are less likely to make noise.

Pastry chef Bruno Comin, eighteen years at The Four Seasons, first met Seppi when both were working in Aruba. Bruno is responsible for the Seasons' bread and rolls, cakes and tarts, *biscuit glacés,* and semi-freddo. Every day he also produces an average of two hundred soufflés. Savory soufflés like lobster, spinach, leek, goat cheese, and walnut. Dessert soufflés like tangerine, Pear William, and praline with macadamia nuts.

One dessert has become a perennial by customer demand. The Chocolate Velvet is an intensity of chocolate on chocolate and is sliced like a cake. Two-hundred-fifty of these extravagances are made each week.

The four-sided Bar by undercurrent is staked out according to professions. Stockbrokers sidle up with stockbrokers and admen back up admen. Quiet, courtly Jim Kelly, admiral proud of his neat and gleaming bar, was born in Inverness of a Scottish mother and an Irish father. At the annual St. Patrick's Day Party hosted by a Four Seasons regular, Kelly is on the Bar Room balcony blowing on his bagpipes.

Events at The Four Seasons have become events of the New York Season. The Barrel Tasting, instituted in 1976, takes place the last Monday in March or the first Monday in April. Three hundred wine growers, members of the press, and representatives of retail stores gather for the joyous dinner at which American wines are sampled, tasted, and commented upon. It was inspired by the traditional Paulée dinner of Taillevent in Paris, where the wines of the previous year are sipped, judged, and speculated upon. The increasing importance of the Barrel Tasting has been a patent of nobility for American wines.

At the start of each season Tom and Paul give a Foursome Dinner. Forty guests, by invitation only, clamor for the privilege of paying $150 to be among those present. The long table is always dressed by an old friend of Tom's, Gene Moore, best-known for his imaginative windows for Tiffany's.

Twenty-five years is a milestone anniversary. In the life of a restaurant, though, 25 years often represents old age, middle age, or has-been. The Four Seasons, surprisingly young, constantly ready for takeoff, changes with the contemporary. Like a great newspaper, it has the renewed freshness of the front page.

Alice B. Toklas used to say that if born again she would like to be adopted by the Duke of Alba. I would like to be adopted by The Four Seasons and run my life from the springboard of the Bar Room. □

A CALIFORNIA VILLA

(Continued from page 130) The very personal style of the house consists not so much of dramatic statements as of a thousand details carefully thought out and a clever blend of seemingly opposing values—formality and informality, beauty and comfort, spaciousness and human scale, individuality and tradition, luxury and practicality. To offset the formality suggested by large-scale period furniture, heavy moldings and classical architectural details were consciously deleted. Rather simple shapes like the elongated octagon of the skylights are repeated in the frames and moldings.

The architect was persuaded to provide firewood storage in an alcove adjoining the living room: "Wood isn't ugly and I hate going out in the rain to get it." "There's nothing quite like a marble bathroom," but the marble used has a warm wood-grainlike pattern and is heated with hot-water pipes in the floor. The plasterers had to be talked into changing their formula to create a harder, smoother surface on the outside walls. "It means using little sand and more concrete but it feels a whole lot better when you lean against it, and you know how people like to lean!" Hearths are raised above the floor level, "otherwise you couldn't see the fire when you are lying in bed."

A collector with broad interests is invitably faced with housing and integrating the results of his passions. The owner has solved this dilemma admirably. The present house was simply designed "from the inside out" so that key pieces were assured adequate and appropriate spaces. Thus, each room and the combination of objects it contains are a balanced ensemble. In the living room, a generous cube with a coffered ceiling and lanternlike cupola, a large seventeenth-century tapestry after a Jacob Jordaens design hangs on the wall opposite the garden and the surrounding furniture is subordinated carefully to the palette dictated by this important work. When a number of things appear together, there is a sureness to these "combinations" which suggests that there is no substitute for the long experience of looking and learning through one's eyes—as the owner has (Continued on page 210)

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A CALIFORNIA VILLA

(Continued from page 209) done. Hi acquisitions show an instinctive appre ciation for fine craftsmanship or fo certain quirks of individual expres sion. Many of his choices may not hav carried the name of a distinguished art ist or maker, but have been recognize later to be very special indeed. Wit each goes a story of predawn forays t Portobello Road or flea markets i those halcyon days of collecting just af ter the war, or a determined search— "six years to find those two smal French tables to go right there"—o fascination with some humorous ele ment that enlivens a work of art. A painting by Lambert Sustris was ac quired not only because of its unusua sixteenth-century combination of Ital ian fantasy with Dutch realistic detai but also because it evoked a memory o Tahiti, the owner's home for a time.

Evolved from a lifetime of travel, ex perience, collecting, and learning by doing, the house is an autobiograph ical assemblage of the owner's past and present interests, taste, sentiments, personality. His innate hospitality is implicit in the comfortable furnish ings, the round dining table so condu cive to conversation, the generous, embracing spaces, the feeling that each room has all kinds of delightful things placed there for his guests' amusement or pleasure. It is a house where every single chair is comfortable and no one is a stranger long. □ *Editor: Eleanore Phillips*

AND A LITTLE MORE

(Continued from page 149) Ann's love of visual surprises also shows in her use of fabrics. She chooses them with as few preconceptions as possible, "just looking for patterns I like" and obtain ing swatches in all the colors they come in. She eschews perfect matches— finding, when considering a bandbox print for her living-room-sofa pillows, that the lavender was more appealing than the matching pink. Poet Robert Herrick's "wild civility" comes to mind: "A sweet disorder. . ." does "more bewitch me, than when Art/Is too precise in every part." □ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

(continued from page 176) precedent. It it does its job—to anchor the asymetrical façade composition and to welcome us clearly into the house. It is a front door, no questions asked.

There is more inventiveness to the ar façade, which faces the garden, d it is more open to the exterior. But appropriately expresses the more ersonal nature of this side of the ouse. A semicircular bulge topped by conical roof, almost a tower, domiites, and a colonnaded porch, with me portions screened and some pen, is set into the base of the building r the entire length of this side. Within e tower and at one end the porch aps up to a two-story height, but ese expansions are deftly masked ithin the overall mass of the house, in ne case by an overscaled window in ne upper part of the bulging tower, nd in the other by a set of unglazed quare openings that turn this part of ne shingled façade into a kind of trellis id of its own. So the sense of continuy and flow that is so important to a hingle Style exterior is maintained.

Like the façades, the interiors come



Sunny garden views surround screen porch, furnished in wicker.

closer to replicating the casual air of original Shingle Style houses than Stern's work of a few years ago. A twostory stair hall is the heart of the house, at once an organizing space and a monumental beginning to the spatial sequence. The mix of white-painted wood, blond-finished wood, and pale-green patterned walls brings a lightness that departs from the darker interiors of old Shingle Style houses, but never so much as to call to mind Modernist sleekness. The central hall gives onto what is clearly the house's nighttime gathering space, a deep-maroon living room whose focal point is a fireplace with a pair of settees set inglenooklike at its edge.

More unusual spatially is the octagonal dining room, whose walls are also dark. It is clear that this is a house designed for outdoor living by day and interior living by night. Both the dining room and the living room open onto one of the two-story outdoor porches, and so the Shingle Style's characteristic easy flow of space both within the house and from inside to outside is very much present here.

If there is one notable difference between this house and the buildings that inspired it, it is in the relatively more modest requirements of the family that commissioned it. The owners, New York restaurateurs who have summered in eastern Long Island for years, asked only that the house be able to accommodate their small family and occasional guests. So instead of the endless corridors of guest rooms that so often turned the floor plans of second floors of Shingle Style houses into dreary sequences of straight lines, the upstairs here is a tightly interlocking set of rooms, few in number but varied in shape. The master suite, which is over the living room, looks out onto the upper portion of one of the rear porch areas, then slides around the central stair hall to encompass a large bath. The two children's bedrooms on the other side of the stair hall, meanwhile, share a second-floor deck cut almost invisibly into the mass of the house.

For the owners, the relationship between architect and client was near to ideal. "We wanted a house that looked like an old house on the outside, but had everything modern on the inside. We didn't know Bob Stern, but we did know one of his houses in East Hampton that we liked, and so we thought we should at least start our search for an architect by talking to him. I told him what we had in mind, he made us a model, and I said 'That's our house.' Not only did we not end up talking to any other architects, we never really changed the design. The house does everything we wanted—but most important, it looks as if it belongs in East Hampton." □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

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JOURNAL



Horst's portrait of Gertrude Stein and poodle in Paris

PHOTO PORTRAITS OF THE ARTISTS

Literary Photographic Portraits, *Brazos Bookstore, Houston, through June 25.*

The Brazos Bookstore, which is unique in Texas for fostering the arts and creating an atmosphere in which books come to life, is celebrating its tenth anniversary with an exhibition of literary portraits drawn from photographic collections in Houston and New York. The exhibition is the first to bring a historical perspective to this particular genre of photography. Selected by the store's founding owner, Karl Kilian, the forty prints span 150 years, beginning with a portrait of Victor Hugo taken by his son Charles in 1852, thirteen years after the discovery of photography. More recent subjects includ T.S. Eliot, Beckett, Borges, Sartre, and de Beauvoir. Among the photographers are Julia Margaret Cameron, Nadar, and Man Ray. The exhibition is an appropriate tribute to a bookstore dedicated to bot the literary and the visual arts. *John Davidso*



Aldous Huxley by Man Ray



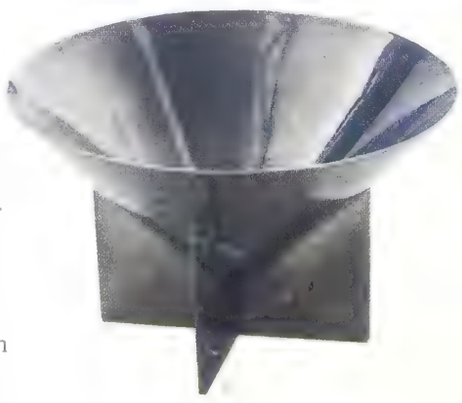
Above: 1927 Karasz *New Yorker* cover, one of 186 she designed. *Above right:* Silver saltcellar

ART DECO DISCOVERY

Ilonka Karasz: Pioneer Modernist Fifty-50 Gallery, New York, through June 23.

Ilonka Karasz was one of a handful of European-born American designers who were working in the modern manner as early as the twenties. Except for Karasz, the handful—including Richard Neutra, Donald Deskey, and Paul Frankl—was male; so she was a double pioneer, as a modernist and as a woman.

Like many artists in the first half of our century, Ilonka Karasz specialized

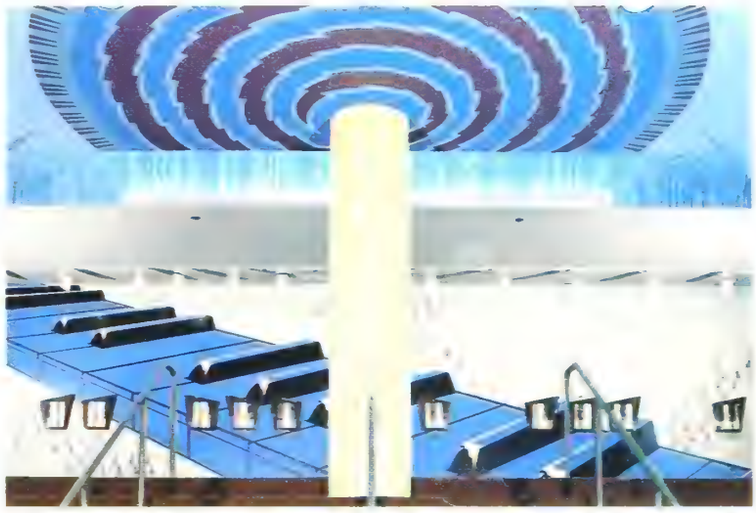


in *design,* not in any single area. She was an easel painter, a graphic artist, a book illustrator, a commercially successful designer of textiles, floor coverings, wallpaper, ceramics, metalwork, and furniture. She also tried her hand at lighting, toys, tiles, and interiors. Over a period of 48 years beginning in 1925, *The New Yorker* printed 186 Karasz covers.

Ilonka Karasz died in 1981 at the age of 84. A portion of her estate, including eighteen pieces of furniture that she designed and lived with, thirty *New Yorker* cover paintings, a tea set and other metalwork, wallpaper designs and samples, and more will be exhibited this month for sale at Fifty-50, the New York gallery specializing in post–World War II design and earlier twentieth-century work.

Elaine Greene

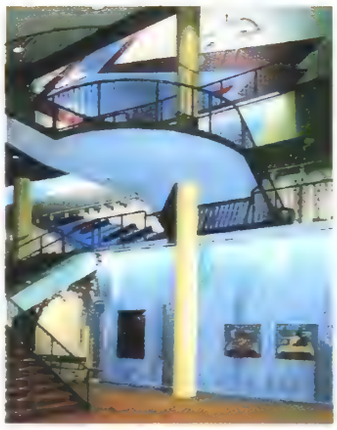




UTTIN' ON THE RITZ

Remember when theaters made going to the movies a real occasion? But where are the Loew's of yesteryear? Gone to the wrecker's ball, carved unsolomonically into twins and quads, or replaced by shopping-mall minis. Now Grand Rapids boasts what is surely the most imaginatively conceived foyer to be seen in several dull decades of theater design. Entitled *The Grand*, it is the creation of Los Angeles–based artist Alexis Smith, who transformed the drab entry areas of De Vos Hall into a trompe l'oeil triumph.

Such archetypal and evocative high-life symbols of the Astaire-Rogers Era as top hats, piano keys, and high-heeled shoes are mingled with texts chosen by Smith from twenties and thirties songs, plays, and novels. Sample: "I'll build a stairway to paradise/ with a new step every day. . . ." The effervescent good humor of this work makes yet another quote seem most apt of all: "Funny stuff. It's called champagne." In the case of Alexis Smith's glorious *Grand*, you can just call it art. *Martin Filler*





PLAZA NOT FOR SQUARES

Public art in the recent past has all too often meant bold, aggressive sculptural abstractions that afflict rather than adorn our parks and urban plazas. But for a public weary of public art, relief may be in store in the form of Ned Smyth's latest "environments" for a new park in Pittsburgh called Allegheny Landing, scheduled to open June 12. Donated by the H. J. Heinz Company and the Heinz family, the *Piazza Lavoro* and the smaller *Mythic Source* are, refreshingly, not afraid to be crowd-pleasers. In the *Piazza Lavoro*, twenty-foot-high stylized basilica façades covered with mosaic figural compositions recall an aesthetic and spatial experience one finds in medieval Italian piazzas. As its name indicates, the piazza and its mosaic figures are meant to represent the achievements of labor—a subject with a long tradition in Pittsburgh. But in his free use of historical sources—ancient, medieval, and Renaissance—Smyth also hopes to evoke a sense of reverence for the shared values of our culture. A formidable task in our ideologically fragmented society, but the very attempt may be just what the public ordered. *Ann Priester*



Above left: Piazza Lavoro. Above: Mythic Source, a reminder of the watery origins of life.

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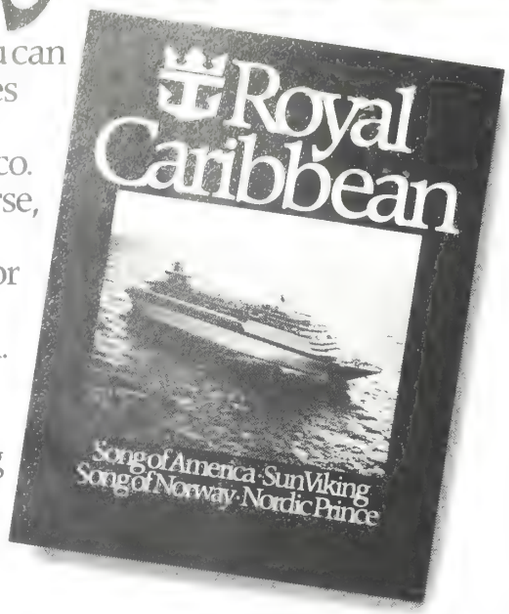
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A PLACE TO HANG YOUR HAT

(Continued from page 142) room, he said, should be painted off-white with wooden Venetian blinds the same color. Otherwise, I left it to him.

I came back from Africa a few months later to find an airy, well-proportioned room, rather like certain rooms in early Renaissance paintings: small in themselves but with vistas that give an illusion of limitless space. I bought a folding card table to write on and a tubular chair, which, when not in use, could live out on the landing.

Then I bought a sofa.

Long ago, I used to work for a firm of art auctioneers; and from time to time I still sneak into Sotheby's or Christie's—if only, hypocritically, to congratulate myself on my escape from the "mania of owning things." One morning, however, on a trip to the London Library, I looked in on a sale of French furniture at Christie's—and there was no escape.

I saw the kind of sofa you might see in a painting by David. It had rigorously classical proportions and its original pale gray paint. It was stamped by the firm of Jacob-Desmalter and its stretchers were covered with inventory marks from the Château de Versailles—from which one could gather that it had been made for the apartment of the Empress Marie-Louise. Fortunately for me that morning, M. Mitterrand had been elected President of France, and the Paris dealers were not in a buying mood.

Obviously such an object should be upholstered in blue silk damask with gold Napoleonic bees. But the sofa arrived from the upholsterers covered in muslin; and since the chances, either of paying for the damask or of getting it back downstairs, are so remote, the muslin will have to remain.

As for other furniture—although the room needed none—I already had an old French chair, of the Régence, in its original but bashed-up condition. And I had a birchwood table and stool—of the kind my mother used to call "Swedish Modern."

I used to see this furniture, sometimes, in the flats of Jewish refugees in Hampstead or Highgate—people who had arrived in London in the late thirties with nothing in their luggage, except their clothes and perhaps a Klee or Kandinsky. It is, of course, designed by Alvar Aalto, and was marketed in

London before the war by a firm called Omar. It was the cheapest modern furniture one could buy: my mother remembers paying five shillings for the stool when she furnished her own one-room flat in 1936.

In my "art-world" days I was a voracious collector, but only a few pieces remain. Sold the Egyptian relief. Sold the Archaic Greek torso. Sold the fifth-century Attic head. Sold the Giacometti drawing. Sold the Maori carving, which once formed part of Sarah Bernhardt's bed. They were sold to pay for books, or journeys, or simply to eat, during the years of pretending to be a writer.

I cannot regret them. Besides, in my late twenties, I was sick of things; and after traveling some months in the desert, I fell for a kind of "Islamic" iconoclasm and believed, in all seriousness, that one should never bow before the graven image. As a result, the things that survived this iconoclastic phase are, for the most part, "abstract."

I still have, for example, a hanging of blue and yellow parrot feathers, probably made for the back wall of a Peruvian Sun Temple and supposed to date from the fifth century A.D. In 1966, I saw a similar piece in the Dumbarton Oaks collection and, on returning to New York went to see my friend John Wise, who dealt in pre-Columbian art in a



The author's bunklike bed

room in the Westbury Hotel.

John Wise was a man of enormous presence and a finely developed sense of the ridiculous.

"I'd give anything for one of those," I said.

"Would you?" he growled. "How much money have you got in your pockets?"

"I don't know."

"Empty them, stupid!"

I handed him about $250—and he handed me back $10 with an equally grumpy "I suppose you eat lunch." He then called his assistant to unroll the textile onto the floor.

"Lucky sod!" he called out, as I walked away with it under my arm.

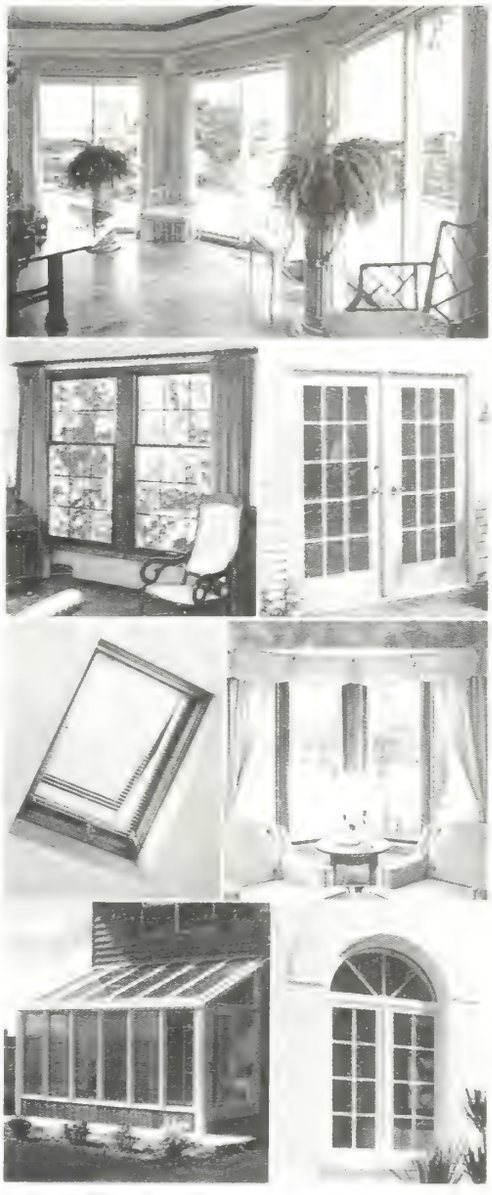
I also have a sheet of Islamic Kufic calligraphy, from an eighth-century Koran—which has a certain talismanic value for a writer, in that Allah first cut a reed pen and with it he wrote the world. There is an Indian painting of a banana tree; a Sienese fifteenth-century cross in tempera and gold; and a gilt-bronze roundel from a Japanese Buddhist temple. Other than that, I have a small collection of Japanese *negoro* lacquers, which once belonged to a German called Ernst Grosse.

Grosse was the Keeper of Japanese Art in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum in Berlin before the war. Before that, I believe, he lived in the Daitoku-ji in Kyoto. With his friend Eugen Herrigel, the author of *Zen and the Art of Archery,* he was one of the few Westerners to appreciate what the Japanese call *wabi;* that is to say "poverty" in art. My favorite possession is a round box, which surely represents the rising sun, dates from the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and has belonged to a succession of famous tea masters. The story goes that the monks, who made this lacquer, would paint it in a boat moored out on a lake, for fear the dust would spoil the final coat.

Lastly, I have one contemporary sculpture: a fiberglass wall-piece the color of watermelon, by John Duff. Three times, I had gone into houses full of works by famous names; and each time, the only work that really grabbed me was by a "strange man called Duff." He had once been a surfer and was a student of Zen.

"I have to see this Duff," I said, and when, finally, I walked into his studio in Chinatown, I knew, for certain, that this was the "real thing."

I don't do much writing in my room. For that, I need other conditions and other places. But I can think there, listen to music, read in bed, and take notes. I can feed four friends; and it is, when all is said, a place to hang one's hat. □



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Continued from page 134 hourglass. The main house—not really a house, a sort of shack—is right on the dunes. Then the land narrows and there's a long, long thin bit and then it widens out again in the same shape at the other end. But it's quite different. Right on the dunes there's wonderful witch grass blowing in the wind but nothing much else grows; it's very flat. With this little walk, which is four minutes, you get into pine forests: tall old pines, scrub oak, and little open spaces with hog cranberry.

CJ: Almost like miniature meadows.

MK: We found one in the middle, on a little bit of a rise, and that was the place. We spent a lot of time with me sitting on Charlie's shoulders walking around saying, "a bit more to the right, a bit more to the left," looking this way and that way. Charlie was interested in orienting the house toward the pond and the ocean, and I was interested in light and how the morning sun would hit and how the evening sun would come in.

CJ: You also went up a tree, didn't you? Or did I?

MK: We all went up trees.

CJ: It was very important both for us and the neighbors that you couldn't see any other house or be seen. You rarely see a house built in nature because it's very difficult and expensive. What you have to do in effect is to build a road and then get rid of the road—and we had to do that, by the way.

MK: We worked on it a lot together. I'm very interested in planning things and so is Charlie, but he's even more interested in the 3-D, which I can't do in plan. I can only sort of fiddle with it later. But we both liked the idea of having a very very simple basic shell and then adding the little bits that stick out later. Charlie did the drawings and we talked to the builder and away we went. It was done when we weren't there, on the principle that if anything went wrong we'd decorate it—because we couldn't be there.

CJ: The principle has worked very well but you do see some faults. The Widow's Walk was too stubby, so I tried to tiare it out with ready-made [illegible]

MK: When it was built and we came back the next year, we were absolutely delighted with it—it was much better than we thought it would be. Partly because it fitted right away into the landscape. We made a great song and dance with the builders about how much we didn't want the plants disturbed and we spent a lot of time fitting the house into the pine trees that were already on the site. Everything grows very slowly there, so we didn't want to cut down anything.

CJ: As a studio and a writer's place, it's ideal. There's no telephone. Then you can run out and have a swim twenty feet away in the pond. It's fantastic.

MK: Charlie works in it a lot and we sleep in it a lot. It has one of those little domes over the bed so you lie in bed and open your eyes and the stars are right overhead: like sleeping outside.

CJ: Or sleeping in a tent. People who have come to stay have enjoyed sleeping in it, haven't they? It's a honeymooners' place too—friends spent their wedding night there.

MK: Over at the main house we have young children and teen-age children batting about, people coming and going, and it's very exciting. Then we just leave that and take off on the little sandy track through the woods and suddenly there's the studio and it's peaceful and the light is beautiful.

CJ: And there's that outdoor balcony for sitting out and drinking in the late afternoon. When we have a cocktail party you can sit outside or up on the Widow's Walk; or open up the whole thing so it becomes a single room.

MK: It's a studio that belongs to the other house but just happens to be quite separate. As if we took it and put it down in the middle of the woods.

CJ: We started here with the idea of the house as a village, a cluster of pavilions, and we've developed it since. It works so well for privacy. Each little house can specialize. You don't live in the studio so you don't have to carry groceries. But if we didn't have the other buildings then this one couldn't have specialized. More importantly, as I saw it in 1975–77, the period when I was doing this house, ornament and symbolism and contexturalism hadn [illegible] been stressed in architecture enough. If you like, this is a polemical building trying to do those three things. Today I would have incorporated more ornament and symbolism—maybe to the detriment. They're very subdued here.

MK: I like that because it's such an escape. Once you look at the house you more or less understand it. Then it's very interesting to look at but it isn't demanding—a very peaceful place.

CJ: The ornament is there, but it's very abstract. The four-by-four studs are more than doubled, there's an excess beyond structural needs. On the walls they create geometrical divisions in a harmonic progression from three to nine to five. And four-by-fours and one-by-fours are used to make the furniture—table, chairs, benches—so there's a harmony among the constructural elements. Each of the parts is harmonious in itself but not harmonious from one part to another: there's a disjunction between the wall and the ceiling, the beams and the floor. I call it dissonant harmony. Almost every photograph shows it. And another principle: free-style Classicism, that is, using Classical motifs and even Classical symmetries in an asymmetrical way.

As a critic who architects, rather than an architect who criticizes—I may start practicing architecture much more—building this house really was helpful for me, for clarifying what architecture was then and where I thought it was going. Since this house and the other one I've done are for myself, I've had a lot more control than an architect would ordinarily. And I could write the program. Since then I've been trying to design around a program directly. I write the program before I design and it can go up to three or four pages just for one room. And I try to consult with scientists, artists, iconographers, historians, even the man on the street to write the program. I think that's an important next step in architecture, in fact I'm convinced of it. So I used the building to experiment in another sense than just experimenting on the building. It's an attempt to push the edges of architecture forward. □

(*Continued from page 156*) as "the old bachelor on the mountain." The intended look of the house was equally straightforward; like most dwellings in this region, the outer walls would be adobe and straw and the roof would be galvanized steel. If there were going to be any design touches, only those who were invited in would ever be able to see them.

These days, that invitation is coveted. Not because of what's inside, for this home has very little in the way of furniture, but because of the tranquility the emptiness provokes. The interior walls, which are also made of adobe, imitate the theme; as Hamilton says, "They make the house more like a nest." The details do the rest: rough beams overhead, thick spruce doors and window frames, stark marble tubs built by Hamilton's friend Jim Knight, a Japanese shower in an uncurtained bath, and, in the attic studio, a circle of dried blue corn resting on the bare floor as a counterpoint to Hamilton's sculptures.

While Hamilton was supervising this construction, he was also working full-time for O'Keeffe. In the mid seventies, this was not an inconsiderable task—there was the mammoth book of her art to prepare, exhibitions to consider, paintings to sell. This last put Hamilton in direct conflict with Doris Bry, who had known O'Keeffe for 31 years and acted as her dealer for more than a decade. In 1978, at the opening of Hamilton's first New York show, Bry had Hamilton served with a $13-million lawsuit. "I knew it was happening," Hamilton explains. "I could have avoided it by not going to my opening—but a person *has* to go to his own opening."

Hamilton regarded this suit as an attempt to drive him out of O'Keeffe's life. Now that it seems to have expired, he sees it as a kind of blessing—it strengthened his alliance with O'Keeffe and made him more productive. And the record of the past five years certainly supports that assessment. In 1979, Ann Marie Prohoroff, "the young O'Keeffe" Hamilton had been dreaming about for years, appeared in Abiquiu and was persuaded to stay. In 1980, their son Albert was born. In 1981, Hamilton and O'Keeffe began editing the hundreds of photographs taken of her between 1917 and 1933 by Alfred Stieglitz. Branden was born the following year. In 1983, Hamilton exhibited sixty pieces in three gallery shows, co-curated the Stieglitz exhibit, supervised the publication of the Stieglitz book, and took O'Keeffe east in search of a New York base. Only the New York expedition, which focused on an apartment at 770 Park Avenue, was a failure.

And along with all that activity was the never-ending chore of dealing with O'Keeffe's mail. "We have a small staff—a secretary and me," Hamilton says. "We hear from art historians, writers, museums, and collectors, and to some extent, they're all impatient correspondents, as if Miss O'Keeffe, at 96, should be standing by her door waiting to answer her letters. If something isn't answered in two weeks, the Mailgram comes: 'You must not have received my letter. A copy will be coming to you tomorrow by Federal Express. Your earliest reply is requested as we are way beyond our deadline.' "

One response to this surge of interest in O'Keeffe was a virtual withdrawal of her work from the art market. "We try to sell very few paintings each year to museums or to collectors who will let these works end up in museums," Hamilton says. This restriction has driven O'Keeffe prices up an estimated 25 percent a year while reducing Hamilton's hours at O'Keeffe's house to mornings and early afternoons.

This relative freedom from O'Keeffe's business affairs has not, however, dramatically increased Hamilton's time in his studio. He is, he laments, "one of those unfortunate octopus-type people who has to do a little of everything." A lot of everything is more like it. He's in the process of renovating a shed so he can have a second studio and a darkroom. His Ford truck with a twelve-thousand-pound crane that extends 25 feet in all directions is available for rent. Nearby, planks of four-inch-thick spruce are drying; they'll soon be converted into tabletops and window frames.

The irony of Hamilton's passion for equipment, studios, and extracurricular projects is that the tools he needs to make his sculpture can fit in his shirt pocket and the pots themselves can still be made on a kitchen table. It is something of a relief, therefore, to climb the stairs to Hamilton's spacious attic and find that it is not cluttered with possessions—that everything here directly facilitates Hamilton's art.

Indeed, what is most remarkable about Hamilton's studio is that in a room with a view that brings to mind a dozen O'Keeffe paintings, his lacquered and bronzed sculptures are as compelling as the clouds that drift across the valley. For Hamilton, there's no longer any contest between the two. More often than not, he comes here after his children are asleep and works deep into the night, but even when he's making a piece across the table from his clay-molding sons, he rarely finds his attention wavering. "If anything, I get more centered by the view than distracted," he says. "I get distracted by the telephone. The view does not talk back."

But as alone as he likes to be, Juan Hamilton's no longer lonely in this hamlet of two hundred souls. He and his wife have running debates about gardens. Friends ride up the hill on horseback to give his children rides. And if he's hungry for spectacle, there's always Espanola, the only town between Abiquiu and Santa Fe big enough to appear on road maps; here, starting at dusk on weekend evenings, young men drive their imaginatively modified cars through "the low-rider capital of the world" at an attention-getting ten miles an hour.

Hamilton went to Costa Rica not long ago, as much to see if he still missed Central America as to visit his parents. He brought back a collection of beach pebbles for inspiration—and the unshakeable conviction that New Mexico is, finally, his home. "All the time I was in Costa Rica, I thought, 'I can't live here, there's not enough going on, I've got to get back to Abiquiu,' " he says. And then he smiles in a way that suggests he is, at last, thinking more about his family, his house, and his own art than he is about Georgia O'Keeffe. □

CITY OF FLOWERLY LOVE

Connoisseurs give Philadelphia's annual flower show the blue ribbon

By Henry Mitchell



Hollyhocks are among the flowers by a garden wall in the Gale Nurseries exhibit

The Philadelphia Flower Show is one American institution that has become even better in a time of rising costs. Six miles of glossy smilax was hung from the ceilings this year to provide a canopy of richest green in case you should look up in this vast five-acre barn of a Civic Center. Ordinarily the visitor's eyes look down or straight ahead for fear of missing something more exciting than smilax, and this may be the place to say that many of the displays repaid the most intense scrutiny.

The great March show customarily opens on a Sunday, and this year The Pennsylvania Horticultural Society allowed me to visit the show site the previous Monday, Friday, and Saturday to see just how the show is assembled and to talk with many who have transformed the whole idea of a flower show from its former sad state of florist displays to an event worth the closest attention of the amateur gardener. Two of the displays, I thought, were of such perfection as to transcend the limits of even a very good show and to rank with the best efforts ever mounted here or in Britain, and since the two were as different in tone and feeling as can ever be imagined a few words about each will serve to make the normal gardener drool even weeks afterward.

Charles H. Gale (Gale Nurseries, Gwynedd, Pennsylvania) and his son, Chuck, devoted seven thousand square feet of greenhouse, to say nothing of some refrigerated vans, to present seventeen hundred square feet of garden in full bloom, unparalleled by anything else in the show and more gorgeous than I have seen, for that matter, in a couple of visits to the Chelsea Show in London. Anybody could do it, given a lifetime of knowledge, a sturdy base of admirable good taste, and an accountant too small to win a fistfight. The Gales' accountant did in fact object, on the sensible grounds that twenty to forty thousand is a good bit for a small nursery to spend on a display lasting a week, even if two hundred thousand or so visitors admire it. Not all of them, after all, are going to go out to Gwynedd to buy a hollyhock. Mr. Gale said he justified the cost of the display several ways: he was pretty sure visitors would be enchanted, and that was worth something, and he wanted to do it because he wanted to do it. Some men, he hinted darkly, spend as much or more on dancing girls.

Last year he raised five hundred foxgloves and managed to bring only three of them into bloom for the show. This rankled. All that effort and expense for nothing. It cannot be too well-known that such a display as this year's *(Continued on page 220)*



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to succeed properly" involves not only money, which is the least of it, but day-by-day attention for months beforehand. Plants have to be lifted and chilled for six weeks. Some require greater length of dormancy, some less, and they are brought into greenhouses for gentle forcing. Some come on far more quickly than others. Some balk at any noticeable heat and insist on quite cool conditions, while others like to bask. A coreopsis or sunflower, normally blooming in July, does not have the same taste as a bleeding heart, which all summer long dreams of Seattle.

The show organization, as part of the horticultural society, has a budget of a million dollars a year. Don't forget the smilax, which is not free. There is a subsidy to commercial exhibitors of about eight dollars a square foot, and while this does not pay the cost by any means, it does make possible exhibits that otherwise could not be undertaken by the grower. One of the things to be reckoned, not that the Gales and similar exhibitors like to reckon it, is what seven thousand feet of greenhouse could produce in the way of cucumbers for the winter market, or what skilled labor could be doing with the time spent coddling delphiniums to bloom in early March. It is best, for sanity's sake, not to think of these things if you exhibit.

A summerhouse sat in the center of the long Gale border, which in turn was backed by a masonry wall to give the effect of an old walled garden. The old paving stones from the summerhouse were set with wide joints planted in various thymes. To the left the border was of soft colors, to the right were hot colors. I probably missed a few of the beaming occupants, but I noted ageratum, white Dutch irises, astilbes in white and blush pink, pink begonias, pastel lupines, white daisies of two sorts, carmine cleomes six feet tall against dark conifers, delphiniums in tints of blue, the tallest reaching seven feet, rose and white hollyhocks six fe high, clumps of foxgloves (no troub at all this year, thank you) in their in memorial soft tints, deep rose Asiat hybrid lilies, scabiosa, *Deutzia gracili* white dogwoods, and *Malus floribund* (at that beautiful stage in which th white flowers are still in carmine-tinte bud). A beautiful carved stone wel head with wrought-iron overthro was graced with a clematis twining up and not in bloom, the only pervers plant in the entire display. There wer tall garden phlox, white and yello columbines, clipped box, a bit of nic green grass, tall bearded irises, larg blue-lavender petunias, not scente though this made no difference sinc once the show opened you'd be tram pled fatally if you got down to smel them, rose nicotianas, tall old-tim snapdragons in pink, yellow, and whit (all invisibly staked), doronicums peer ing through box, curious lychnis sai to be pastel hybrids of the fiery *L. Haa geana,* and soft blue veronica.

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On the hot side of the border were edding dahlias, used with fine discre- on to avoid that forest-fire look, crim- on nicotiana, eight glorious stalks of aggy sunflowers six feet tall, white ock, several sorts of gaillardias and dbeckias, red achilleas, coreopsis, thrum, and plenty of that charming d somewhat neglected *Spiraea Thun- ergii* decked with the smallest and hitest of stars.

The other great instant garden of the ow was entered by Judd's Hollylan Jursery of Pitman, New Jersey. This as a strip meant to look as though it ad been transplanted intact from a ine barren. It is almost impossible to reate under a roof the precise distri- ution of the pines and undergrowth nat is so irresistible in nature, but it as done flawlessly here. The long dis- lay was edged with subtle but fanat- cal care: here a rotted log, there a small ank of moss, yonder a bit of thin grass with striped pipsissewas in bloom. There were little patches of lichen, ut- erly natural in effect. The very border f this display had greater art and taste han one has any right to expect in such transient garden. A dirt path led hrough the pines to an old cedar hut, eemingly weathered by the centuries. The understory consisted of the ele- gant and fleeting shadblow, *Amelan- hier canadensis* (no more exquisite lant exists in this world, though it is in eauty no more than a week at most), various huckleberries and kalmias, the ayberry, the modest staggerbush *Lyonia mariana* in reticent bloom, *Rho- odendron periclymenoides* (wild hon- eysuckle they still call it in the country), trailing arbutus, three sundews, one of them no larger than a silver dollar with its twenty little spoon leaves glistening with microscopic drops of sticky dew on which insects are trapped. This en- chanting beast of a plant was nestled by the stem of a bush, with some thin grass nearby, a wonderful little thing that no- body would see unless he paid strict at- tention.

The most colorful plant was a much ignored American beauty, *Helonias bullata,* in great quantity, resembling dozens of rose-colored chicken drum- sticks stuck here and there on the for- est floor. Mr. Judd told me the deer graze it severely, and where they do it seems to come thicker. The little *Mit- chella repens,* *(Continued on page 222)*

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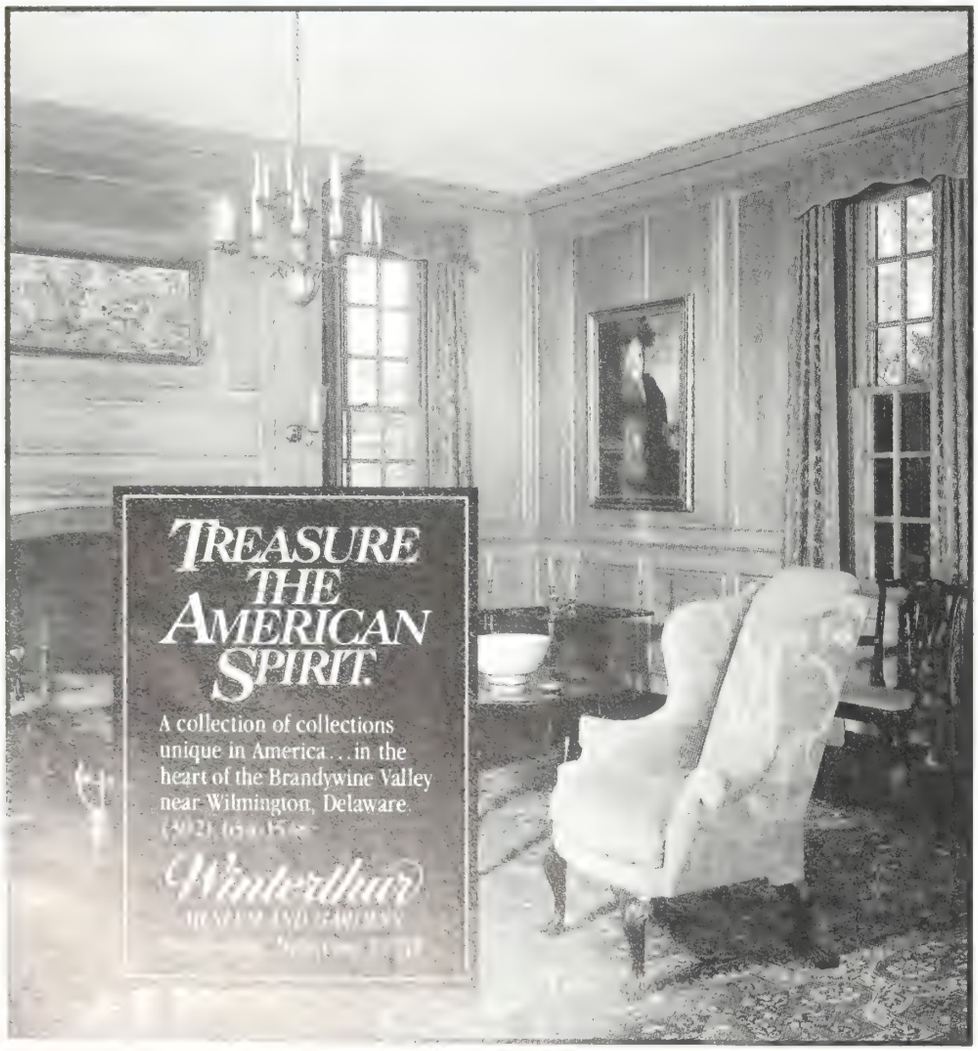
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(Continued from page 221) the partridgeberry, crept about in a convincingly natural manner; this is a common woodland treasure that for some reason often looks awful when plucked up and incorporated in an indoor woodland garden.

Another insectivorous plant, *Sarracenia purpurea,* was present in a number of specimens in full, perfect, and perhaps sinister bloom of a deeper, brighter, and more lustrous crimson than I have ever seen it. There were ferns and *Hudsonia ericoides,* the golden heather, arenarias (the pine-barren sandwort) and bearberries, *Leucothoe racemosa,* sometimes called dog-hobble; I once saw a dog trip over it, though not at this show where dogs are not welcome. *Pyxidanthera barbulata* was one of the American plants new to me, sitting there as thin as a tile and thickly starred with white flowers. There were dozens of other plants, all of them used with such delicacy that one scarcely saw them unless one stopped and examined each component of the superb design. This is the sort of exhibit that could not be created except by one so tempered with the restraints of nature that he no longer knows how to be wrong or vulgar, and I never saw anything anywhere that deserved higher praise than the Judd display.

The walkways of the show, which seem absurdly wide before the public is admitted and absurdly narrow thereafter, were bright with great masses of hyacinths, forced daffodils, a great many tulips and cinerarias, providing rich color; and the hyacinths perfumed the air right up the moving stairways to the floor above.

A central exhibit included a small island in a woodland pond, graced with several mandarin drakes richly caparisoned in gold and red. One year the equally showy American wood duck swam here, but (though pinioned) migrated in the night to Mr. Judd's display an acre or two distant, probably eating up a number of his greatest woodland rarities. This year the ducks stayed put and paddled about like gentlemen. A twelve-foot-high *Rhododendron mucronulatum,* the largest most of us had ever seen, towered in full bloom, with a six-foot *R. poukhanense* beside it, and smaller wild azaleas running in and out of the surrounding planting.

A great display every year comes om Vick's Wildgardens of Gladwyne, ennsylvania, usually a wooded hillside ith water. Great pines are sawed off nd hoisted by cranes to be sunk in their roper settings. Twenty vast tractor-ailer loads of earth arrive in the days efore the show, and young men teeter ther precariously on improvised scaf-olds to nail beams for pyramidal roofs n gazebos. Photographers panic when orkers walk in front of cameras set for wo-minute exposures, and an exhibi-or is treated to such diversions as be-ng asked if he wouldn't like fifty extra ons of sand, for calculations cannot be recise.

Albert Vick, exhibiting since 1930, aid his exhibit at this one show brings nough business to last him a full year. d Lindemann, show designer, could e seen at any time during the days of nstallation ensconced in a glass obser-ation gallery with a view of the floor nd its 1,500 workers, as well as Jane 'epper, executive director of the horti-cultural society, coasting about on a mechanized scooter, and J. Liddon Pennock, show chairman, marching with gravity and fairly unruffled brow from one trouble to another. "Wednesday night before the show is the night you swear you'll never exhibit anything ever again as long as you live," said an exhibitor on Friday, "but then Friday comes and your blood pressure goes down a little and you think it doesn't look so bad, after all. By Saturday the whole place looks exciting and you wouldn't have missed it for anything." Mr. Lindemann, a few days before the show opened, said that although his work of overall designing is far in the past, he still lives in anxiety: "I only wish I was as sleepy at 3 A.M. as I am at 3 P.M."

Nobody should think that the fifty-odd major displays not singled out are of only routine interest. Many were outstanding, including a fairly breath-taking group of bonsai, mounted on double-cube pedestals set in a formal pool (obviously to keep bonsai fanatics at a safe distance). A Montezuma pine only 25 years old could have passed for three hundred years, and two groups of beech forests in trays were so superbly handled as to melt the heart of even the most austere gardener who as a rule disapproves of dwarfs, giants, fasciations, chimaeras, and (especially) copper wire. A trident maple just coming into lime-green leaf bud was exquisite, and did much to show that bonsai may be worth honoring. Winterthur Museum had a garden of Asian garden flowers, including some tree peonies that refused to come right and a little swamp of candelabra primroses. *Primula burmanica* and *P. florindae* were out of the ordinary.

A moon-viewing platform looked at a great naturalistic pool stocked with quite fine Nishiki-goi, the Japanese carp of many colors and patterns. There were dozens of small pools in various gardens, almost all of them worth more than *(Continued on page 224)*

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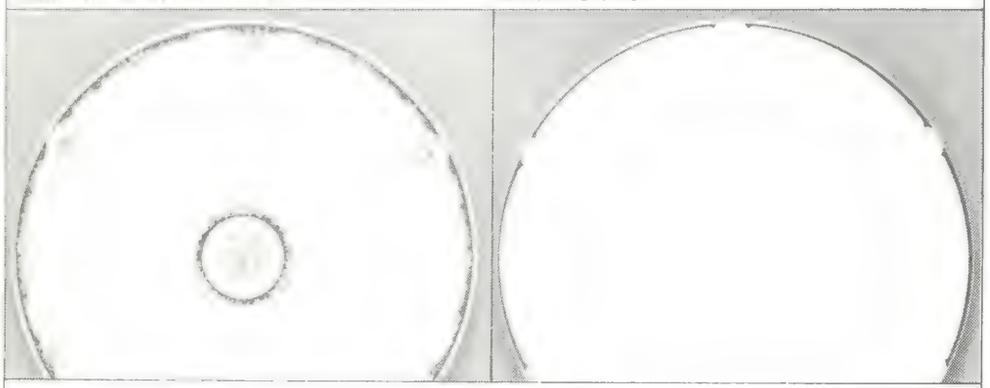
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GARDEN PLEASURES

(Continued from page 223) a passin glance, along with a surprisingly fin assortment of wooden bridges, a fa cry from the days when slapdash ef forts sufficed for a show. Fragrant v burnums were everywhere, occasionall one stumbled on a thick little tangle o sweet peas, or turned a corner to se the façade of an old cottage, the door way flanked with superb eight-foo plants of *Jasminum polyanthum* i peak bloom. The Morris Arboretun showed a grand assortment of Asia plants, including Japanese irises in per fection and they cannot be easy t force; and Pennsylvania State Univer sity offered Oriental vegetables grow in raised beds. The winter melon failed at the last minute and could no be shown, but that's life. Gardener know all about that.

The old show schedules of the pas century—the show began in 1829—went into great detail for the classes of say, pansies, and we no longer see this Rock-garden plants, agaves of many sorts, and warmth-loving plants have taken their place. The most encourag ing thing for the future is that the majo displays, such as Judd's and Gale's, are more sophisticated, more astonishing more skillful than exhibits were years ago, and the range of flowers and woody plants is far greater than ever before.

Because of a huge gathering of or chid fanatics elsewhere, the usual fine orchid displays of the Philadelphia show were lacking this year. To help out, a grower far distant arranged to have his own orchids displayed—and then was snowed in in the middle of nowhere. He will have a reward in heaven. As in any great show, there were small tragedies (not so small if you're at a closed-down airport with your orchids); the platycodons unaccountably fail, the winter melons go back on you three days before the show. All of that. And the final result of so much anxiety, so many bitter disappointments, is not short of mesmerizing glory. My own best memory of the show is of Mr. Gale standing a few feet from his walled garden packed with the flowers of spring and summer and an amazed look on his face. He planned it this way but never quite expected it to be so wonderful. He was as astonished as a spaniel with two tails and 27 pups, and so were the visitors. □

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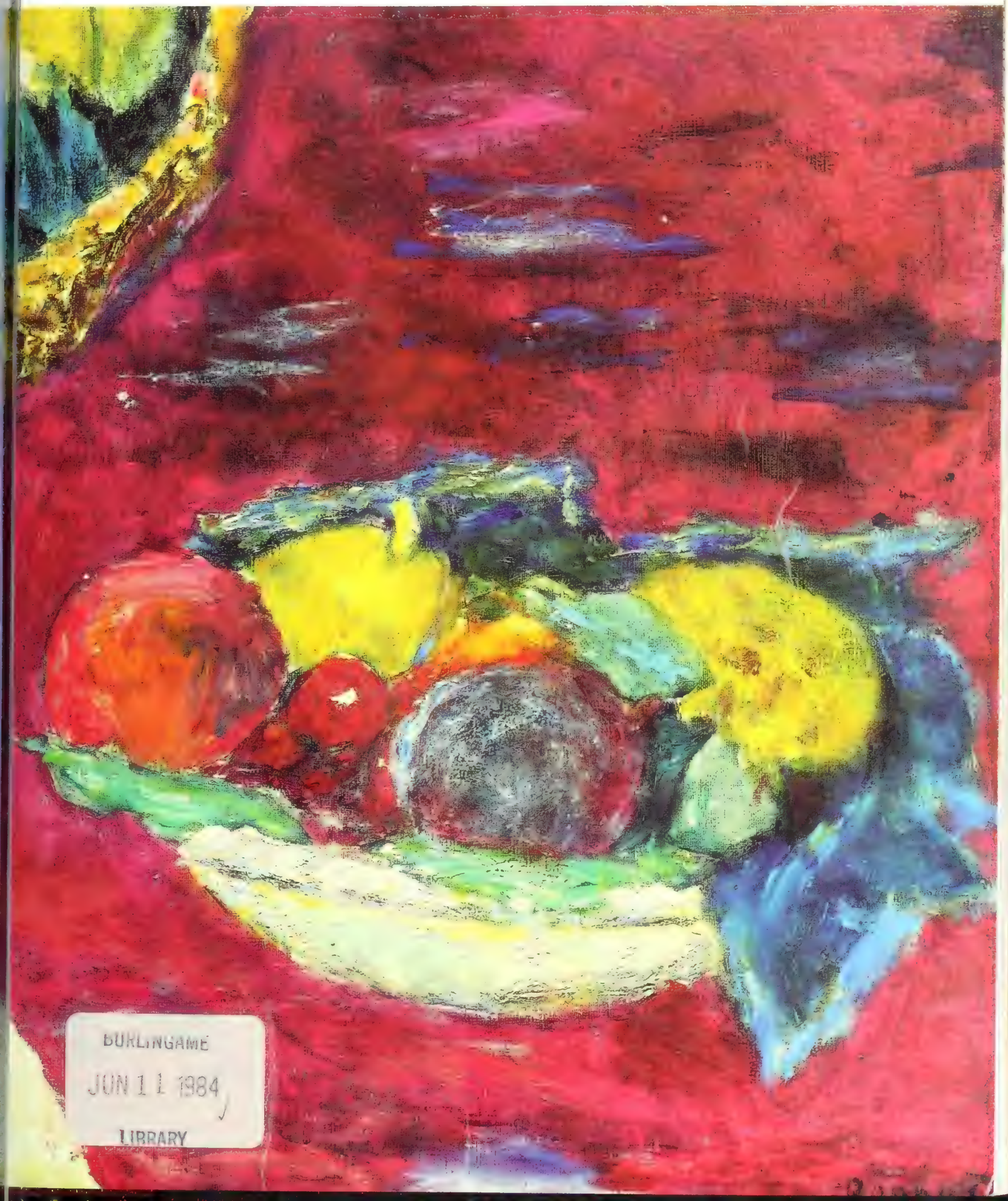
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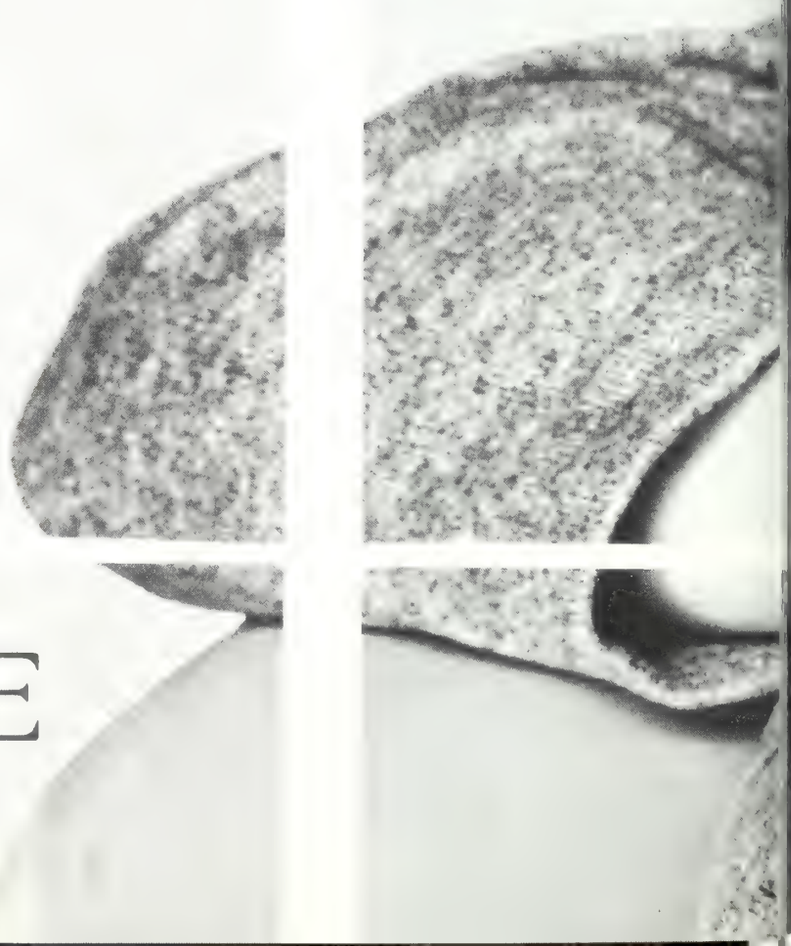
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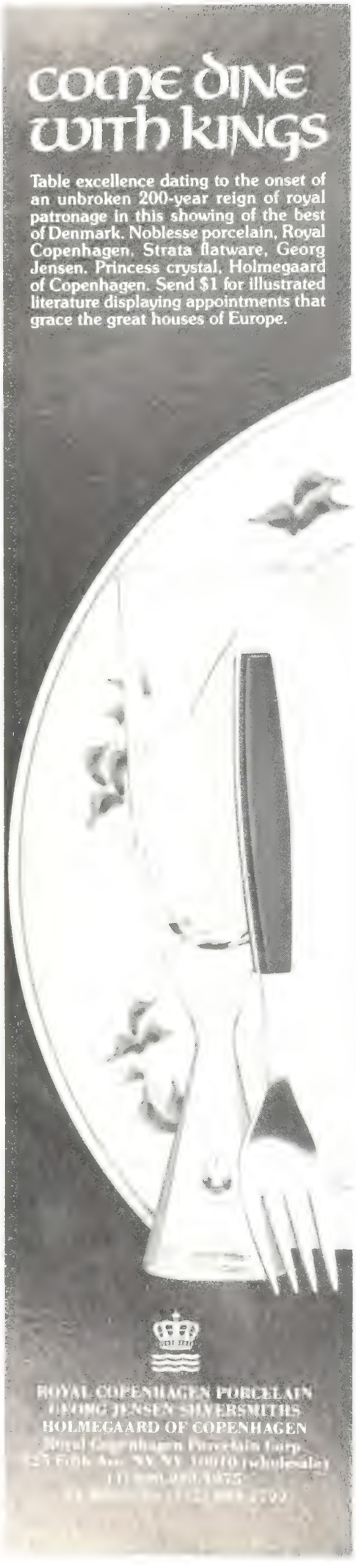
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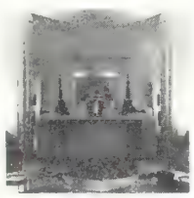


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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



National Magazine Awards, Alexander Calder's *Elephant*

There is an unusual excitement at House & Garden as I write The Editor's Page this month—for two elephants just moved into my office. The elephants—reproductions of Alexander Calder's stabile *Elephant*—are the prestigious "Oscars" of the publishing world, handed out by the American Society of Magazine Editors when it presents The National Magazine Awards each year.

This year, House & Garden received two of the eleven awards: the Design award and the award for General Excellence in magazines with a circulation of 400,000 to 1 million readers.

Said the judges: "The magazine's staff has made a bold change which works. House & Garden is a unit of excellence, with words and content and design harmoniously blended . . . expressing taste and joy in the beauty and function of its subject matter. The vision offered readers is both romantic and down-to-earth, a bracing combination." The judges found House & Garden "in every way appealing, at once informative, comforting and stimulating."

The screening panel for the Design award hailed House & Garden for its "classic approach to typography, an unusually sensitive use of photography and more than a bit of magic in the

Elephants may provide the magic on Madison Avenue, but it is ponies and pigs at Point Lookout, the Pennsylvania farm of the young Wyeths. Jamie Wyeth's most famous *Pig* is part of the permanent exhibition at the Brandywine River Museum, where the work of three generations of the Wyeth family can be seen: Andrew Wyeth's landscapes and portraits, his father N.C. Wyeth's illustrations for *Treasure Island, Kidnapped,* and *The Black Arrow,* and his son Jamie Wyeth's work, which will also be at the stunning new Portland (Maine) Museum of Art building this summer. That show, "Jamie Wyeth—An American View," will be on exhibit there until September 9, just in time for some of the work to get back to Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, for the opening of Brandywine's $3.5 million new wing in mid September. In addition to gallery space, the new wing will house an expanded museum shop and restaurant, making a trip to the Brandywine more appealing than ever.

Pierre Bonnard was another artist who found his subject matter in his house and garden, as the major Bonnard show at Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris revealed this spring. From the detail on our cover, to the portfolio of Bonnard's work beginning on page 86, along with the text written by his great-nephew Antoine Terrasse, it is clear that the artist was one of the great poets of domesticity. The Bonnard show is now at The Phillips Collection in Washington, D.C., through August 20, then moves to the Dallas Museum of Art, September 16 to November 20.

Whereas domestic scenes have always provided a subject for art, Metropolitan Museum of Art general counsel Ashton Hawkins's apartment demonstrates the reverse: there art becomes the furnishing in a handsome series of spaces designed by architect Yann Weymouth and decorator Mark Hampton, page 100. Art is also important at Chesterwood, page 106, but so was a well-mannered life, as we report in our photo essay on the Berkshires retreat of Daniel Chester French, the sculptor of the famous statue in the Lincoln Memorial.

Summer is here again and all the pools appearing in our little village of Quogue make me realize that the search for the perfect pool goes on (see page 94). Somehow, with a pool on every acre and an ocean only a bike ride away, I can resist joining in the quest. I'll stick to my hammock instead, with visions of elephants in my head.

Lou Gropp

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PLAYING WITH FIREWORKS

Preachers, tycoons, and other stars have long understood that rockets and flares aren't just for the Fourth

By George Plimpton



I once believed in having a motif for a party—an effect, a happening, a novelty—to give the guests something to talk about. In college my roommates and I once hired a tuba player from the Boston Symphony to play at a post–football game cocktail party. A motif. He sat in a corner, the gleam of his instrument barely visible through the crush of guests, and played from a repertoire that he admitted was somewhat limited for such occasions. We could expect to hear "Pop Goes the Weasel" a number of times. We did. He was not at all abashed (which we worried about), but was indeed pleased at the effect of the tuba as an unaccompanied instrument and the attention it received from the guests. He was grateful that he and his instrument had been given the opportunity.

Since that time, the idea of the motif has lessened as a requirement; now I depend on an ample supply of glasses, the means to fill them, and a good mix of company. Still, when the occasion permits, I am a strong believer in enhancing a party with fireworks—not sparklers or Roman candles or birthday-party poppers, but large professional aerial shells fired out of a mortar. I was once a demolition specialist in the U.S. Army, and knew a number of fireworks manufacturers who would provide me with shells. I would arrive at a house party with a box of them in the back of a car.

Sometimes my hosts were not enthusiastic.

"Suppose the meadow catches on fire."

"Blame it on the neighbors," I would say.

"Our neighbor is my mother-in-law. She lives on the other side of the meadow. Eighty-nine and confined to a wheelchair. . . hardly the fireworks type."

Sometimes my hosts had a good cause for alarm. One summer I took a large load of fireworks across on the ferry to Martha's Vineyard, where on John Marquand's property on Great Pond, near Edgartown, we shot the show into a thick fog. Fog is the bane of fireworks people. The shells lose their delineations of pattern and color. About all that is visible in the clouded sky is a fitful flickering, not unlike heat lightning. On this occasion, a neighbor—a conservative and suspicious gentleman indeed—got it into his head that the Soviets were putting people ashore on Marquand's beach under a covering barrage; he rushed to the telephone and summoned a number of authorities, the Coast Guard, SAC, and so forth, and we were subsequently told that a high level of military alert had been initiated as far south as New London. I never had the nerve to check it out for fear the authorities would make the connection of my involvement. Certainly a number of federal and state regulations had been broken—transporting fireworks on the ferry not the least of them.

Most private fireworks parties are geared, of course, to the Fourth of July. My grandfather had one every year off the lawns of *(Continued on page 14)*

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In the Midwest there is a clergyman — the Reverend Brian Bergin, who makes his own fireworks. Among his pyrotechnic brethren he is known as the "blaster pastor"

(Continued from page 12) his estate in North Easton, Massachusetts. Considering only the immediate family was invited, it was quite a formal occasion. Dressed in white shorts, white coats, and ties, the males of the younger generation sat stiffly on iron lawn chairs. My uncles lit the rockets; they soared up aluminum troughs with a hiss, opened up high above the swimming pool with a mild pop, the stars hanging briefly in the night sky. An aerial shell went off with a loud report making us jump. The youngest element kept their fingers in their ears. The dogs, including a Great Dane, hurried to the house and scrabbled under beds. Behind us, in the elm tree, my grandmother's macaw, which flew free around the place—it especially enjoyed sitting on the tennis court fence and shouting "love-forty!"—mourned like an ill cat.

I enjoyed the evening enormously. I mustered up my courage and asked my grandfather why we could not have a fireworks display next Wednesday, every week until we had to go back to school. That seemed a sensible enough cut-off date.

No, he said. Fireworks were for the Glorious Fourth only, which would come as a great relief, he pointed out, for the dogs of the house and for the parrot as well. That was the end of it.

Actually, the history of pyrotechnics is replete with accounts of fireworks shot off on occasions irrespective of national holidays. The island of Malta is so conscious of fireworks as a means of celebration that it is said that a man who successfully completes his morning shave without nicking himself shoots a rocket out of the window to mark the occasion.

Birthdays are always an excellent excuse for fireworks. This past fall Mrs. Henry J. Heinz II commissioned a fireworks display [illegible] or her husband—he is the chairman of Heinz Products—on the occasion of his 75th birthday. The guests watched the fireworks arch up from a barge held fast by tugboats off the Heinz's Sutton Place residence decorated out on the waterfront garden with a big tent. The display, which was fired by the George Zambelli firm from New Castle, Pennsylvania—the largest displayers in the country—got going quite late, eleven P.M., and the opening barrage startled thousands out of their beds. Mrs. Heinz received only one complaint, from a landscape architect who felt the spectacle was "vulgar and disgusting" and that Mrs. Heinz should write a letter to *The New York Times* apologizing for all the noise she had made. Other letters suggested delight at the surprise; among them were charming descriptions of sleepy-eyed children standing out on apartment balconies in their Doctor Dentons.

Weddings offer a fine opportunity for pyrotechnics. In the Midwest one of the specialists at wedding fireworks parties is (as one might suspect) a clergyman—a Lutheran minister, the Reverend Brian Bergin, who makes his own fireworks. Among his pyrotechnic brethren he is known as the "blaster pastor." At weddings he will give a short sermon, on the theme "The Coming of Light in a Dark World," and then at the wedding party that evening he will put on a sixteen-shell display of his own design to illustrate what was said at the ceremony earlier in the day. His sermons are especially welcome at such occasions, I was told, since they are often shorter than his fireworks displays. He told me that he makes his fireworks in the basement of the parsonage—not the church, he hastened to assure me.

"Do you ever use fireworks *during* a sermon?" I asked.

He nodded. "Well, again, not *in* the church, but during an outdoor sermon I might say . . . 'and thus is the way of [illegible] *Boom!*'"

"You light a salute?"

"Oh, absolutely. I think fireworks should be available for just about everything."

One of the early practitioners of this excellent maxim was the American "Champagne King," George Kessler, an expatriate who in 1908 was inspired by the Olympic Games in England that year to hold what became one of the most famous private fireworks parties. It is mentioned in the records of Brocks, the British pyrotechnics firm. The host, who was somewhat of an eccentric, had a considerable reputation for his outlandish parties—on one occasion he gave an "arctic" dinner in actual ice igloos. On another, he hired the ballroom of London's Savoy Hotel, which he flooded for what he called a "Venetian" dinner: the dishes were served by waiters sloshing through the water while the guests floated serenely in gondolas. His fireworks extravaganza was no less imaginative. It was held at his estate, Bourne's End, on the Thames. His idea was to celebrate the occasion of the Olympics by having "living fireworks"—men dressed in asbestos suits and outfitted with especially designed fireworks—perform on the lawns to represent the various events of the Olympics: running, boxing, wrestling, and so forth. The party was so successful that Kessler gave a similar fireworks gala two years later. This time the party turned out to be highlighted not by the fireworks but by Mr. Kessler himself; he had arranged to have a huge pyrotechnic illumination of the grounds at the exact second he stepped ashore from a launch. All was in readiness for this grandiose gesture, the *tireurs* standing by with their flares, the guests waiting in the semidarkness, but as the launch nudged up to the dock, Mr. Kessler misjudged the distance to shore and stepped smartly *into* the Thames. The *tireurs,* assuming that their *(Continued on page 16)*



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Baron Hilton's show was initiated years ago when he sent up an aerial salute off his beachhead property and a passing freighter fired a flare in return

(Continued from page 14) employer had made it ashore, bent to their fuses, and the whole place blazed up—only to disclose Mr. Kessler thrashing about in the water, his straw boater bobbing along beside him.

In these times, private fireworks shows are often held simply to commemorate the beauty of the art itself. Pyrospectaculars, which is a California fireworks firm, fires a number of annual shows for West Coast personalities who are of this persuasion—among them Ed McMahon, Johnny Carson's sidekick, who has his display at his ranch outside Houston; Jim Nabors, who has a show in Hawaii; and Baron Hilton of the hotel clan who every year commissions a $15–20,000 show featuring big thirty-pound, ten-inch shells (aerial fireworks are measured by their diameters) fired off Venice Island in the delta of the Sacramento River. Hilton's show was initiated years ago when he sent up an aerial salute off his beachhead property and a passing freighter fired a flare in return. The aesthetics of this mild exchange—the arch of the flare over the waters of the delta—inspired Hilton to start putting on more massive and carefully choreographed shows on an annual basis.

The Pyrospectaculars firm is headed by a gentlemanly, soft-spoken man named Bob Souza. Once, in somewhat subdued tones, he told me that the oddest party he could remember in his company's history was a shipboard celebration given in 1978 for the artist Jean Varda on his eightieth birthday. While the fireworks were being fired off a nearby barge, on board the Varda yacht the artist was presented with a thirteen-year-old "virgin."

I asked, "Well, what then?"

Souza said, "I was busy shooting fireworks off the barge, and I can't tell you for sure. My wife, who was on board, told me it was all very symbolic. After all, the guy was celebrating his eightieth!"

On the [illegible]

known fireworks firms is Fireworks by Grucci. The largest private show that this family puts on annually is every August in Westhampton, Long Island, for a comic-book tycoon named Jim Warren. He celebrates his birthday on that day. An amiable eccentric, Warren is especially noted in the community for keeping a vintage Sopwith Camel biplane parked on his front lawn. It stays there throughout the year, shielded during the winter by a yellow protective covering. Warren has a fixation about the color yellow. The Camel is yellow. So is the house. The towels inside the house are yellow. Warren drives a yellow Checker cab with a license plate that reads Yellow One. One of the Gruccis, Felix Jr., once asked Warren why he was so obsessed with the color yellow.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"To be honest with you, I can't remember," Felix Jr. said. "I don't think the answer was very profound; otherwise I would have remembered. I think he just likes yellow."

In the early days of Warren's fireworks parties, three hundred or so guests turned up; now it has become a semipublic event with roads closed off, police on hand, and crowds of up to six thousand . . . an inevitable progression since it is impossible to insure the privacy of a party if devices rise from it three hundred feet in the air and burst in chrysanthemums visible ten miles away.

With the help of the Gruccis, for years my wife and I put on a fireworks party farther out on the Island, at Wainscott. It was usually held around Bastille Day. We finally gave it up for very much the reason that it was impossible to keep private. The crowds crept across the potato fields in droves. Some were furtive, as if they were potato pickers out on a late shift. Others were more brazen, moving in with their picnic hampers. The advance was inexorable. Watching this, a friend of mine said he was reminded of what Macbeth must have seen watching the Forests of Dunsinane moving across the fields toward the ramparts. Then one Bastille Day we had a small accident. One of the guests, William S. Paley, rose from his spot on the lawn to go home early—his place taken by a guest from Chicago who was almost immediately burned on the arm by the residue of a low-bursting shell blown back over the crowd by an onshore wind. The gentleman, whom I did not know, sued. The case was settled by the insurance companies for a miniscule amount, but the experience was nettlesome enough so that we decided to forego the event the following year. On Bastille Day the crowds came across the potato fields to find a deserted house and grounds, and a sign propped up that read, SORRY, NO FIREWORKS.

Now the event has become a public one. The fireworks rise from a barge moored off Anthony Duke's estate on Long Island Sound. The spectators buy tickets. Clowns and mimes perform on the waterfront lawn. Musicians wearing straw hats play Dixieland jazz. The funds go to benefit Boys' Harbor, Duke's charity, which allows city children to spend a few summer weeks at the compound on his property, and to East Hampton's theatrical institution, Guild Hall.

I miss the private party, though. This summer, we were invited to a big shindig featuring fireworks and ballooning at Malcolm Forbes's seventeenth-century Château de Balleroy in Normandy. The famous chairman of *Forbes* magazine has been giving these parties for nine years. Last year the occasion featured a balloon designed as a replica of the Château de Balleroy itself. To have seen this huge edifice sailing over the countryside, as if gravity itself had let loose, could have been compared as spectacle to the great fireworks show later on. But I have thought about it, and if it were a choice I would still take the fireworks to watch. Absolutely. □

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By Steven M. L. Aronson

THE LETTERS OF JEAN RHYS
Edited by Francis Wyndham
and Diana Melly
The Viking Press
320 pp., $22.50

Jean Rhys was the nom de plume for a Welsh woman who was born in the West Indies, went to live in England when she was sixteen, became a chorus girl, had her first love affair with an older man who jilted her after a year (she would smart all her life from that remembered hurt), moved to Paris in the twenties, and was taken up by Ford Madox Ford, who encouraged her to write. The result was a trio of brave, bitter novels—*After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie, Voyage in the Dark,* and *Good Morning, Midnight*—tenanted by solitary heroines—each her own worst victim—drifting between cafés and dingy hotel rooms. When Jean Rhys died in 1979, her will stipulated that no biography be written. Now her literary executor, Francis Wyndham, together with her close friend, Diana Melly, has put together this selection of letters, taking up her story in 1931—where she herself left it in her autobiography *Smile, Please*—just after the early success of *After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie;* and ending it in 1966 as she completed *Wide Sargasso Sea,* the story of the first wife of Mr. Rochester of *Jane Eyre* and a startling new departure for her work—its success spurred the reissuing of her books so that a present generation of readers knows exactly what it means when somebody is described as "very Jean Rhys." "For me," Francis Wyndham writes, "the ghost of Jean Rhys is not the haunted, lonely woman who figures in her novels . . . but the slant-eyed siren with whom one could enjoy the full intensity of a treat as with no one else—those sacred moments of frivolity . . ." Be that as it may, the writer of these letters is an eclipsed and forlorn figure; the air around them is fetid with bitter, ineradicable resignation. If there was, as Mr. Wyndham insists, "a cozy side to her personality," these letters do not attest it. They are well-edited and usefully footnoted, to be sure, but one reads on with mounting distaste: "The thing I'm writing—it's a rum business." . . . "Haven't touched a drop for a month." . . . "This is a rum house." . . . "I'd been feeling as down as hell." . . . "But it's so cold in this damn place that I can't think of anything except how cold *(Continued on page 22)*



Jean Rhys





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Barbara Pym with Henry Harvey, a beau at Oxford.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVES PEARL FREEMAN

D.W. Griffith ignoring, to his right, juvenile leading actor Bobby Harron.

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A poor Kentucky farm boy, Griffith had the fiber and the obsessed romantic spirit of the American original, the true grit of the pioneer

(Continued from page 18) I am and cold in general and that cold is hell and hell cold."... "This petty, leering, unsplendid cruelty, this damnable dropping of water on the same place for years."... "It gives me the blues." (Sacred moments of frivolity, indeed!) The center here that holds is Jean Rhys's devotion to her art, for the letters do "bear witness to the single-minded seriousness with which she approached the task of writing." Occasionally there is a flash of somber genius—or is it just that the odd line shines the more brightly in its surrounding darkness? It is all as "Jean Rhys" as can be.

D.W. GRIFFITH: AN AMERICAN LIFE
By Richard Schickel
Simon and Schuster
672 pp., $24.95

Definitive is the only word for Richard Schickel's biography of the father of the movies or, if you will, the first independent picture maker; it is the very model of what research and intelligence can accomplish. D.W. Griffith was "the first to conceive of movies as—potentially—an art form.... His belief was that if the traditional art forms would not find room for him, then he would make an art form of his own." This unsuccessful playwright and failed actor proceeded to do just that. A poor Kentucky farm boy, he had the fiber and the obsessed romantic spirit of the American original, the true grit of the American pioneer. In reconstructing Griffith's life, which was at once a representative and an exotic one, Mr. Schickel has had to chronicle nothing less than the unfolding life of the movies, which he does with a skilled cutter's eye. Griffith, of course, went on to make, among scores of other films, *The Birth of a Nation,* the great American epic; *Intolerance,* the spectacle to end all spectacles; *Hearts of the World,* a full-blown tragedy; and *Orphans of the Storm,* a historical saga. That the sweep and flow of all of these were carried in a single consciousness strains credulity at the same time that it exacts belief. He built a world around him, what Jean Renoir would call "the Griffith world... of feeling and sensation." In so doing, he was the progenitor of a whole race of Hollywood kingpins: Erich von Stroheim, Lionel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett, Raoul Walsh. But Griffith's is finally a sad cautionary tale. Unbending like other founding fathers, he turned a deaf ear to the music of compromise; he was careless and extravagant with money; he drank. The Hollywood he had invented said he was outmoded, box-office poison, an unbankable relic. He was scandalously allowed to fall silent—indeed, was made to endure one of the most dramatic silences in film history. He directed no movie after the age of 56, and the seventeen years of life that remained to him were ones of lonely bitterness. But, "like most of us," Mr. Schickel writes, "D.W. Griffith was the principal author of his own misery, just as he was the author of his own greatness."

A VERY PRIVATE EYE:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN
DIARIES AND LETTERS
By Barbara Pym. Edited by Hazel Holt
and Hilary Pym
E.P. Dutton
396 pp., $18.95

Barbara Pym is a fashion, a cult, and practically an industry. Her books keep being issued and reissued, outlasting their author, who died in 1980. Affectedly simple, deceptively chatty, brilliantly wrought comedies of manners, full of English spinsters and Anglican men of the cloth, they are as touching and as satisfying as any novels written in our time. Barbara Pym published six of them in England between 1950 and 1963, when her seventh was summarily rejected by publishers as being "not the kind of novel to which people are turning." Undaunted, she went on writing the novels she believed were "perfectly publishable if only somebody would have the courage to be unfashionable." She lived long enough to have the lonely last laugh: in 1977, both Lord David Cecil and Philip Larkin, writing in *The Times Literary Supplement,* chose her as "the most underrated novelist of the century," and virtually overnight her books were in demand again. Her sister Hilary Pym and her literary executor Hazel Holt have pieced out this autobiography from the notebooks, personal letters, and private diaries she left behind. When Miss Holt informs us in her preface that Barbara Pym "had the comfort and stability of a happy life with her sister Hilary, with whom she shared a home for most of her life," the reader is not exactly titillated. It is, however, a gay, enjoying Barbara—no stranger to the worlds of sex and action—whom we encounter in the first, tonic section of this book: a tall, good-looking, high-spirited girl at large in prewar Oxford, indulging herself in a round of lunch and tea parties ("the girls were too intellectual and didn't have the compensation of being of the opposite sex"), not to mention "shattering" love affairs. "What is the heart?" she writes. "A damp cave with things growing in it, mysterious secret plants of love or whatever you like. Or a dusty lumber room full of junk. Or a neat orderly place like a desk with a place for everything and everything in its place." Whatever, she determined to step beyond it in her work: "Even the idea of falling violently in love again (which is my idea of an experience!) doesn't seem to be much help in the way of writing. I seem to have decided already the sort of novels I want to write." After Oxford she joined the community of effort created by the war: "I made a potato-and-leek soup for supper— *(Continued on page 24)*



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Fueled by her riches and his rank, the young Mountbattens went on their way, their match a shameless consent in pleasure-mongering

(Continued from page 22) then went firewatching. It was a beautiful evening. On the bridge I saw a girl warden (rather plain) being kissed by a Doughboy (a hidey-ho, a sweet and lo, a come and go boy)." Already she was gripped by a premature nostalgia: "But now when the world is in this sad state, when one hardly dares to look ahead into the years, all this is a warm comfort . . . the remembrance of meetings, letters, a photograph (absence—cheek pressed against the cold glass), all the little relics, all the jokes, everything that did happen and didn't quite happen and might still happen . . ." Little was to happen. In the postwar years, when she was "more or less heart free," she took a full-time job in London working on the magazine of the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures, never having been to Africa and having no degree in anthropology; it was just the sort of thing one of her characters would do. "It ought to be enough for anybody to be the Assistant Editor of *Africa,*" she writes, "especially when the Editor is away lecturing for six months at Harvard, but I find it isn't quite." She remained in this job, however, until a besieging illness intervened, then she moved to the country, immersing herself in a life of jumble sales and jam-making. "All I want now," she protested, "is peace to write my unpublished novels." "But," Miss Holt points out in her preface, in a style that inadvertently apes Pym's, "unlike so much of modern life and literature, there was to be a kind of happy ending. . . . Her literary reputation was restored, indeed enlarged. She was, and still is, sometimes compared with Jane Austen . . ." But Barbara Pym's quality of mind and her natural and spontaneous way of writing are quite impossible to mistake for anybody else's. When early in *A Very Private Eye* she learns that an old lover has been made a major in the Persian Army, she fantasizes him in a dark red fez, exclaiming—let her words serve also to describe the present volume—"How beautiful, how right, how more than mildly amusing!"

EDWINA,
COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN
OF BURMA
By Richard Hough
William Morrow & Co.
239 pp., $15.95

Edwina, Countess Mountbatten of Burma—this excellent biography establishes—was the better half of one of the most colorful and controversial couples of this century. "Always start at the top" was her creed. She started there by being born "the world's richest heiress" (as Edwina Ashley, she stood to inherit the greater part of her Jewish financier grandfather's immense fortune) and conspired to stay there by marrying in 1922 a "semi-royal," Lord Louis Mountbatten, universally known as "Dickie," a great-grandson of Queen Victoria (the then Prince of Wales was best man at their wedding). If "Dickie" was tall, slim, and spectacular (a film director who had seen him in Hollywood in 1922 commented, "If he had remained there he could have been a rival to Valentino"), Edwina was incandescently beautiful, the brightest of the Bright Young Things of the twenties. Fueled by her riches and his rank, the young Mountbattens went on their way with the gait of gods, their match a shameless consent in pleasure-mongering. Mountbatten was a man who was to spend the whole of his life contriving to be larger than life. He suffered from impatience, emotional short-sightedness, sublime self-confidence (he often claimed that he had never made a mistake), and dynastic pride (he tried to get the present Queen, who was married to his nephew Prince Philip, to change her name to Mountbatten-Windsor). Advised and guided by Edwina, he would enjoy the fastest promotions in the *(Continued on page 26)*



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BAUME & MERCIER

(Continued from page 24) history of the Navy, rising to Southeast-Asia Supremo during World War II, then to First Sea Lord. But Edwina was ambitious in her own right and stole his thunder with her lightning. Complicated of conscience, unable—or unwilling—to temper appetite with caution, she dedicated herself to the glory of the senses (she was by all accounts a pagan bed companion). There was, notoriously, "Edwina's black period"—in 1932 she was linked by the tabloids to both the brilliant actor-singer Paul Robeson and the night-club singer and pianist "Hutch" Hutchinson, whom she had given a gold cigarette case engraved with her name and a compromising message. Then there was the equally lurid period when she was "nearly always being seen with women—women of her own rank and means." (Lord Mountbatten's own pansexuality, a public secret for sixty years, is understandably glossed over by Mr. Hough, the author also of *Mountbatten: Hero of Our Time.*) There was, as well, Edwina's incorrigible wanderlust, where she would "disappear" for months on end. This confederate of kings and queens once signed on as crew of an ancient schooner in Tahiti, scrubbing down decks for half a year, only to return "invigorated, almost as black as the natives, hands hardened and calloused." An altogether unlikely candidate for spiritual ennoblement. Yet in the war she discovered social responsibility and "found herself." And later, when Mountbatten was appointed the last Viceroy of India to preside over the transfer of power from Britain to the Indian people, Edwina as Vicereine imprinted herself on a whole country at a historical moment as an icon of grace and goodness. It was in India that she found "her first and only love," Jawaharlal Nehru. "No one will deny that it was one of the great love affairs of history," Mr. Hough writes, adding queerly, "The letters between Edwina and Nehru may never be published but were warmly cherished by Mountbatten after Edwina's death and always referred to as 'the love letters.'" After India, Edwina put herself literally at everyone's service. As Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and head of numerous other charities, she achieved marvels of life-saving ("always in perfectly tailored uniform") but refused to save herself, her body becoming simply too exhausted to go on. Edwina was—and remains—an enigma; who she really was she has forbidden us to know. When she dies, in 1960, on a tour of inspection in North Borneo, it is with sorrow and reluctance that the reader takes leave of a woman of the most compelling fascination.

DIANE ARBUS, A BIOGRAPHY
By Patricia Bosworth
Alfred A. Knopf
352 pp., $17.95

Named "Diane" after the heroine of the movie *Seventh Heaven,* Diane Arbus wanted to be a star and she became one—by creating a new kind of photojournalism. Her arresting images of "anomalies" and grotesques—giants and midgets, triplets and twins, gypsies and clowns, transvestites and hermaphrodites—"drastically altered our sense of what is permissible in photography." But it was her suicide in 1971 that hoisted her above the heads of her contemporaries, making her a legend and a cult. Here the Diane Arbus who spent her career scrutinizing others is offered for our scrutiny as Patricia Bosworth resolves Arbus's place in the photographic pantheon, at the same time tracing the trajectory of this accomplished self-destroyer's life. Born into the mercantile world of New York (her grandfather had founded the department store Russeks Fifth Avenue), Diane grew up spoiled, histrionic, flashing with good looks and uninhibited intelligence, "searching," in her own words, "for an authenticity of experience—physical, emotional, psychological." She was sexually speculative—open to the attributes of both sexes; she wanted, she said, "to have sex with as many different kinds of people as possible." She made her early mark in fashion photography before her demons drew her to the dark world of freaks. Miss Bosworth carefully lays out the splintered pieces—the scabrous shards—of her subject's psyche so that we are able to see just how Arbus's work spoke encouragingly to her own decline; that she was in fact a long-term suicide. This is a book bound to draw more than a little blood. Yet—written with decency, sympathy, and understanding—it also delivers Diane Arbus from the camps of Cant and Cult that have claimed her. □



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33



THE KINGDOM OF THE THOUSAND SICILIES

By Jan Morris

There used to be an entity called the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. If I were monarch of that island now I would call it the Kingdom of the Thousand Sicilies, or the Innumerable Kingdom, so kaleidoscopic is the nature of the place, so riddled with anomalies, anachronisms, exceptions, and hints. There is Sicily black and Sicily fair, horrid Sicily and Sicily delightful, Sicily to make the blood boil, the adrenaline run, the heart alternatively sink or sing.

On the map it may look all of a piece: triangular, uncomplicated, given a graceful asymmetry by the great volcanic construction of Etna in the northeast, elsewhere a counterpoint of barren mountain mass and fertile plain. On the ground it is very different, for this fulcrum of the Mediterranean has been enmeshed in its time by so many different influences, confused by such myriad invasions and supremacies, that almost nothing about it is really straightforward. It is a mongrel island, but the most patrician of mongrels; an [illegible] crat, b

Above: Sheep grazing against a backdrop of old farm buildings.

Here are the five chief metaphysical provinces into which, were I really ruler of this astonishing domain, I would divide my grand estate:

First, the province of Sicily Organic. Its heyday is the turn of the year, for the Sicilian spring is spring almost in the abstract or stereotype—*springissima* so to speak, when the entire island appears to be sprouting magically into new hope. The hillsides are full of wild flowers, white and blue and dazzling yellow. The sounds in the air are subtle, fragile sounds—a chirping of small birds out of sight, a hum of bees perhaps, the jangle of sheep bells from a wandering flock, a soft stir of breezes now and then—and the wide scene around is like some lyric invention of the poets. The land is pinky-white with almond blossom, or spattered with the yellow-green of orange orchards, and down among the vineyards, aromatically smoke rises from bonfires.

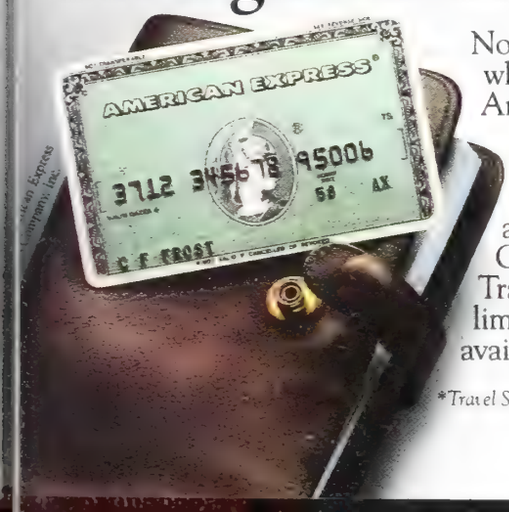
And when we leave the hills and drive down the country road toward the coast, all around are hedges of prickly pear, dark walls of lava stone. A dog picks his way all alone across a rocky stream. A man on a mule, wearing a cloth cap and stacked all around with firewood, salutes us gravely as we pass, and here comes that flock of sheep, bells still tinkling, jostled all around by bossy dogs.

Yet we are nowhere remote. Nowhere in all Sicily is more than 175 miles from anywhere else, and this Arcady is almost suburban. Half an hour, and we are battling our way, gritting our teeth, desperately consulting street plans, through the big city—Palermo, Catania, Messina, Siracusa—and entering our second province of the realm, Sicily Latin.

There are few experiences in life at once more hair-raising and more exhilarating than to be guided into a Sicilian city you do not know by a couple of bold *ragazzi* on a Honda—streaking in and out of *(Continued on page 32)*



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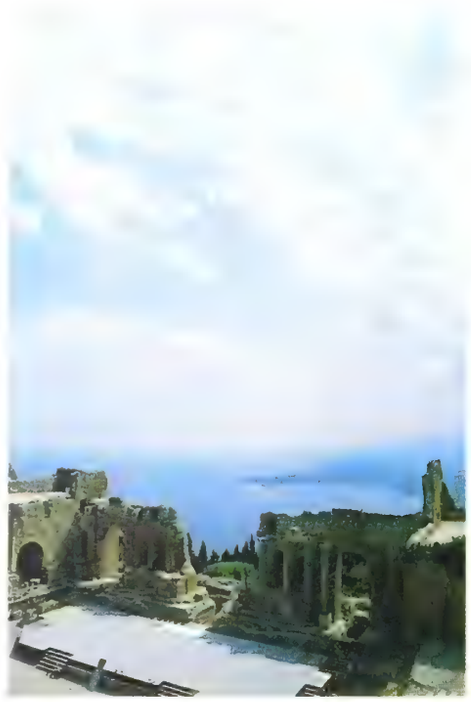
(Continued from page 30) traffic lines, jumping the lights, racing through impassable alleys and turning impossible corners, until at last with an exchange of farewell hoots and an ostentatious roar of exhausts we are deposited breathless at the door of our hotel.

Though Sicily has been ruled or colonized at one time or another by Greeks, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, it remains quintessentially Latinate—which is to say, it offers all one can ask, and sometimes rather more, of the qualities we think of as Italian. It does not feel in the least like Greece, or Yugoslavia, or even nearby Malta: it is an insular extract of Italy.

It has all the bittersweet Italian mixture of the beautiful and the hideous. The great new motor roads which link most parts of Sicily leave the urban outskirts squalidly enough, but once into the country they sweep away in such lovely curves of viaduct that they seem as much art as engineering. And in the core of every Sicilian town, however dismal its first impressions, dingy with peeling tenements or heartless with tower blocks—however unspeakable the traffic, which makes entering any Italian city these days an act of senseless masochism—inviolate in the center you will find some masterpiece of Baroque, some perfectly proportioned piazza, some stupendously ornate cathedral, or a flight of ceremonial steps which rises to its crowning castle or pavilion with a noble contempt for the chaos all about.

All the flair of Italy is here, and the impenetrable bureaucracy too, and the sex-obsession, and the kindness, and the vulgarity, and the preoccupation with death: could anywhere be more absolutely Latin than the famous catacomb of the Capuchins in Palermo, where the clothed and mummified bodies of generations of citizens are displayed for all to see, guarded by friars and climaxed by the corpse of a poor child largely labeled BAMBINA—SLEEP-

[illegible] be *too* beguiled by those



Greek theater at Taormina

with just the same panache, and send you back to that hostelry in a mist of angry tears.

For as everyone knows, there is a Bad Sicily. "FOR WORK!" cries a poster announcing an unemployment rally in the piazza. "FOR PEACE! *AGAINST THE MAFIA!*" "Are there Mafiosi in this very village?" I asked a man one day. "So it is supposed," he cagily replied. And doubtless it will be through tortuous relationships of the Family that the contents of your lost bag will reach their receivers in Bologna or Milan.

Of course to the stranger the Sicilian Mafia remains only an allusion, a bit of a shudder: but perhaps because of its presence, perhaps for still older and darker causes, an insidious air of secrecy does pervade this island, as though almost everyone has something to hide. It is not that Sicilians are unfriendly. They are, for the most part, charm itself: a smile invariably raises a smile, a joke some repartee, and no greeting can be more innocently spontaneous than the wave from the woman on the rooftop as, hanging out her washing to dry, she chances to notice you walking by below, and gives you the merry waggle of the fingertips that is the tacit equivalent of *ciao*!

But meet the very same person face to face, and there will be a tantalizing hint of reserve to her, suggesting that beyond that wave, that passing smile, lie immemorial shuttered privacies. The Sicilian visage, which is extremely expressive, can be formidably blank. Try cashing a check at some back-country Sicilian bank, high in the hill country of the interior perhaps, where the unshaven cashier sits in his leather jacket smoking a cigarette, and around the room the shabby clerks look up with baleful curiosity to see you enter—try offering your First Bank of Centerville check there one day, and you will see how forbiddingly the Sicilian face can turn to concrete.

There can be a hush to Sicily which is very disconcerting. Even on an idyllic hillside, when the wind drops, the sheep stop moving for a moment, and the bees are busy somewhere else, the utter silence can be unnerving—the silence of the dead, it seems, or possibly of limbo. Disturbing too can be the wan desertion of a village, at any time of day, at any season of the year: the people are all inside their houses in fact, and doubtless for good reasons—the heat, the cold, a national holiday, siesta time, Archie Bunker dubbed in Italian on TV—but even when you know the cause it feels as though the place has been scoured of all life by some irreversible catastrophe.

Some very ancient catastrophe too, for almost everything sinister about Sicily feels immensely old in origin—a lingering repudiation, as it were, of all the abrupt modernity, of television, of automobile, of holiday hotel and oil money, that is transfiguring this society as it is transforming half the world. A place called Pantálica, in the hills behind Siracusa, creepily suggests this spirit of resentment. It is a vast necropolis, created it seems by those misty Sicans who were the first inhabitants of the island, and it consists of several hundred square-cut holes in the high rock faces of a ravine. That is all, just row upon row of holes in the rock: but so numb is the atmosphere there, so brooding do those tomb-cavities look, that for myself I find it one of the most truly frightening sites on earth, haunted by ghosts *(Continued on page 38)*



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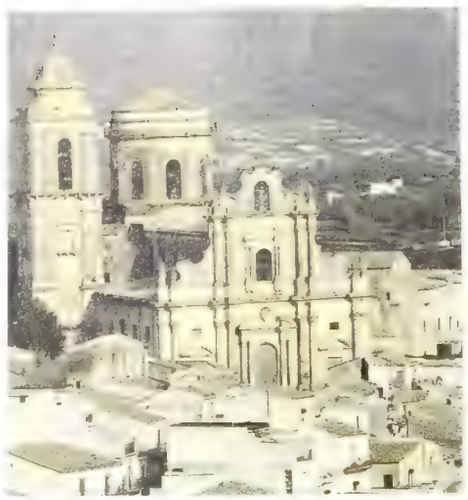
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THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

(Continued from page 32) long dead themselves, the ghosts of ghosts, perpetually staring out, soundless, formless, from their dark and inaccessible chambers.

Sea-Sicily next. If you cannot travel more than 175 in a straight line in this island, you can travel for nearly seven hundred miles without retracing your footsteps around its coastline—sometimes above precipitous cliffs, sometimes around seductive beaches, sometimes along lovely strands that seem to dissolve gradually, in marshland and salting, from one element to the other.

The sea is inescapable. Deep in the hinterland, even, you may look up and discover, motionless between the slopes of a distant pass, the unbelievable blue, like the blue of the sea in a naïve painting, and that is the Mediterranean. Often you may see beyond it too, to the mountains of the mainland, to the harsh sea-humps of offshore islands, to the dim outline of Pantelleria in the south; or if you are standing high enough, the day is clear enough, and your companion is sufficiently convincing, to the remote thin line along the horizon that is allegedly Africa.



Baroque architecture in Vizzini

That sea is never empty. Every Sicilian landscape has its freighter passing by, its two or three fishing vessels wallowing there, or the bright lights of shrimp boats speckled across the midnight waters. Between the houses of any big Sicilian city—they are all on the coast—masts, funnels, and superstructures show, or the gaping maws of car ferries at the quay. And in the streets far from the docks you may peer into an open doorway, between a bakery and a shoe store, and find fishermen at work in the melancholy bare-bulbed light of a net-loft.

The crafts of the sea are as venerable here as the crafts of the soil. In the north, on a beach near Scopello, I once came across the huts of a tuna fishing camp, huddled beneath the bluffs. It is a seasonal job and nobody was there, but even in its emptiness the place possessed a potent numen: the big black boats lay heavy in their sheds, the barrack bunks awaited their crews, all was sun-bleached, sea-washed, and on the walls the men had respectfully scrawled the score of last summer's catches, thirty fish one day, fifty another, as though they were commemorating some arcane and inexorable ritual. (Continued on page 40)



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[continued from page 38] At Trapani they pursue what must be the most elemental of all industries, the garnering of salt from the sea, and this too seems less contrived than timelessly ordained. The wide white flats lie half land, half sea on the city outskirts, and the gathered salt is stacked in big oblong mounds across the waste. They are protected by clay-tile roofs: but far from weakening the effect this gives them a most solemn antique air, and makes them look like a somewhat ominous prehistoric earthworks.

For like so much else in Sicily the sea can be baleful in its connotations. No Sicilian legend is without it, and one of the most famous suggests that the island is directly connected by a subaqueous tunnel with the waters of Greece, the source of its first great culture. They say the sea-nymph Arethusa came that way, emerging on Sicilian soil in the form of the spring called Arethusa's Fountain, beside the waterfront at Siracusa.

This is a disillusionment. Surrounded by high walls and half-choked by papyrus grass, until recent times Arethusa's Fountain is said to have issued, though only a few yards from the sea, the purest of fresh water. But there is nothing pristine to it now. Rather too many ducks waddle and mess about it, scrabbly birds twitch among those tangled grasses, and the water of the pool, besides glinting with the metal of discarded cans upon its bottom, swarms with verminous black carp. It suggests to me now an allegory not of sweet nymph or siren, but of all the varied miseries, from war to tawdry degradation, which the sea has deposited in its time upon this once innocent foreshore.

On the other hand, thinking of gifts from the sea, I know of nothing more beautiful in this world than the spectacle of the Greek temples of Agrigento, softly floodlit, riding their long ridge on a Sicilian night. Ah, the calm of them, the glorious aloofness, while all around that queer stillness of Sicily hangs upon the dark!

Behind and below all my Sicilian provinces lies Sicily Symbolic, grander and deeper and more lasting than any of them. There is something about this place which seems to speak to us out of the ageless human need for mystery.

The older the symbolism, the more haunting, for part of the Sicilian fascination is the feeling that here we are close to the original enigma, at the beginning of all things. The Classical structures of this island, Segesta on its hillock, Agrigento, Selinunte beside the sea, seem to be expressing the human condition uncompromised. The peculiar Greek quarries of Siracusa, bedded with thick wild foliage, infested by flocks of shrieking magpies, are like openings into the primeval underworld. And sometimes, on a squally day, you may see a rainbow magically suspended across the whole Messina Strait, which separates Sicily from the Italian mainland—a vaporous bridge spanning, as if in reconciliation, the allegorical headlands of Scylla and Charybdis that so terrified the voyagers of myth.

But of all Sicilian suggestions the one that takes me closest to the first mystery is to be experienced near the summit of Etna, that grand and fearful crown of Sicily. You can drive far up the volcano, high through the gloomy lava fields to the edge of the snow, with the glory of the whole island spread out below you, green and blue and honeystone; and from there a cableway goes on pylons almost to the lip of the crater. Often enough, though the rest of the island lies vividly basking, Etna's summit is masked in sulphurous-looking cloud: and then those pylons march away eerily into the unknown, smaller and smaller into the distance, until they leave the Sicilian world of sun, blossom, and bright color, and disappear apparently into another state of being.

Five imaginary provinces of the realm: yet for all its bewildering variety, Sicily leaves in the visitor's mind, as it presents to the rest of the world, an unmistakable unity. All is one after all—and such a one! Kind and cruel, ugly and divine, chill and inspiring, all are absorbed into the hard and brilliant fact of this island. It is like some great masterpiece of art or literature, which offers different meanings to all its audiences, looks different in different lights, can be interpreted in numberless ways, yet remains down the ages triumphantly and inimitably *Hamlet* or the *Eroica*.

Perhaps I would name it the Thousand and One Sicilies: a thousand in the senses, one for the effect. □

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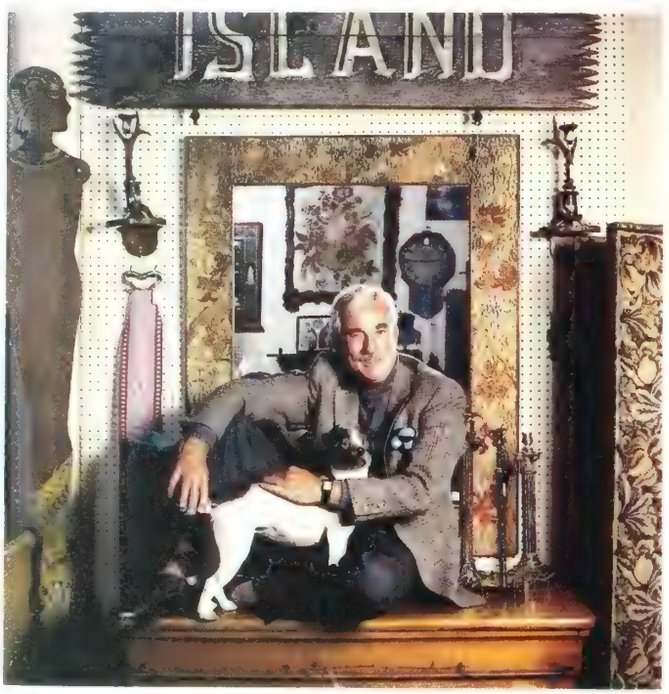
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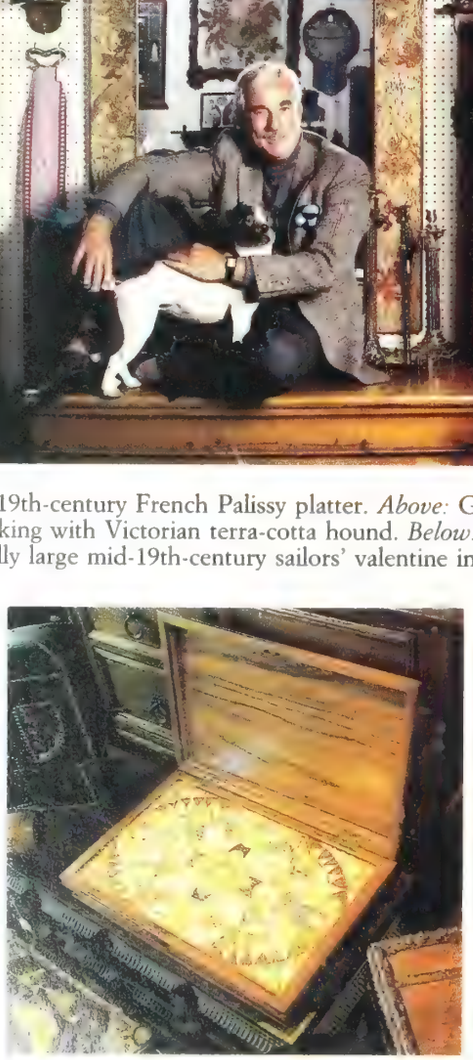
By Michael Boodro

Just back from two weeks in the Caribbean, a deep tan setting off thick silver hair and a dashing moustache, J. Garvin Mecking looked very much the explorer in a safari jacket and open-necked shirt, sitting among his treasures. But in this case the prized animals bagged during strenuous hunts are portrayed in nineteenth-century English paintings and needlepoint pictures. The monkey is majolica and hangs from a vine of woven rope, the twisting snakes and vivid green frogs are pinned, motionless and forever, to the ceramic plates of which they are part. The six elephants are still, chairs carved from African mahogany. The elk antlers have been manipulated to form a settee. The poised, elegant race horse is actually a Victorian candy box. "I'm heavy with animals," Mecking acknowledges, and all have been snared on early-morning jaunts through the stalls and shops of Portobello and Penzance or even farther afield.

Crammed into his two New York shops, a tiny one on East 64th Street and a slightly larger "warehouse"



Top: 19th-century French Palissy platter. *Above:* Garvin Mecking with Victorian terra-cotta hound. *Below:* An unusually large mid-19th-century sailors' valentine in shells.



the city and a goodly percentage of New York's social elite as well. Tucked next to a high-rise apartment, Mecking's one-story uptown shop seems a sudden bit of England, an eccentric little country shop stuffed with surprises, the lair of an obscure rural aesthete. Mecking admits that some people wander in simply from wonder at coming upon the store, its windows chock-full of small treasures.

The strange and unusual things that Mecking first acquires, things that he happily explains, "no one else wants," tend to pass through his hands and end up in some of the most polished homes in New York. "Françoise de la Renta once came in years ago and bought every needlepoint pillow I had," he relates. It wasn't long thereafter that much of New York was also haunting Mecking's shop (or their own attics) for discarded needlepoint. Mecking was also one of the first to show mother-of-pearl inlaid furniture and he was an early and lonely source for the Oriental objects which have become so popular they are now being faked to the extent that Mecking himself will no longer touch them. *(Continued on page 44)*

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(Continued from page 42) As to the current rage for majolica, Mecking shrugs and says, "I guess I'm partly at fault."

What attracts the cognoscenti and trend setters to his shop is both Mecking's diverse stock and his focused approach. For on his numerous trips to Europe and around the country Mecking hunts not for a particular kind of object, nor a specific period or style. He limits himself to no particular aesthetic movement, embraces no rigid rules. As he explains, smiling, "People don't come to me for 'brown furniture.' I'm not the one for very safe taste."

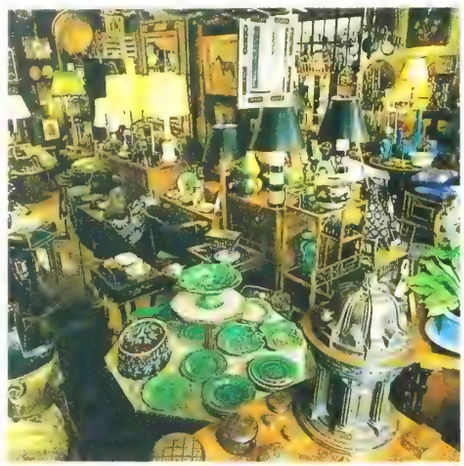
What Mecking seeks and offers to his customers is the odd object, sure to provoke comment, the accessory of unusual color or scale or proportion, the item which brings history, human foibles, and humor into an interior. "I don't consider myself an antiques dealer," he says. "What interests me in an object is look, style, and color rather than authenticity." He hastens to add that so far authenticity has never been a problem. "The things I sell cannot be reproduced, at least not at the price I offer them for. We don't have to apologize for anything. I've never had to take anything back because it was wrong."

What makes Mecking's stock so distinctive is that he is as entranced by an early-nineteenth-century copper model of St. George's Chapel in London that is actually a three-part jelly mold as he is by an Italian Directoire gold-leafed mirror of the same period. He is as likely to have on hand fire tools from an English locomotive as an ornate nineteenth-century chandelier from New Orleans: everything, he notes, "from picture frames to match strikers. We hit all the bases. Perhaps that's why we're a success."

While Mecking claims, "I was just lucky, I was born with a discriminating eye," part of his success is undoubtedly due to the fact that he has applied this eye to objects not ordinarily deemed worthy of his own brand of connoisseurship. Trained as a decorator, Mecking admits, "I buy an object pretty much [illegible] use it or play it [illegible] decorator in me."

the same reason. I think that's part of the reason we sell things that no other shop in New York could sell."

Mecking's effect on interior design has been quiet largely because his patrons are secretive, even competitive, and don't always wish to pass on his name. Nonetheless, among the trade, he has become something of a legend, with the reputation for having a wealth of unusual items and accessories that will distinguish and enrich any room,



The uptown shop with English jelly mold in shape of St. George's Chapel.

no matter what its background scheme. Says Mecking, "A lot of decorators buy from us for themselves but not for their clients. They don't think that their clients will understand. Others will recommend that their clients come here and buy their own accessories, to complete a room, to give it personality. Of course, sometimes a decorator will say to me, 'Don't show that to my client—keep it for me.' " Despite the tight-lipped scene, however, Mecking has attracted a refined and prestigious clientele. Two names that he reluctantly divulged are Lauren Bacall and the late Mrs. William Paley, as well as the editors of several design publications. "I'm interested in style," he says, grinning. "I like stylish people as customers, as well."

Mecking entered the antiques field after attempting to study law for two years, which he "couldn't stand." He then studied fashion at Parsons. In spite of winning the Mollie Parnis award, he quit shortly before graduation and had a brief sojourn working in Hawaii, but eventually returned to obtain a degree in fine arts from New York University. He then went to work at Lord & Taylor, initially doing window design. He was "loaned" by the store to the government and in 1953 he began three years of traveling on behalf of the United States to trade fairs in Turkey, Greece, Bangkok, Poland, and Italy. "The whole time I was buying and bringing things back in my luggage," he says. "Part of the fun of being in this business is that it gives you a chance to own things you couldn't have otherwise." Mecking returned to become an assistant buyer in the home-furnishings department of Lord & Taylor, but after eight months he still hadn't received a requested raise, and he decided to strike out on his own. His first shop, under the Queensboro Bridge, was even smaller than his present quarters. He also had little capital. Both circumstances forced him to develop a philosophy of commerce. "I knew that in New York big furniture doesn't sell. The size of my shop and my pocketbook, the size of New York apartments, and my own taste all pointed to what in the trade is known as 'smalls.' " While he does have some extraordinary pieces of furniture, it is decorative accessories which have remained Mecking's primary stock and, together with his prescient eye, his stock in trade.

Having first seen needlepoint, then Oriental and China-trade objects, and now majolica reach peaks of popularity, Mecking is philosophical about future trends. He doesn't believe there is another single item or period that will again have the impact, the sudden acceptance of majolica. "Majolica is the last discoverable antique that you can buy in quantity. There's nothing left like majolica. It covered the whole ground, color, design, richness. Every time you look at it you see things you never saw before." What he does see emerging, however, is a whole new attitude toward interior design, one that is fortunately analogous to his own sense of style. "I think the next rage will be a basically heavily decorated and possibly even late-Victorian look—tufted chairs, heavy accessories, marvelous fabrics, lots of tassels. It's a look that's achieved, that comes not from the use

of particular antiques but a certain style. It's evolved from Europeans colonizing New York, and it's caught on with American as well as European designers. It's not going to move fast," he cautions. "It's a very expensive look." At the same time, Mecking expects the emergence of its complement, "a more controlled clutter, the trend back to the one wonderful object, or piece of furniture. But it's hard to find." One period he thinks likely to yield new riches and a revived popularity is the Renaissance.

Despite the breadth of his stock and the variety of objects that provoke his interest, Mecking maintains, "It's very hard to find goods. You don't find too many things that you haven't seen before." Although he still comes across an occasional surprise, a Léon Bakst costume watercolor in an unlikely stall, a wall full of animal horns in the dining room of the grandparents of some British friends, Mecking finds his search ever more difficult, in part because of his unusual standards. "The money value has to come out of the look of an object, rather than its scarcity or age. I've never worried about credentials. I've always worried if a piece can stand on its own." It is, after all, not papers documenting provenance that add warmth and charm to a room. So Mecking keeps hunting, for nothing can supplant time spent, often twelve or fourteen hours a day. As Mecking says, "A major part of my success is I work damn hard at it. It's exploratory for me."

And like any explorer, Mecking is mapping out future voyages. He relishes the memory of several years back when many of the large English country homes were first opened up, their contents exposed. "The English are amazing. They're so eclectic. They had the Empire and they brought everything home. And those houses are so large. I remember from the attic of one house alone they brought out more than 250 porcelain pitchers and bowls." He pauses. "I think the next big crunch will come from Scotland, which has not been touched. Wales has already been pretty much gone over, but not Scotland." He smiles, and his eyes gleam at the prospect. □

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PAST WITH A FUTURE

Two avant-garde architects design furniture that evokes historical styles with contemporary significance

By Martin Filler

At one time in the not-too-distant past, architects who furnished their own interiors tended to rely on a small, familiar repertoire of pieces: primarily the early modern classics created by the architects Marcel Breuer, Le Corbusier, and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe during the twenties. Those designs are timeless as few others have been in the whole history of furniture, for two primary reasons: they are the perfect demonstration of the difference between style (which they have) and fashion (which they transcend), and they work better than any other furniture yet devised within the aesthetic context of modern architecture (which, despite a great deal of propaganda to the contrary, is still very much with us).



Italian architect Aldo Rossi's lacquer-striped Elba Cabin and chairs

Traditionally, new directions in design have been signaled in the so-called "minor arts"—including silver and furniture—well before they are seen in architecture. Understandably, it is easier, faster, and considerably less expensive to make a [illegible] than to build a temple. But in [illegible] the reverse has happened. The avant-garde designers who began to challenge [illegible] face [illegible] building [illegible]

for his mother in Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, completed twenty years ago this summer.

Venturi and his iconoclastic colleagues soon discovered what every innovator in architecture must ultimately confront: that new kinds of spaces require new kinds of furniture, and the best solution is for both to be designed by the same hand. Robert Adam knew it, Charles Rennie Mackintosh knew it, and Frank Lloyd Wright knew it, each in his own quite different way understanding the unity (but not uniformity) that is the underlying principle of all great art.

The sixties were years of inventive improvisation in architecture, and interiors by young architects made dazzling use of found objects, cheap, disposable furniture, and castoffs that underscored the moment's most treasured theme of incongruity. But as the following decade progressed, and more and more architects became involved with interior design, it became clear how limited their serious options in the selection of furniture really were. Some, like Robert Venturi, attempted to modify the old familiar favorites in unexpected new ways (he had Mies's chrome-framed Brno chair reupholstered in vivid flame-stitch cut velvet, for instance), but in due course a number of other architects, including Michael Graves, Charles Gwathmey, and Richard Meier, began designing furniture of their own.

Predictably, the results have been uneven, since the two talents are not necessarily congruent, as proven by many architects' chairs (and some chair designers' houses). Reflecting the prevailing *(Continued on page 48)*

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE



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Against a background of Robert Venturi's Grandmother pattern of pastel flowers superimposed with crosshatching, his new table and chairs for Knoll in his Queen Anne design, *left,* and chairs in his Sheraton and Art Deco patterns, *right.*

(Continued from page 46) mood in architecture, much of the new architect-designed furniture owes a considerable debt to the past, ranging from pieces that are frank homages to the classics of several centuries to those that are rather less honest about their sources. Originality, once the proudest of attributes among designers, is presently held in low repute in some quarters, being viewed suspiciously as inhibiting to creativity (though how one can exist without the other remains one of the conundrums of the art world today).

At long last, however, the two architects who best understand the relevance of the past in contemporary culture—the Italian Aldo Rossi and the American Robert Venturi—have produced their first commercial furniture designs, works that give pleasure as ob-

not readily associate with his architecture, whose grave demeanor forcefully conveys Rossi's tragic view of the modern experience. Instead of the ponderous designs turned out by other architects with an interest in the Classical tradition, Rossi here presents a collection of great delicacy and freshness.

The self-conscious straining after effect that has been the predominant mode in Italian avant-garde furniture design in recent years is nowhere to be found here, but at the same time the new Rossi line is without any trace of false nostalgia or cheap sentiment. Humility, dignity, and simplicity—concepts not exactly abounding in architecture and design today—are the operative terms for these objects, which will clearly allow life to be imposed on them, rather than (as is most often the case today with consumer goods) the other way around.

Warm, clear beechwood finishes, as well as pale-rose and sky-blue lacquer, give the Rossi designs an aura of absolutely beguiling innocence, but mere prettiness is not the end of it. They manage to be both assertive and restrained at the same time: not anonymous, but not attention-demanding, either, a very tough trick to pull off in a world with a surfeit of things competing for our eye. One can as easily imagine Rossi's modestly magnificent furniture in a Swedish country house in an Ingmar Bergman movie as in a thoroughly urban American setting, striking the ideal balance between traditional and contemporary art.

Rossi's affectionate observations of the domestic scene—themes such as coffeepots and crockery often reappear in his architectural drawings—have finally come to happy fruition here, as has another of his favorite motifs: the beach cabanas of the island of Elba. Just under eight feet tall, Rossi's Elba Cabin comes in two versions—either as a cupboard with two drawers and four adjustable shelves or a closet with two *(Continued on page 50)*

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(Continued from page 40) drawers and a hanger rail. Best in pink and blue lacquer stripes that summon up the lighthearted spirit of the original seaside changing rooms, the cabin is a delightful solution to the perpetual problem of storage in most modern American interiors. As an armoire with a fully satisfying sculptural presence, it gracefully crosses the boundary between the functional and the formal.

Though strikingly different in appearance, the first furniture designs by Robert Venturi for Knoll are of the same spiritual essence as the Rossi group. The major difference between the two is that Venturi's intentions—especially in his rich array of variations on the molded-plywood chair that forms the nucleus of his collection,

MARIO CARRIERI



Robert Venturi amidst his new seating for Knoll, including variations of his molded-plywood chair and his floral-tapestry upholstered sofa.

which also includes a sofa and several tables—are considerably more playful, though certainly no less serious.

Comprising five standard designs (Queen Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, Empire, and Art Deco) as well as four others available on special order (Hepplewhite, Biedermeier, Gothic Revival, and Art Nouveau), the Venturi chairs are not line-for-line copies but exaggerated evocations of the most familiar aspects of the styles of those periods, true to the spirit of the originals in a way no "authentic" reproduction is [illegible] to be. This approach represented [illegible] risk for the designer (to say nothing of Knoll, whose image as a purveyor of Modern Good Taste will be irrevocably altered by this new line), for there is nothing worse than pinpoint wit falling even slightly short of its target. But here Venturi scores a bull's-eye.

"When I was young," Robert Venturi wrote in a recent article, "a sure way to distinguish great architects was through the consistency and originality of their work." Though the building designs produced by his architectural office of Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown have had their ups and downs (though primarily ups in the firm's 25-year history), no one can fault them for a lack of originality. Thus, while many of the new Knoll pieces will inspire nice little shocks of recognition (such as the ample, immensely comfortable sofa, which looks fondly traditional in its floral-tapestry version but becomes suavely modern in luxurious gray glove leather), nothing here is really a revival of anything that has come before.

Rather than reusing dormant decorative devices—the marquetry inlays and trims and tricks of the upholsterer's trade that young architects today are more than half in love with—Venturi instead experimented with materials and manufacturing methods, and came up with a number of highly inventive results. For example, he took bird's-eye maple—most often used with great reverence as a veneer for costly case goods—and had it stained a dark gray that gives its surface a deep, dull, sensuous sheen; it is the most elegant finish to be seen on American furniture in years. New plastic laminates are patterned in an unlikely pairing of a pale-pastel floral print overlaid with nervous, Johnsian crosshatching, and yet somehow Venturi makes it work.

One winces to think of the excesses these pieces will provoke lesser talents to attempt, but just as in current architecture—where the Venturi firm's designs are knocked off with shameless rapidity and little skill by a rapacious band of copyists—it will be easy for succeeding generations to tell which is the real thing and which is not. Venturi's is a special gift these days: the ability to recall the past without parody and to make our own moment meaningful at the same time. He and his Italian counterpart have much to teach, and their latest offerings make it a worthwhile lesson to learn. □







TAKING A SHINE TO ANTIQUES

John Saladino designs a Manhattan highrise

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER AARON

A late Louis XV marble-topped table on a 19th-century Peking carpet welcomes guests to the main entry hall. At left, one of the owner's two Maillol sculptures is opposite a terra-cotta urn from Tunisia. The 1941 baby grand Steinway in the living room is often played at parties.



The 19th-century Aubusson rug in the living room ties together the old and the new—two Louis XV fauteuils and Saladino's custom-made piece appearing in the entry below.



A [illegible] fessional couple approached New [illegible] designer John Saladino with a book of Chinese ceramics in hand. The pages with their favorite shades of pink and green were carefully marked. That palette and a growing interest in art and antiques resulted in a duplex apartment Saladino refers to as a "minimalist envelope" that showcases museum-quality pieces.

Saladino compares the first stage of the project—the gutting and reconstruction—to "building a yacht in the sky." The apartment was virtually rebuilt; every piece of hardware had to be fitted with a craftsman's perfection.

A combination of shimmering surfaces gives the apartment a satisfyingly floaty feeling. The structural columns were wrapped in stainless steel to almost disappear between the floor and ceiling. Ceilings in the living room, dining room, and entry ways were vaulted to break the dreaded "walk-in filing-cabinet feeling" Saladino finds prevalent in New York apartments. Walls were painted in high-gloss dusting-powder pink. The niches—one houses the piano—were lined in pale-green cotton. Parquet floors were painted with aluminum-gray car paint.

The spectacular view adds appropriate glitter for the entertaining done in the living and dining rooms. And the master bedroom, according to Saladino, "is the kind of bedroom that people who don't live in New York think New Yorkers should have. It's like a glass pavilion that gives the illusion that one is floating over the skyscrapers."

The still-growing collection of art and antiques was chosen by both Saladino and the owners. To complete the decorating, the remaining pieces of furniture were custom-made by Saladino. *Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray*



The book-lined wall, custom-made leather sofa and chairs, and 19th-century Japanese tea table create a needed retreat


CHANEL





The dining-room walls are silver-colored satin, the door stainless steel. An 18th-century English chandelier is the centerpiece for the Regency rosewood table, set with Baccarat "Celadon Uni" china and "Brummel" crystal. Saladino chairs are covered in "Ondine" by Manuel Canovas.



The curved bedroom wall is painted in alternating bands of gloss and matte finish. The bed is covered in heavy satin, 18th century iron arms and the stereo speakers. The small table is



THE VALUE OF THE BEST

William Diamond's total transformation for clients who understand the wisdom of extravagance

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BRUCE WOLF



After the removal of a central chimney stack, four rooms and added footage made this gracious 24-by-36-foot space with a new fireplace, tray ceiling, and six sets of French doors on the east and west. Black-green walls are equally rich in sunlight or lamplight. Chippendale-style sofa is the room's only reproduction. Red damask from [illegible] sofa, slipcovers in Clarence House chintz. Brunschwig fabric on both [illegible]. Painting and candelabra on mantel [illegible] Galleries; portrait from [illegible] near it.





A living-room still life composed of wild flowers from the lakeshore behind the house, a crystal lamp wearing a silk shade matched by others in the room, Martelé silver from the family collection. Old-fashioned dark green window shades pull up from the bottom to cover each French door panel.

The site was persuasive: over two acres of Westchester County, New York, land sloping down to the shore of a lake big enough for Sunfish sailing. The location was reason enough for a local couple with two school-age daughters to buy the property; the house, while sound, was indistinguishable from any other builder's model in the village. In addition, the rooms were small and dark, shadowed through the day by tall Norway spruces on all sides. Interior walls had been painted vivid yellow in an effort to brighten the gloom.

William Diamond solved the gloom problem by ordering all the spruces cut down. It was a solution whose clarity and boldness are typical of the young designer's work. Naturally the neighbors engaged in strenuous hand-wringing, Americans being as sentimental about trees as they are about the flag, but most of them have applauded the final result: a front garden of pachysandra with a specimen dogwood that Diamond had preserved, a new group of apple trees and clumps of shadblow, a handsome stone retaining wall, a picture-book picket fence, and a flower garden blooming for six months of the year.

When the new owners of the lakeside property began planning its complete renovation, they decided to find one designer who could handle everything: architecture, landscaping, decoration. The woman of the house explains, "I didn't want to choose the colors of the bathroom tiles and kitchen counters with the architect, then have the interior designer come in and want to change it all and move a few walls besides." The couple had read in the May 1981 House & Garden about two standard suburban houses remodeled and redecorated by William Diamond with his mentor and then partner Pauline Feldman. A meeting was ar-



The foyer is entered from the flower-trimmed courtyard reflected in the antique Venetian mirror. The new herringbone floor is made of old brick. Lantern hanging here is an antique that was adapted for use in the extensive new gardens. Majolica planters, J. Garvin Mecking; Kensington Place tea caddies.

ranged; rapport was instant; and the huge job was begun.

Extensive as the owners' plans were, William Diamond outreached them. He is a man whose Olympic-class perfectionism is the inevitable subject of anecdotes when two of his clients meet. This couple asked Diamond for a larger, more distinguished, more livable house. They wanted space for both generations to enjoy privately, rooms for the family to share, and places indoors and outdoors to entertain guests. They envisioned an unpretentious but glamorous English-American country look, one they saw more in antiques shops than in other houses. (Two shops that they mention are Norman Shepherd's in Water Mill, New York, and Mill House in Woodbury, Connecticut.)

Their designer liked the program but on his own aesthetic terms. He told them, "I won't use insulating glass if I am working in a country mode. We need real small-pane windows and doors, and you'll have to live with storm sash. Otherwise I should do a completely modern job." Additional items on the Diamond forbidden list were heating vents anywhere but in the floor, alarm systems that show, prefabricated as opposed to mason-built brick fireplaces, and fake pegged floors. Seeking an alternative to the latter, Diamond spent hours in the American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum and a weekend in Colonial Williamsburg studying traditional top-nailed floors, which he then had reproduced. In Williamsburg, he also found his fence design.

The designer's exuberance and perfectionism were contagious. The couple remembers, "Since we agreed with Billy about authenticity—that things should function and be real—we were ready to be propelled into decisions that usually



The bed and the seating in the master bedroom, *right*, are upholstered in an Old World Weavers print that is the decorator's favorite: "realistic roses and lilacs—the most romantic flowers in the world." More romance: the soft grayed-pink walls, balloon curtains over wood Venetian blinds, the rose-strewn needlepoint rug from Stark. Painting by Martin Heade from Hirschl & Adler. *Above:* Old and new in the serene master bath include classic European hotel-style brass fittings and a whirlpool tub. Frette towels, tub and towel racks from Howard Kaplan, pitcher from Ages Past Antiques.

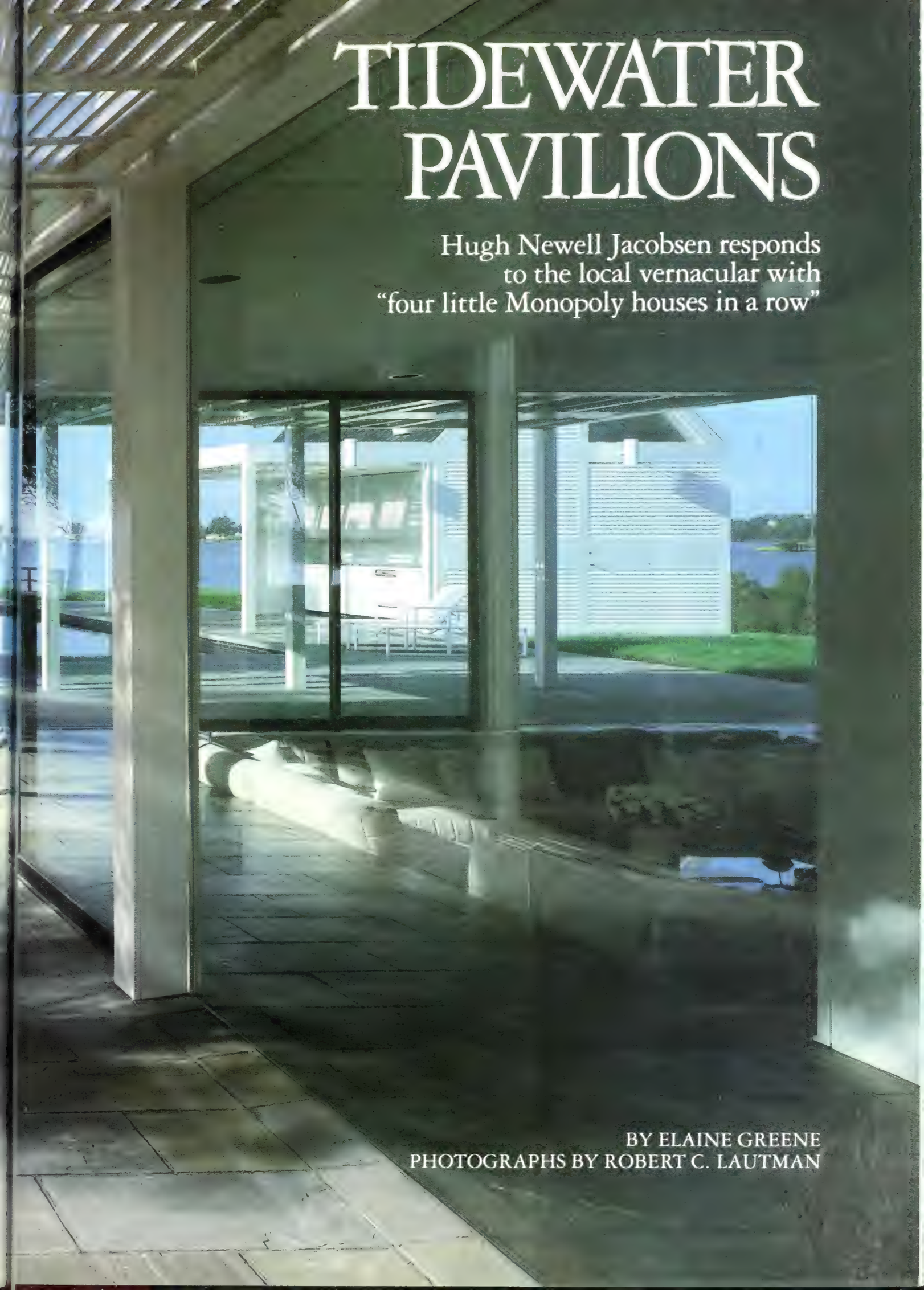
cost more than look-alike compromises and were sometimes more trouble to take care of—like the storm windows." Now when a guest in the house comments on virtually anything in sight—the small egg-shaped brass doorknobs, the gray-painted doors within the white architraves—the owners exchange a smile and are ready to tell a story about how the particular decorative detail came into being. Clearly authenticity is hard work.

Diamond hastens to add that his concept of authenticity has nothing to do with reproducing historic rooms. True historic rooms contain far less furniture than this big main room does; none of the seating in past centuries was as soft and plump as today's; in correct period rooms most of the furniture is lined up against the walls, but these informal conversation groups are unmistakably of our time.

In decorating the rooms, whose character Diamond established in the architectural proportions and details, the couple divided their participation according to [illegible] the wife most closely involved in color and fabric decisions, the [illegible] of Martelé silver and objects related to pipe smoking, always [illegible] furniture. The working trio of Diamond and [illegible] assistant Anthony Baratta and by [illegible] architectural and engineering expertise were of-

constant delight and we have no regrets;
[illegible] re all thinking big on this job, but
Editor, Carolyn Sollis





TIDEWATER PAVILIONS

Hugh Newell Jacobsen responds to the local vernacular with "four little Monopoly houses in a row"

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT C. LAUTMAN



With the shutters raised, *preceding pages,* the living room is shaded from the sun. Pool house is a fifth and separate "Monopoly" structure. *Right:* The long axis of the house parallels the allée and road, the latter extended by a long pier. From the water is seen only a small house and its outbuilding. *Above:* At far left, the master suite pavilion; at far right, the pool house.

Hugh Newell Jacobsen is an architect who is always responsive to the setting in which he will build, and the Eastern Shore of Maryland was especially easy to respond to with its sea light, rugged vegetation, dead-level terrain, and the sheer quantity of water there—bay, rivers, creeks. Equally smitten with the tidewater area was his client, a city man from not far away with whom Jacobsen had hunted game birds locally.

The client's wife was initially dubious about country life and so Jacobsen set about designing the house for her: "something urbane," he says, "but suitable for the region." The architect found two vernacular styles there, "Gothic Revival and simple Monopoly-game houses, both in white clapboard." His aim was a contemporary design that would coexist politely with the local houses—always his aim, although being unnoticed is never part

On the narrow neck where Jacobsen

house,

the woods an old winding sandy road leads to the site "like a mile-and-a-half drumroll; every driveway is a promise, after all." Then the road straightens into a 1920 fire lane "that heads like an arrow for the water." The water is a brackish river off the Chesapeake Bay. Paralleling the straight road, a good house-width away, is a long, narrow freshwater pond.

On their first visit to the site with their architect, the clients suggested that the major rooms of their house extend along the riverfront, but Jacobsen had a more subtle siting in mind and many compelling reasons for it.

"In a small house," he feels, "you should divide up the views, giving separate rooms something separate to look at." In addition, Jacobsen likes to play "the old Le Nôtre trick of looking at water over water," which meant that the swimming pool would have to lie between the main room and the river. Placing the house squarely on the waterfront would have wasted the wooded part of the site, interfered with the water view that is seen when arriving, and exposed the occupants to the glar-







Terrace paving continues on the same level in the living room, which in this isolated place needs no curtains. Lowered seating keeps vistas clear and places the eye where viewing is best for the landscape and pool. Jacobsen's office did all the furnishing, down to the last teacup.





ing sun and passing boats.

Instead, Hugh Jacobsen designed what he thinks of as "four little Monopoly houses lined up in a row with flat-roofed links." He placed the long front-entrance flank along the old fire lane and sheltered it by filling in the rudimentary allée of cedars that already bordered it. The living room, the first and largest pavilion, opens in three directions: to the cedar allée, to the pool and the river, and to the river again as it bends. The backs of the other three pavilions overlook the freshwater pond and a lively population of ducks and songbirds.

The main entry, behind the living room, is the first flat-roofed link, and a kitchen and dining room open to each other in the second "Monopoly house." In the next gable-roofed structure are two guest rooms and baths; the master suite occupies the last unit. Exterior walls are white clapboard or glass—so much glass that indoors and outdoors seem to merge. But between weekends or during storms, wide-louvered shutters, which act as sun screens in the up position, are motor-driven down to enclose the house completely in clapboardlike panels.

Designing the louvers to resemble the clapboard is a typical Jacobsen touch. He is admired both for the small and the large aspects of his work: his meticulous and frequently invisible detailing is carefully noted by his fellow architects, and his "lifelong occupation and diversion is the study of breaking a building up into smaller buildings to reduce its heaviness upon the land and working out how to put it together."

In this latest of Jacobsen's houses-made-of-smaller-houses, as in others he has built, there is, despite the segmentation, a strong sense of spatial flow indoors, a flow of unbroken planes and unified neutral colors. The quietness that reigns here is balm to the owners, who spend their weekdays in a cluttered apartment. They say that the ultimate luxury of their weekends comes from being in a house where there is every necessity . . . and nothing more. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

The pavilion farthest from the river is the master bedroom suite, solidly walled in clapboard on this side, walled with glass on two others. The stair leads to an attic.



BONNARD

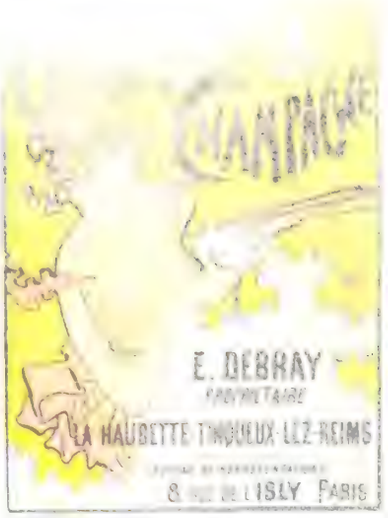
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MUSÉE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE





Within his own four walls and within his own quite small garden Bonnard found the subject matter of a long lifetime in the studio

In France and in the United States alike, this is rediscovery year for a world of painting that was elaborated slowly and patiently in a spirit of implacable independence. Doubtless Pierre Bonnard owed something of that independence to his ancestors, both paternal and maternal. His father, a high official in the Ministry of War, was born in Dauphiné. His mother was born in Alsace. Strength of character was bred, therefore, into the one, as into the other. But there was also in Bonnard's nature a craving for liberty, and he knew from the very beginning that that liberty was fundamental to the fulfillment of what he wanted to do. Yet it was in no way from indifference that he kept clear of the pack. He loved and admired the artists who were close to him, and he saw both the point and the interest of the work of contemporaries with whom he had nothing in common.

He was born in Fontenay-aux-Roses, not far from Paris, on October 3, 1867. Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec was born three years earlier than he, and Henri Matisse two years later. He was to know both of them well. He had a brother, Charles; he was to have a sister, Andrée, who in 1890 was married to Claude Terrasse, at that time a young music teacher. He spent his childhood at Fontenay, and in the family house at Le Grand-Lemps, in Dauphiné. Le Grand-Lemps had a farm attached to it, so that he came to know the life of the true countryside, and of the creatures, both two- and four-footed, that lived within sight of the house.

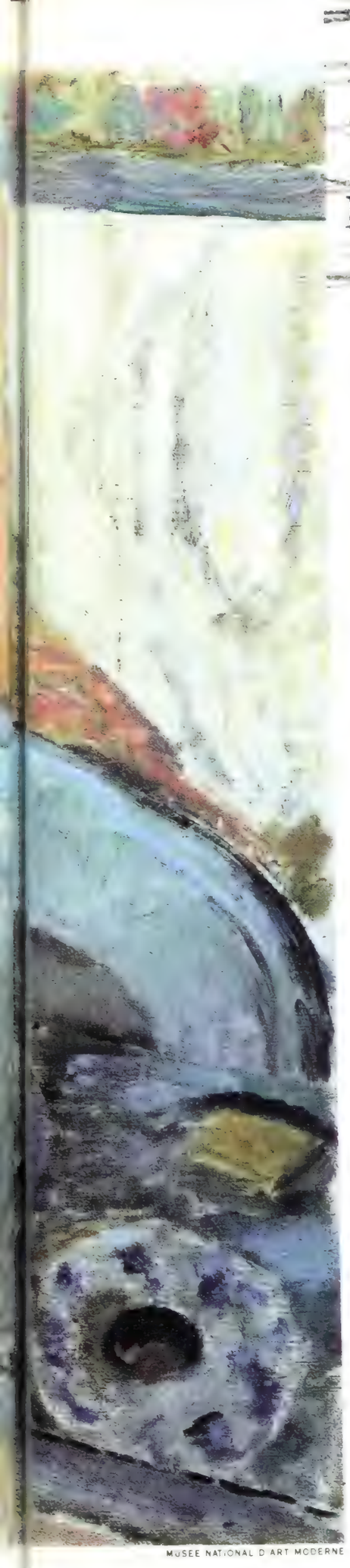


Drawing is sensation," Bonnard said, "whereas color is reason." *Preceding pages:* A 1926 *Portrait of the Artist* in crayon and ink and *The Red-Checked Tablecloth* or *The Dog's Lunch,* 1910. *Right: Compotier and Plates of Fruit,* 1930–1932. *Above:* The painter's first [illegible] the [illegible] world with its [illegible] and [illegible].









MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE

JANVIER

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TIRAGE MODERNE YVON LE MARLET D'APRES PHOTOGRAPHIE D'EPOQUE

JACQUES SAULNIER MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE

him to have the sure haven of a profession that, whether at bar or elsewhere, would never fail him.) In July 1888 he completed his studies in law. Writing to his mother to announce his arrival at Le Grand-Lemps, he said, "I have an overwhelming sensation of freedom. If I am in mourning for my studies, I know of no more exhilarating sensation. Don't imagine for a moment that I am coming down to Le Grand-Lemps to continue my career in the law. I am bringing with me a truckload of paints and canvas, and I look forward to painting away from morning till night. . . ."



While still a law student, he had signed on at the Académie Julian, where he had met Paul Sérusier, Maurice Denis, Gabriel Ibels, and Paul Ranson. In October 1888, Sérusier showed him *The Talisman,* the little picture that he had painted that same summer at Pont-Aven under the guidance of Gauguin. At the École des Beaux-Arts, where he began his studies in 1889, he met Édouard Vuillard and K.X. Roussel. Ever more preoccupied with painting, he went with his painter-friends to see the exhibition of work by Gauguin, Émile Bernard, and Charles Laval at the Café Volpini, in the shadow of the lately completed Eiffel Tower. He was to say later that he had been "carried away by the magnificent example of Gauguin."

Pierre and Marthe, *above,* at Vernon, the villa where they spent their summers, in 1912 soon after the purchase of the property. *Right: The Terrace at Vernon,* 1928.

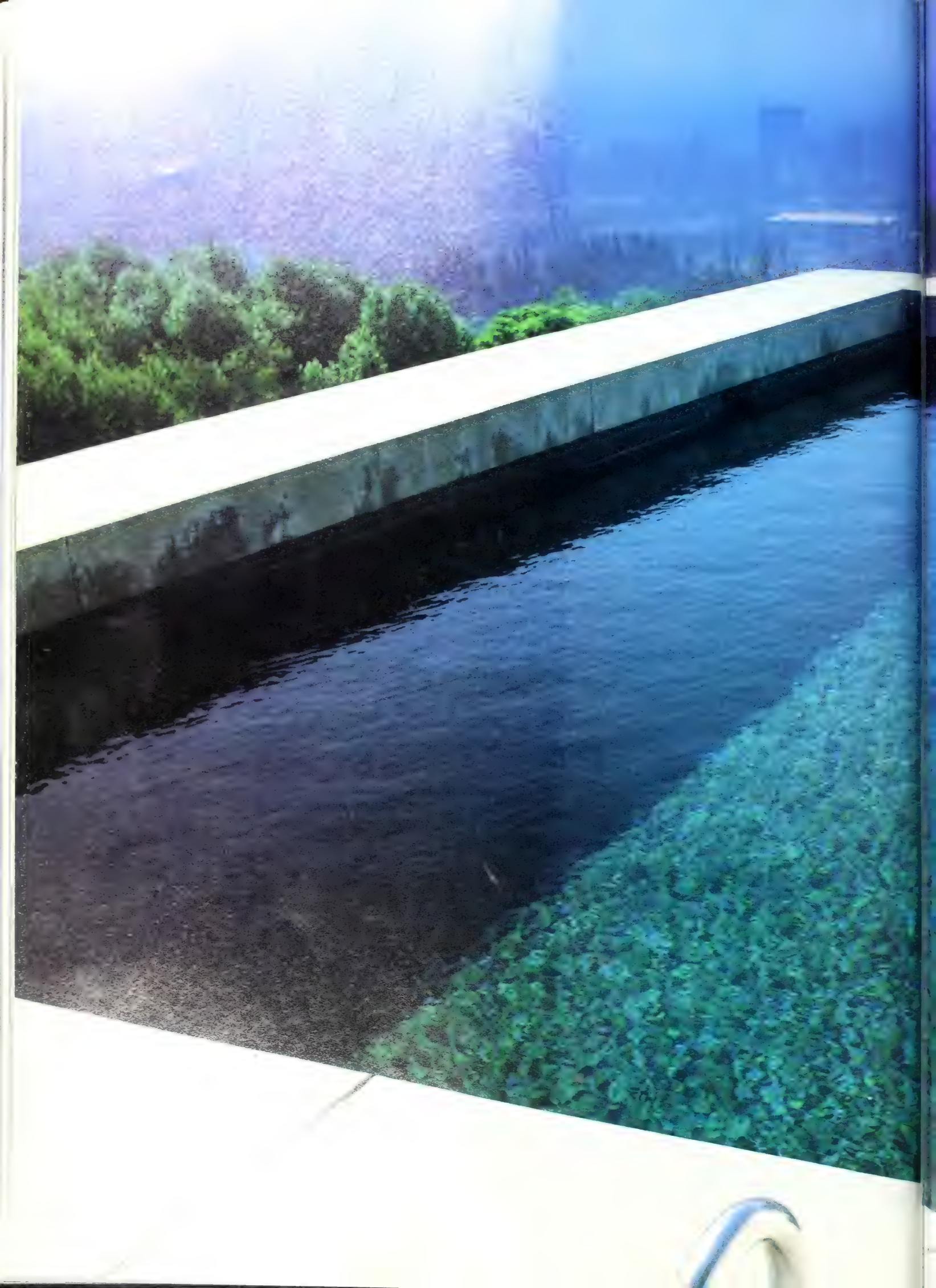
He was also very much impressed by the exhibition of Japanese art that was put on at the École des Beaux-Arts in April 1890. ("Japanesey" or "Japonist" was to be his friends' nickname for him in years to come.) And although he was working part-time as a lawyer, it cannot be said that he concentrated on his profession. What mattered to him was that in March 1891 he sent five paintings and four decorative panels to the Salon des Indépendents. At the end of that same month of March his first poster made its debut on the walls of Paris. Commissioned by the firm of France-Champagne, it was a great success. Félix Fénéon, the best young critic of the day, noticed it at once. Toulouse-Lautrec was delighted by it, too, and it made him want to design posters of his own. Bonnard [illegible] him forthwith to meet his printer, Édouard Ancourt. [illegible] his success, he thereafter gave all his time to [illegible].

Why did [illegible] Parisian art world by storm? To begin with, it [illegible] to what everyone had come to expect [illegible]



KUNSTSAMMLUNG NORDRHEIN-WESTFALEN DÜSSELDORF







THE SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT POOL

Brooke Hayward finds it always leads her home to Hollywood

Sheldon Andelson's elegant pool hangs high and seemingly precariously over Los Angeles for a perfect view of the skyline.

KENNETH MCGOWAN



Although never heated, George Cukor's pool could boast many celebrated visitors, one of whom, Katharine Hepburn, swam laps in it every day

If it's possible to have a passion for swimming pools, I do. This can probably be traced to the fact that in our family, swimming was taught before we youngsters were on our feet. My first memory is of the odd but thrilling sensation I had when Miss Finney (our teacher, who came daily under Mother's supervision) finally removed the upside-down flowerpot she had placed in the shallow end, my only perch, leaving nothing between me and earth but water. Now at night I would dream only of endless somersaults through this water in which I could move as effortlessly as a dolphin. My sister might have had a somewhat different experience: before Miss Finney's lessons had taken hold, she fell in one day during a cocktail party. Nobody saw or heard her except me (doing my endless somersaults). Rising to the surface, I excitedly pointed her out to Mother: there was my baby sister, a bizarre sight, fully submerged, *walking calmly on the bottom of the pool,* already halfway down the sixty-foot length of it! Mother, to my added amazement, said not a word nor wasted a motion: cleanly and with inimitable form—toes pointed, body and legs straight as a knife—she dove in wearing her linen dress and shoes. Afterwards, surrounded by alarmed guests, she held my sister upside down by her ankles while quarts of water poured out. Nevertheless I don't remember any adverse side effects.

Later, Miss Finney, who came for years, taught us to dive off the board by pointing at various ripe apricots or even leaves that fell from a nearby tree and gathered at the bottom of the deep end. Although these recollections are of a rather more romantic time and glamorous place—Hollywood in the late thirties and forties—than any I am likely to encounter again, they are quite useful if I analyze why some pools are worthy of passion and the majority forgettable.

There are three requisites for pool greatness that should be present in equal proportions: comfort, serviceability, and beauty. The absence of this last quality, for instance, causes the elimination of most pools altogether and, in particular, lap pools, a genre currently in vogue. Lap pools may be good for exercise, they may be squeezed in where nothing else will fit, but they categorically do not inspire one's sense of the aesthetic. On the other hand, reflecting pools may be beautiful but you can't swim in them; unfortunately nobody yet seems to have built a nobly proportioned lap reflecting pool, maybe because it is a contradiction in terms. Alas, comfort is not [illegible]. My father once built a round pool, [illegible] compulsively [illegible]dy. At no [illegible] mistak[illegible] able purpose of this pool was walking (a measured slog through its tropical steam, preferably with a cool drink in hand), not swimming at all. Thus it became the center of social rather than physical activity, just like a glorified and enormous hot tub.

When I was six, my parents bought a house in Connecticut, with the idea that we would commute back and forth to California, thereby extending our vision of the rest of the world. That vision would eventually lead me to discard all East Coast pools north of Palm Beach from my pantheon of all-time greats. To this day I have no truck with pools that must be winterized. For two thirds of the year they are an eyesore. Who wants to look at a large cavity in the ground that is half-full of frozen water or covered with plastic? It is evident why the owner generally places it some distance from the house. Ours was half a mile, an annoying expedition in bare feet on a hot summer's day. In my concept of perfection there is a clause that enables one to fall into a pool when the mood strikes without first having to pack a suitcase. Nowhere has this concept been better realized than in a Los Angeles pool that was built by *antiquaire* Peter Paanakker. Peter can get up in the morning, step from his bathroom floor right into the pearlescent waters lapping at his feet, dive under the glass partition that divides inside from outside, swim a few lengths in the sunshine surrounded by olive trees, dive again and come up in the breakfast room where a roaring fire, scrambled eggs, and champagne await him. Now that's style.

However, I must admit that a recent trip to Los Angeles did very little to improve my sanguine childhood memories of swimming from one glorious pool to another. Few people nowadays build great Olympic-size extravaganzas—or can afford to heat them—and since there is no such thing as benign neglect in Southern California, many of the outstanding examples of the past have either been filled in or altered beyond repair. For instance, in the late fifties and early sixties one of the most astonishing places in Beverly Hills was Vincent Price's vast Spanish-style house and equally vast pool he'd laboriously restored—with his wife, Mary, a set designer—to their twenties splendor. Not only was the house a showcase for legendary collections of art, furniture, African and pre-Columbian artifacts, but its garden a setting for their collection of exotic flora interspersed with foun-

The late George Cukor's pool and pavilion, *opposite,* designed in the mid thirties by California architect J.E. Dolena. *Above:* Brooke Hayward's former pool.

OBERTO GILI





The pool was high entertainment: there was a subterranean room with a glass window through which one could watch the swimmers

tains. One particular fountain, I remember, was outfitted with a gas line that would enable the water's surface to blaze amid the splashing droplets. Then, too, the pool was high entertainment. There was a subterranean room fitted with a glass window through which one could watch swimmers in the water's pale aquamarine light. Also there was a fanciful pavilion faced inside and out with brilliantly colored and decorated tiles. The Prices became so involved in restoring old tiles, they installed a kiln and soon were experts at glazing and firing their own, inviting artist friends over on weekends to get into the act. Bill Brice did a set of enormous butterflies for the pavilion. After a while every available surface on the premises was covered in tiles of every imaginable shape and pattern—yet all in keeping with the building's original Spanish character. However, fifteen-odd years later, there is no trace of this wondrous folly. Either the present owner, or the previous—who knows?—saw fit to change the house into a French country estate, rather a provincial one, I might add. Gone forever are the fountains, the colors, the exotic gardens with towering cacti, the pavilion. The pool is still there, but gone is its tile coping, even the underground room. There is nothing left that hints at its sixty years on this planet.

A rare exception is director George Cukor's pool. Mr. Cukor died last year, but I was lucky enough to see the property again while it was still intact. He had finished enlarging the house and building the pool by 1937, the year I was born. Although it was never heated, it could boast many notable visitors, one of whom, Katharine Hepburn, swam laps in it every single day, rain or shine, summer or winter, up until about five years ago. It is said Cukor refused to install a heater because she liked the natural temperature of the water. One of the best aspects of this pool is its relationship to the house and the landscape Cukor created around it, a site of absolute privacy, walled—by the kind of high brick wall forbidden by zoning laws nowadays—and yet with lovely sweeping vistas that span every square foot of the surrounding hillside.

In Los Angeles, the hillside as a desirable building site has long presented its residents with multifold challenges. Forest fires in the dry season, floods in the rainy, earthquakes, a subterranean foundation of decomposed granite that turns to jelly in the rain—none of these are the slightest deterrent for those who crave a view. In 1961 I rented a house on Stone Canyon Road, just up from the Bel-Air Hotel; within a week [illegible] and four hundred other houses, from exclusive canyons to exclusive hilltops, were in ashes. The Bel-Air fire was one of the costliest disasters in Los Angeles history. This in [illegible] fered property values: sooner or later everythi[illegible] Sheldon Andelson, a lawyer who does much fund-raising for charities and political causes, bought his spectacular Bel-Air hillside property twelve years ago when it was still a deserted remnant of the fire. There Mr. Andelson and Waldo Fernandez, a well-known Los Angeles designer, have achieved the Southern California ideal; a series of spaces for entertaining in which indoors and outdoors are interchangeable. The outdoors, here defined by the view, allows one to see from a great height the entire western part of the city, from UCLA to the Pacific Ocean, and floating into this view, cantilevered, in fact, is the pool. The engineering of this pool that hovers between the edge of the earth and the sky is a matter of simple beauty, and quite rightly, there is no suggestion of how difficult it was to build until one passes below it on the driveway that leads out. I reckon Mr. Andelson must have the feeling, as he plunges in every morning at the crack of dawn, that he is headed toward infinity.

About thirteen years ago, I decided to build my own pool. Such an experience requires a cohesive formulation of one's pool opinions. Since I lived in a Spanish-style house in the Hollywood Hills, I reconnoitered well-built hillside pools, not easy to come by. The pool was to be constructed in land fill on a level five feet above the house, and I didn't want it tipping its contents like a teacup when the dreaded Big Earthquake finally came. One of the best executed pools I saw belonged to Robert Halff, who lived in the Beverly Hills hills (same mountain range). This has remained fixed in my mind over the years as the quintessential Southern California pool of the forties and fifties, although he actually built it in the early sixties. The shape, of course, was a classic kidney or amoeba shape. What *I* wanted, however, was an oval pool like the Château Marmont's (the Château Marmont is an old hotel nestled in the foothills right below my house on Sunset Boulevard). Bob Halff gave me his pool construction company, and we were in business. It was an arduous business too, because the pool had to be built on pylons that were sunk twenty feet down. Furthermore, remembering Mary and Vincent Price, I wanted the entire terrace around it tiled, not to mention a waterline border of more tile. Then there were two gigantic iron turn-of-the-century street lamps from downtown Los Angeles to be installed in the background, plus a thick curved retaining wall that formed not only the rear wall of the pool, but *(Text continued on page 162)*

The author admired the elaborate tile work of this Beverly Hills pool, *opposite* and *above*, not changed since it was designed for Pola Negri in the twenties.





A GALLERY OF HIS OWN

[illegible] and Mark Hampton create a space for the collection of Ashton Hawkins

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Yann Weymouth's unadorned table and Mark Hampton's simple couch are foils for Ashton Hawkins's real furnishings—his art collection. Bob Smith's *Camel Train* above couch makes witty reference to the Met's King Tut show, which Hawkins helped arrange.





View from dining room, *left,* suggests an apartment of baronial proportions, a trick made possible by framing effect of columns. Hawkins's collection of watercolors, drawings, and photographs are on far wall. *Above:* David Hockney's 1978 *Pool with Cloud Reflections* hangs over black lacquer and polished steel table designed by Yann Weymouth.

Ashton Hawkins is general counsel for The Metropolitan Museum of Art. He is also secretary of the museum's board of trustees and all the board's committees. He is also one of the museum's six vice-presidents.

The constant switching of administrative hats leaves Ashton Hawkins precious little time for the casual lunch, the afternoon vacation, or even a random walk through the museum. Nor does it allow him to stumble home after work and recharge. On the contrary: night after night, he is expected to represent the museum's interests in the dining and drawing rooms of the Upper East Side.

This socializing is a very real part of at least two of his three jobs. For the Met—like The New York Public Library and the Metropolitan Opera—represents a kind of pinnacle for Americans whose social lives are commingled with their philanthropy. Those heavy-hitters used to inherit their affiliations; these days, they earn them. So if Hawkins is not, tonight, sitting to the right of Widow A, it's probably because he's having drinks with Potential Donor B and dinner with Dowager C.

Small wonder that when he finally gets home, he does not choose to find himself in a space that reminds him either of the museum or Park Avenue.

Still, it is something of a surprise to walk into Ashton Hawkins's apartment ten floors above Central Park West and see how *(Text continued on page 154)*

A ceramic model of the Plaza Hotel and a 1981 sculpture by Tom Otterness, *above,* do not obstruct the bedroom's view of a church, the Museum of Natural History, and the Beresford apartments. *Below:* Four hand-colored lithographs by David Roberts hang above Hawkins's sofa bed covered in a woven jute fabric by Brunschwig with kilim pillows, framed by mahogany screens by Mark Hampton. *Right:* American desk and chair, circa 1840, against the far wall.









Luxuriant standard hydrangeas flank the approach from the woods to the studio. *Above right:* Daniel Chester French at work in his New York studio on a memorial to the brother sculptors Martin and Joseph Milmore.



FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE

Chesterwood captures a turn-of-the-century sculptor's high Bohemian way of life

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



A portrait by Daniel Chester French of Marjorie Leonard (far right) and one of his daughter, Margaret, as a debutante, by Meigs Bancroft, remind Leonard [illegible] over the [illegible] of the [illegible]





Every American with a penny in his pocket carries a minute example of Daniel Chester French's work. The *Seated Lincoln* that punctuates the center of the Lincoln Memorial on the "tails" side of the coin is a paradigm of heroic American ideals, as is French's first commission, the *Minute Man* of Concord, Massachusetts. As representative of his romantic and idealizing style is one of the sculptor's least-known but most comprehensive and beloved works, his estate in the sylvan Berkshires, known as Chesterwood. It was here, from every May to November for the last 34 years of his life until he died there in 1931, that French perfected the role of gentleman artist during America's own belle epoque.

At the turn of the century, Daniel Chester French was one of the country's foremost sculptors, alongside his compatriot Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Both men practiced primarily an academic and Classical art in tune with the Beaux-Arts fervor that had reached an apotheosis with the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. The fair proved to be a turning point for French and his art. It propelled the sculptor, whose sixty-foot *Republic* became an emblem of the Exposition, to national attention. Despite the new Chicago school's promotion of the unadorned steel-frame commercial building, the glory of the Exposition's "White City" guaranteed a demand for monumental and memorial sculpture to accompany the new grand city planning and imperial civic building that would rapidly alter the face of most American cities. Moreover, the Exposition marked the zenith of an unprecedented union of the arts, bringing artists, architects, and planners together in a sympathetic collaboration barely imaginable today. The bonds French made with architects through his involvement in the fair would be invaluable to him in the public role he assumed as sculptural decorator. French's primary concern, especially in the many public pieces he executed, was much less personal acclaim than the successful integration of statue by the sculptor with base or setting by the architect. "I have come to feel that a mediocre statue, rightly placed, is of more value and importance than a good statue badly sited."

Among the architects with whom French would collaborate were Daniel Burnham; Bruce Price, with whom he worked on the memorial to architect Richard Morris Hunt; Cass Gilbert, for whom he created the *Four Continents* for the United States Customs

(Text continued on page 172)

A pair of glazed Ionic columns, *right*, passage from formal garden ends, framing a tera-cotta friend Herbert Mariolle by French in chiffon in the around the







Double doors, *above,* swing open and trap doors lift up so that *Andromeda,* French's last piece, can be pushed on its flatcar along a stretch of railroad track into the sunlight. *Right:* A bust of French and a cast of his hand keep company with models of his best-known work, the *Seated Lincoln.* Architect Henry Bacon's design for the studio provided a gracious reception room, a 23-foot-high ceiling to accommodate equestrian commissions, and plentiful northern light





GEORGETOWN STYLE

Living in Washington, D.C., with family portraits and memory-filled rooms

BY DODIE KAZANJIAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

Have you ever glimpsed the loveliness of a bed of nodding green and gold jonquils in the sunshine? Surely you've all seen a stately bride bedecked in satin, lace and silver? Combine these effects and you'll have a glowing picture of. . . .

"I wonder if the former Janet Norton Lee realized how truly stunning she would appear with her jonquil gold and green background! Accustomed as they are to impressive weddings, the [illegible] packing the church fairly

Randolph used these words in 1928 to describe Janet Norton Lee as she was "stepping into the sunlight from the door of quaint St. Philomena's church at Easthampton, L.I., with her attendants about her" after her July wedding to John Vernou Bouvier III.

Janet Lee Bouvier Auchincloss Morris has been the center and creator of beautiful scenes ever since. Some of the most imaginative have been in the houses in which she has lived: Merrywood, Hammersmith Farm, The Windmill, The Castle, 3044 O Street, and now, once again, in her charming new Georgetown town house.

Now Mrs. Bingham Willing Morris, she is best known to America as Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss and as the mother of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Lee Radziwill. In addition, she is the mother of two Auchinclosses—Janet and Jamie—and the stepmother of three—Yusha, Nini, and Tommy.

At her wedding to "Jack" Bouvier 56 years ago, one social scribe of that period wrote: "Janet is a very pretty young lady. She made her debut in the season of '26–'27, after being graduated from the Miss Spence School.

[illegible]town living room. *Opposite:* In the living room, a portrait of Theodosia Burr, [illegible] Burr, an ancestor of Hugh D. Auchincloss, and a painting, [illegible] the bookcase wall. The book ladder was bought in London [illegible] the foreground is one of many family pieces.





Sherry's was the scene of Janet's bow. . . . She is as much at home on a horse as in a drawing room."

And she hasn't changed.

Mrs. Bingham Morris enters her red-carpeted living room, which is filled with her favorite family pieces that "have been around for ever and ever," with all the freshness of a debutante at her first ball. Sunlight is pouring through the French windows. Gold jonquils and green fabric are in the background. The book she is rereading—*La Princesse de Clèves* by Madame de Lafayette—rests on an old papier-mâché tea tray mounted on a new base. She is grace and vibrance combined. She smiles. "I was up in my room trying on my old riding clothing because I'm going riding with my daughter Nini." Although she has not ridden for a while, she remains an extremely active woman, taking exercise classes twice a week despite a very busy schedule. At five feet, five inches tall, she maintains the weight of her youth and is wearing a smart beige suit that she says is "at least a hundred years old." Her wardrobe is well-chosen, classic, and timeless, as is her house.

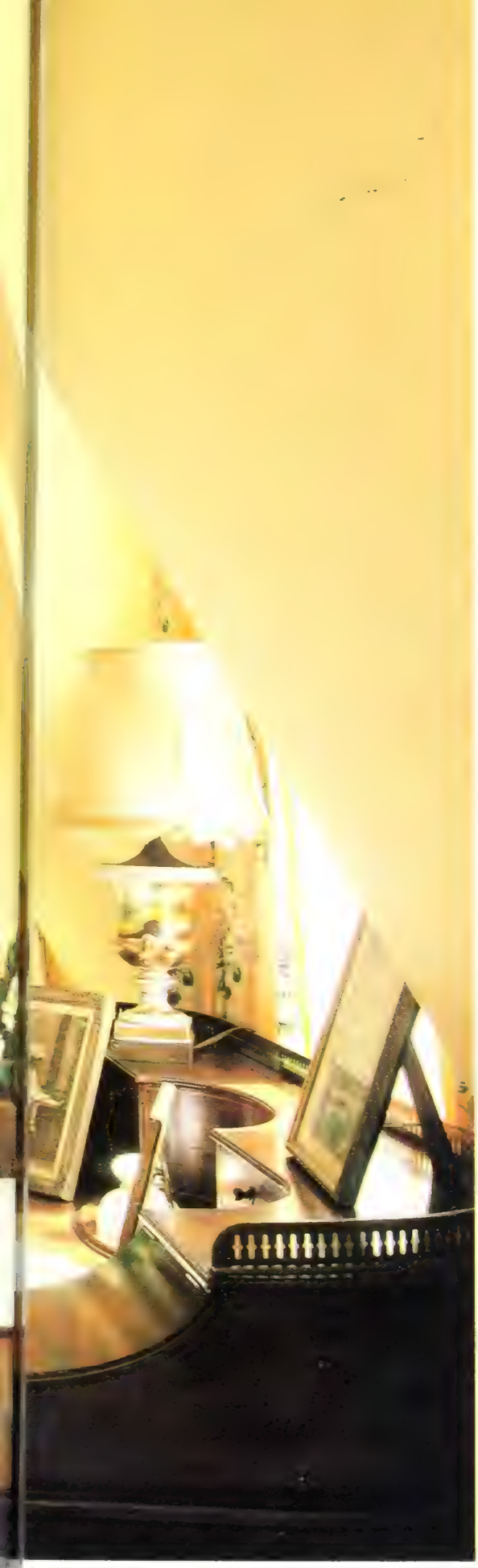
"Janet's living room is what I call *tout est bouleversé.* It's filled with inherited things and it's a wonderful blend," says interior designer and long-time friend Elisabeth Draper of New York, who began working with Janet Lee when she married Hugh D. Auchincloss in 1941. "If you had tasteful ancestors, it makes a delicious flavor." Janet Lee Morris makes light of her heritage, but is descended from Robert E. Lee and is a director from Rhode Island for Stratford Hall Plantation. *(Text continued on page 169)*





Over the carved wooden mantel, *left,* which was brought from her O Street house, is a painting of Mrs. Morris astride her favorite chestnut mare, Danseuse, in 1932. The seat on the stool before the fireplace was needlepointed by her mother-in-law. *Right above:* Her mother's Coromandel screen behind the chintz-covered couch cozies one corner of the room. *Right:* Beyond the entrance hall and archway is the living room, and on the wall to the left are four interior renderings of Hammersmith Farm. Sunlight shines through a central skylight over the four-story stairwell.







One English tester bed in the guest bedroom, *left,* has been in the family forever; the other is a copy. Bedcovers are made of French cotton. *Above:* Portraits of Mrs. Morris's children line her bedroom. Her grandmother's sewing table is left of the fireplace, and the sconces over it belonged to her mother. Chinese horses on mantel were a gift from her friend Mary Whitehouse and the unframed watercolor *Grand Canal,* resting under Lee's picture, was painted by her friend Alice Acheson. Chintz on the bed and chairs is by Brunschwig & Fils. *Below:* Framed pictures of her family cover the top of her dresser.





A Scholar's Garden

A once-abandoned farm in the Berkshires displays an extraordinary collection of plants



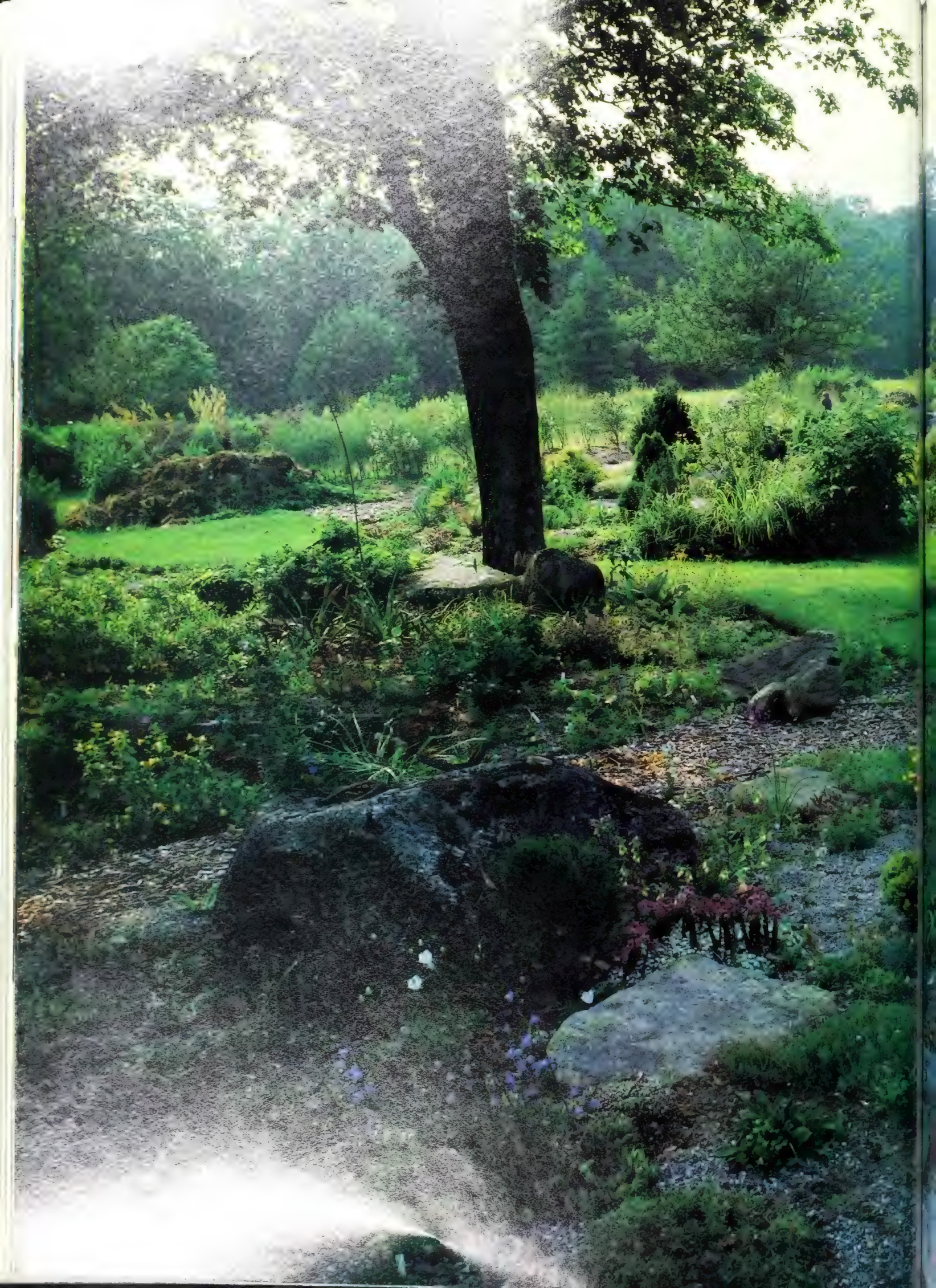
BY ROBERT RUSHMORE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

Two flower-filled beds the size of watering troughs flank the entrance to the house and garden of Norman Singer and Geoffrey Charlesworth in the Berkshire hills of southwestern Massachusetts. Though these areas of bloom are very small, visitors who come from all over the United States, and overseas as well, often stop and spend an hour contemplating the collection of plants they contain: tiny rosettes or tufts the size of a pet turtle's shell; others with blossoms no larger than sequins. Many of these visitors are rock-garden lovers as knowledgeable as the growers, Messrs. Singer and Charlesworth, but they will exclaim in surprise and admiration at seeing species they have read about but never actually seen in growth. Here, in fact, in a huge, plateaulike setting, growing in raised beds or in the foundation of a torn-down barn is an astonishing garden for the student of plants. It contains a collection of over three thousand rock-garden plants along with a great variety of larger perennials, the whole interspersed with dwarf and weeping conifers and flowering shrubs, including many different kinds of rhododendron. Even more amazing, the garden is a little over a decade old.

For a large part of his life Norman Singer was a thoroughly urbanized product of New York City and a familiar figure in the music world, running the concert series presented at Hunter College, then director of the City Center and later executive director of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln

Rock-garden plant collection, *opposite,* includes *Achillea tomentosa, Erodium chamaedryoides, Helianthemum oelandicum, Dryas octopetala, Asperula pontica, Aruncus aethusifolius,* lewisias, artemisias, sempervivums, and dwarf lavender.

Above: Part of the herbaceous border. *Overleaf:* Built on the foundations of a demolished chicken coop and barn, the rock garden slopes gently up to the remaining barn. No need to import rocks: they abound in Berkshire soil.







A herbaceous border, *above,* known as "The Strip" is planted with *Verbascum Chaixii* and nigrum, phlox, sedums, gypsophila, salvia, heliopsis, and *Inula magnifica*





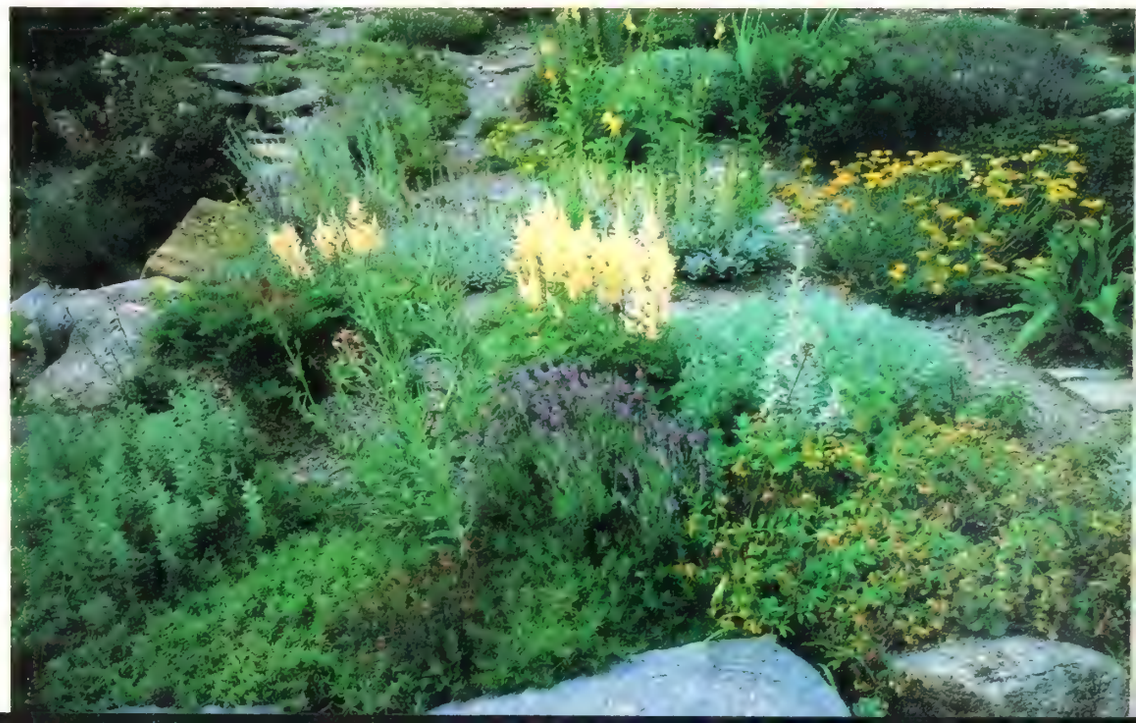
Heathers 'Cuprea', 'Searlei', 'Else Frye', *above,* part of a large collection; plus *Genista tinctoria* and aethionema. *Left:* The "shady, unloved side of the barn" shelters hostas and evening primroses with cimicifuga in the background.



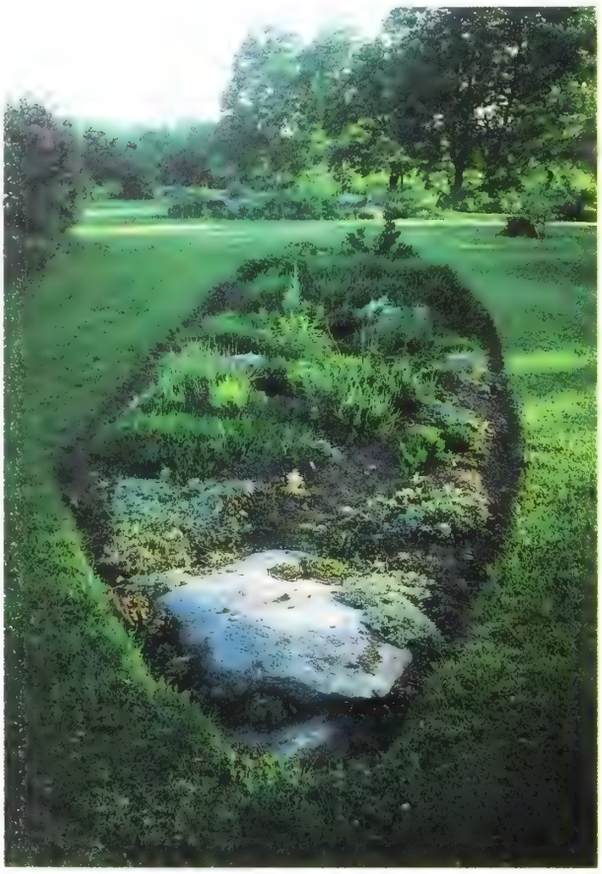


The rock-garden scree, *above,* created for alpine plants requiring excellent drainage, is home to *Achillea tomentosa* 'King Edward', *Sedum arachnoideum,* armeria, gentiana, *Delphinium tatsienense,* veronica.

A patch of the rock garden, *above,* that includes leontopodium—better known as edelweiss—sedums, hostas, asarina, and veronica. *Right:* Polemonium, penstemon, veronica, astilbe, senecio, phlox, artemisia, and aquilegia tucked among the rocks.



The goal was to create a garden for research and information; the result, a garden of great charm and beauty



Center. British-born Geoffrey Charlesworth held forth at Long Island's Hofstra University as distinguished professor of mathematics. But in 1971 the two turned over their lives by buying a house and considerable acreage in South Sandisfield, Massachusetts. This is a remote area of the southern Berkshires that is in fact a ghost town, since the once large and flourishing town center has completely vanished.

Excitedly the two men would take friends over their newly acquired property pointing to where the beds and borders of their new garden would go. "It's nothing but a field full of rocks," was the usual dismayed reaction. Mad seemed the vision of bloom seen by these two city dwellers, since all that the unimaginative visitor beheld was a derelict chicken coop, a fallen-down barn, and boulders—boulders everywhere rolling in every direction toward the hill-ringed horizon. Neighbors were also quick to point out the severity and length of the Sandisfield winters. At that altitude several feet of snow usually fell and temperatures dropped to twenty below or worse. Madness indeed. The only flower bed that Norman Singer had ever actually cared for was in the backyard of a New York City brownstone where Geoffrey Charlesworth made the original beds.

In just over ten years the wilderness garden of Singer and Charlesworth is a monument to what determination, hard work, and meticulous scholarship can bring about. From the outset their goal was to produce a garden that emphasized botanical research more than appearance. What plants, particularly of the kind grown in rockeries, could be made to thrive in this severe New England climate? From specialty sources in England, Scotland, New Zealand, British Columbia, as well as the American Rock Garden Society (Norman Singer is now national secretary), they acquired seed and set about growing it. In the case of certain varieties, such as the Rocky Mountain species of alpine plants that require exemplary drainage, it was necessary to create beds of mounded-up compost topped with a layer of gritty sand to a depth of six inches. In these, plants that have never been seen growing in the American northeast have thrived. The two gardeners also laid out borders of the larger perennials, growing some of the more unusual kinds such as *Eremurus robustus,* the blazing scarlet *Lychnis Arkwrightii,* and the ravishing blue Himalayan poppy or meconopsis. *(Text continued on page 172)*

Opposite: A lozenge-shaped bed of perennials includes yucca, *Erigeron* 'Forester's Darling', *Coreopsis verticillata, Coreopsis* 'Moonlight', and *Stachys byzantina.*



RANCH AT THE END OF THE TRAIL



As unpretentious and authentic as the man himself, the California home of Will Rogers preserves the spirit of the cowboy-turned-folk-philosopher

BY MARTIN FILLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID GLOMB

The closing of the American frontier was an event from which this country has never quite recovered. So strong was the urge to push ever westward, to new land and new beginnings, that once the reality had ended a fantasy had to take its place; thus was born the myth of the cowboy as the last American hero. It took its most potent form in the films that were made in Hollywood in the first half of this century, portraying the cowboy as the personification of America's virtues and values, defining our collective character as much for ourselves as for the rest of the world.

One figure, though, stood out as a true original, an authentic cowboy among the celluloid replicas: Will Rogers. His personality and persona were one: there was no "side" to Will Rogers, and what people saw on the stage or screen was what they would have seen in his home. To a certain extent, to call him a cowboy is to slight his more lasting accomplishments: humorist, actor, writer, political commentator, and humanitarian, he occupied a unique place in the American consciousness for two decades. But given his pride in his Oklahoma origins and his disdain for pomposity and self-importance, he would have sooner called himself a cowboy than style himself a folk-philosopher.

Nowhere is that clearer than in the house he built for himself and his family in the foothills of the Santa Monica Mountains, west of Los Angeles and not far from the Pacific Ocean. By 1921, when Will Rogers first acquired the site for a weekend retreat from his house in Beverly Hills, many of his fellow actors had begun to live in a manner unprecedented in this country for its opulence, ostentation, and self-indulgence. Gloria Swanson in her Italianate palazzo, Rudolph Valentino in his Spanish-style aerie named Falcon Lair, and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in their baronial Pickfair became the envy and dream-objects of mil-

The living room of the Rogers house, *right*, is crammed with mementos collected by the humorist and presented by admiring friends and fans. Behind the sofa is a stuffed calf on wheels, which Rogers was fond of roping with his lariat (he often lassoed his guests as well). *Above*, A painted plaster model for an equestrian [illegible] Tex Wheeler in 1949.







lions of Americans. But Will Rogers would have none of that, and as his fame and fortune increased he refused to put on airs or appreciably alter his way of life. As his wife Betty explained, "Our parents were wholesome country people, and that's the kind of life we like. And that's the kind we want our children to like."

Remarkable as that attitude was for that time and place, it seems even more so today, especially in a region where change is the constant. As one drives up the steep, curving road off Sunset Boulevard toward the Will Rogers house, one gets the feeling of stepping into a miraculously preserved vestige of a vanished epoch, rather like coming upon the hidden valley of Shangri-la. Hundreds of towering eucalyptus trees line the snaking driveway, at the top of which one finds a broad, flat, brilliantly green lawn, the polo field that was the focus of (and in fact the excuse for) the house. Only after admiring that perfectly manicured rectangle does one turn and notice the simple, white board-and-batten structure, a rambling California-style ranch house that appears to be an adjunct to the playing field, rather than the other way around.

Born in Oklahoma in 1879 when it was still the Indian Territory, Will Rogers was raised on his father's ranch, and horses were a central part of his life. Young Will's skill with a lariat and his flair for showmanship eventually led him to a career not as a ranch hand, but as a performer of rope tricks in rodeos. Billed as The Cherokee Kid (he was one-quarter Cherokee on his mother's side, and one-eighth on his father's, which he jokingly said made him 9/32 Indian), Rogers toured with Texas Jack's Wild West Show and eventually took his act—which by then had incorporated the breezy badinage that was to become his trademark—to the vaudeville stage, working the Orpheum Circuit and finally reaching the pinnacle of the Ziegfeld Follies.

It was in 1918, while renting a summer house in Amityville, Long Island, that Rogers was first introduced to polo, and he took to it immediately. That summer he made his first motion picture, *Laughing Bill Hyde,* and its considerable success led movie producer Samuel Goldwyn to offer him a contract; Rogers moved to California the following spring. At first the Rogers family—which included three boys and a girl—lived in a house in Hollywood, but after the death of their youngest child, Freddie, they moved to 925 North Beverly Drive in newly developed Beverly Hills. Although the property included stables for the family's horses (the children were traditionally given their first riding lessons on their second birthdays), Rogers still craved the excitement of polo, and he began to look for land where he could build a field of his own. *(Text continued on page 148)*

The dining room, opening onto the double-height living room, reflects the owners' straightforward nature and belief in spontaneous entertaining. Barbecues were frequently held on the adjacent patio. The rattan porch swing at left was brought from the family's previous house in Beverly Hills. Over the sideboard are portraits of Betty and Will Rogers painted by Howard Chandler Christy in 1939.



Sturdy furniture, wood wainscoting, and rough-finished plaster walls and ceiling give a warm atmosphere to the bedroom of Will Rogers Jr., oldest of the four Rogers children. *Opposite:* On Mrs. Rogers's desk, a photograph of Will Rogers on the polo field and a copy of her 1941 memoir of her husband.





PALACIO DE DUEÑAS

For the Duchess of Alba, her true home is the sixteenth-century palace in Seville

BY PEDRO DE GUZMÁN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Seville's Palacio de Dueñas, *above*, with its polychrome tile horse trough. Rough [illegible] windows are a summer tradition in Sevilla. *Opposite:* Another [illegible] tradition: the Duchess of Alba's riding habit.

FERNANDO FERNANDEZ





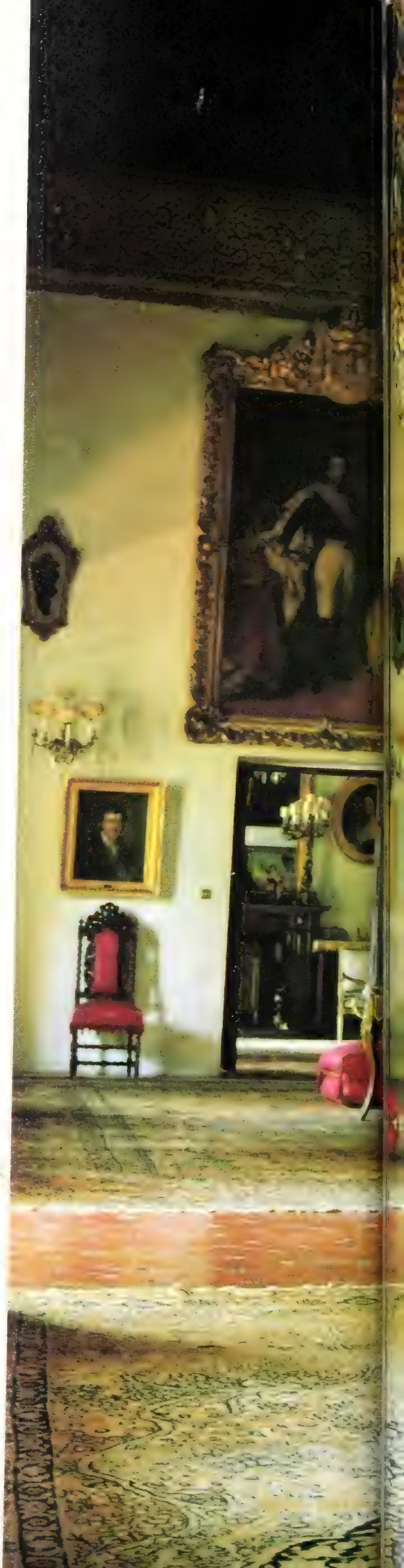


Decoration appropriate to the house of a noted horsewoman, three portraits of ladies of the family in riding dress dominate the main dining room. From the left, the present Duchess of Alba painted by Zuloaga, the Duchess of Santoña by Sotomayor, and Empress Eugénia by Odier.

How the Sevillian palace of Dueñas (so called because of a convent across the street destroyed in the revolutionary days of 1868) came into the possession of the Alba family is a complicated story. According to tradition it was sold by the original owners, the Pineda family, to pay the ransom of one of its members captured by the Moors during the disastrous battle of the Axarquia in 1483. A romantic touch that, unfortunately, does not tally with the recorded date of the sale, February 20, 1496. The new owners were the Ribera family who, very shortly before had also bought the houses where the Casa de Pilatos would later be built. Thus it was two brothers—Don Fadrique and Don Fernando Enriquez de Ribera—who almost simultaneously and probably using the same team of craftsmen created the two most characteristic examples of Andalusian *mudéjar:* the palaces of Pilatos and Dueñas. The last one remained entailed to one of the family titles, the marquisate of Villanueva del Rio, and it was by the marriage in 1697 of a Duke of Alba and a Marchioness of Villanueva that the palace and the title passed to the Alba family.

The present Duchess of Alba, the eighteenth, considers Dueñas her favorite residence even though she owns other splendid ones where she spends some time according to season: among them the Palace of Liria, in Madrid, built in the grand eighteenth-century manner, or the Palace of Monterrey in Salamanca, a fine example of Spanish Renaissance architecture. The Duchess of Alba feels herself Sevillian, and with some reason since among her 48 titles of nobility and eighteen grandeeships, two dukedoms, two marquisates, and three countships are of Andalusian origin.

The Alba art collections are justly famous. Other family palaces house works by Fra Angelico, Titian, Rubens, Velázquez, Rembrandt, and Goya. In Dueñas can be seen paintings by Panini, de Vos, Furini, Luca Giordano, Caravaggio, and Bassano as well as a multitude of works by Andalusian artists and nineteenth- and twentieth-century portrait painters. The portraits are of particular interest, both on account of their quality and their subjects; for example those by Winterhalter, and the Spaniard Madrazo of the Empress Eugénie of France—born Eugénia de Montijo—great-grand-aunt of the present Duchess. Of legendary beauty and romantic life, Eugénia lived for some time at Dueñas, where her room is kept



The second-floor ballroom is furnished primarily in "Isabelino" style, the Spanish equivalent of our Victorian. The round table in the foreground and its chairs are French, Second Empire echoes of 17th-century Boulle work. Real 17th century: the tapestry, one of a series on "The Triumph of [illegible]," the French flower painting over the door to the left, and the gilded glass mirrors are Isabelino.







In the main patio tiled paths laid out diagonally in monastic fashion meet at a central tiled fountain fringed with calla lilies. *Opposite:* Portraits of Napoleon III and Empress Eugénia—Spaniards always give their adopted countrywoman's name its Spanish spelling—hang at the top of the tiled staircase.







In the Imperial Suite, *left,* the drawing room is decorated in a homier version of the Second Empire or Isabelino style. Prints on either side of the door are of Napoleon III and his wife Eugénia. The portrait beyond the curtained archway is of the fifteenth Duchess of Alba, Eugénia's sister, by Madrazo. *Above:* Empress Eugénia's bedroom, kept just as it was in her time, with its comfortable mixture of periods and styles.





One of the galleries around the main patio, *above*, looking toward the staircase and into the principal ground-floor salon, a dictionary of traditional *mudéjar* architectural elements: in the archway, the dado of polychrome tiles, the stucco decoration with its Renaissance motifs interpreted in Moorish taste; in the arcade, the horseshoe arches, the marble columns with simplified Corinthian capitals carved in Genoa especially for export to Sevilla in the 16th century. *Right:* A 19th-century French gilt *table de gibier* displays Spanish porcelain and a French bronze clock of the same period. Originally large marble-topped hall tables like this were meant to hold the game from the day's shoot.



death in 1920.

A homely touch in these imposing rooms is provided by the profusion of fresh flowers and masses of family photographs, some of them historic documents themselves, like one that shows Empress Eugénia, Queen Victoria of Spain with her two daughters, and the seventeenth Duke of Alba standing in one of the courtyards of the palace.

Some remarkable sculptures are worth mentioning, particularly the bronzes by the Spaniard Benlliure (died 1947): a dancer, her body abandoned to the vivid rhythm of the music; the portrait of the seventeenth Duchess dressed for golf; or that of the brilliant flamenco artist Pastora Imperio. Two Alcora biscuit porcelains are as rare as they are valuable. Alcora is the Spanish town where in the eighteenth century the famous statesman Count of Aranda, an ancestor of the Duchess, founded a china factory. There is in the main staircase of the palace a fine equestrian portrait of the Count by the Spanish artist Inza. The present Duke, out of intellectual affinity, sometimes uses the title of Aranda.

In the staff dining room hangs a remarkable collection of bullfight posters, some of them dating back to the nineteenth century. The library contains many rare books, not only of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, but also the now hard-to-find first editions of the Spanish writers of the '98 generation—Unamuno, Machado, Juan Ramón Jiménez—and the '27—Lorca, Guillén, Salinas. Naturally, the best, the unique Alba books and documents—including more than twenty autographs by Columbus—are kept in the palace of Liria in Madrid. The dukes of Alba have always been men of letters: in the sixteenth century Lope de Vega worked for them as secretary, while Cervantes dedicated the second part of his *Quixote* to the Count of Lemos, another family title; and in the eighteenth century, Torres Villarroel was a secretary to another ancestor, the Count of Monterrey.

A more recent literary figure associated with Dueñas is Antonio Machado, perhaps the greatest Spanish poet of the twentieth century. Here he was born, and he would later reminisce about those happy days: "My childhood is the memory of a court- *(Text continued on page 148)*

The remarkable 16th-century *mudéjar* stucco cornices and archways in the ground-floor salons of the palace of Dueñas make a surprising but effective background for the Isabelino furnishings. The gilt chairs and the cabinet they flank are good examples of this style—named for the queen of Spain who was Victoria's contemporary—and amusingly the painting above them by the 19th-century British artist, E. J. Duval, is of the Scottish Highlands.





Sevilla is the palace/ where I was born
and the song of the fountain
There is indeed a peculiar light in Sevilla, a plastic quality in the air that seems to vibrate over the green and gold tiles of the palace, over the walls painted white and ocher, and finds an echo in the gurgling of the fountains, the twittering of the birds.

It is now time to say something about the architecture of Dueñas. Although the origins of the house go back to the fifteenth century, most of the existing structure belongs to the sixteenth with some additions in the eighteenth—the main entrance façade, for example. The whole had deteriorated dangerously by the early nineteenth century and it was only saved by an energetic program of restoration carried out in the 1850s. In spite of this, the visitor will hardly find a dissonant note, every part of the palace being unified by a strong *mudéjar* flavor, that is, by the lingering traditions of Moorish taste and craftsmanship that, over the centuries, managed to filter, so to speak, the successive European styles.

In its heyday in the sixteenth century Dueñas boasted, or so tradition says, eleven courtyards, nine fountains, and over a hundred marble columns. Indeed, an assessment of works of repair and embellishment carried out by the second Duke of Alcalá in the 1580s runs to the astonishing sum of almost a



The Duke and Duchess of Alba

quarter of a million *reales*. A ground plan dated 1756 (when it was planned to lease the palace as offices for the Tobacco Company!) still shows nine courtyards and a few structures long since disappeared. Nowadays Dueñas still retains seven courtyards, which include all possible variations on the simple theme of roofless architecture from the main patio surrounded by colonnades and crossed diagonally by tiled walkways, to tiny, almost monastic "open rooms," to walled orange groves. In them bougainvillea, orange and lemon blossoms, and the occasional palm tree vie for attention with the venerable remains of the past scattered about: stone escutcheons with the arms of family titles such as Carpio and Olivares, marble tables and benche brought from Italy, and especially th lacework in stucco mixing Renaissanc and Moorish motifs that in characteris tic *mudéjar* fashion underlines an emphasizes every architectural mem ber—cornices, doorways, and arches.

Two stables, one for the mules, an other for the horses, and a coach hous open onto one of the courtyards, th wood and metal mangers and parti tions polished to perfection. Th Duchess of Alba is an excellent horse woman who never fails to ride in th April Fair, the great spring festival o Sevilla. The Duke of Alba and his el dest son the Duke of Huescar prefe the coach drawn by mules, their har nesses adorned with blue and gold rib bons, the colors of the house. The bridle of the favorite horse of Empress Eugénia is still kept in one room of the house; the mirror visible in her portrait by Madrazo is now in the dressing room of the Duchess. In each of the Alba residences, we are told, tradition is lived in present tense, and nowhere is this more apparent than in Dueñas.

There is a constant coming and going of guests, friends, servants. The Duke and Duchess receive everyone with extreme courtesy, while at the same time trying to preserve some privacy. "Houses like ours," says the Duke, "one mustn't simply live in them, much less off them, but above all for them. Only thus will a great past have hopes of a great future." □

Editor: Babs Simpson

RANCH AT THE END OF THE TRAIL

(Continued from page 131) Unlike most of his fellow Americans in the boom years of the twenties, Will Rogers had an inherent distrust of the stock market and the get-rich-quick schemes that proliferated during that giddy decade. (As he perceptively put it, "We are continuously buying something that we never got from a man that never had it.") Real estate seemed to him to be a much safer inve[illegible] and a solid buffer against a sudden turn of fortune in a fickle profession in which success could depart just as easily as it arrived.

He eventually found the perfect place for his polo field on a natural mesa high above Beverly Boulevard, the new road—later to be renamed Sunset Boulevard—that led from Beverly Hills to the Pacific Ocean at the northern edge of Santa Monica. The land was owned by a Japanese truck farmer who used the flat expanse of the mesa for growing vegetables. Soon after Rogers bought it and the surrounding chaparral—some 150 acres in all at first, to which he eventually added another 150—he began grading and leveling a 100-by-320-yard oblong with mule teams. He also built stables and in 1924 added a small one-story house as a *(Continued on page 152)*

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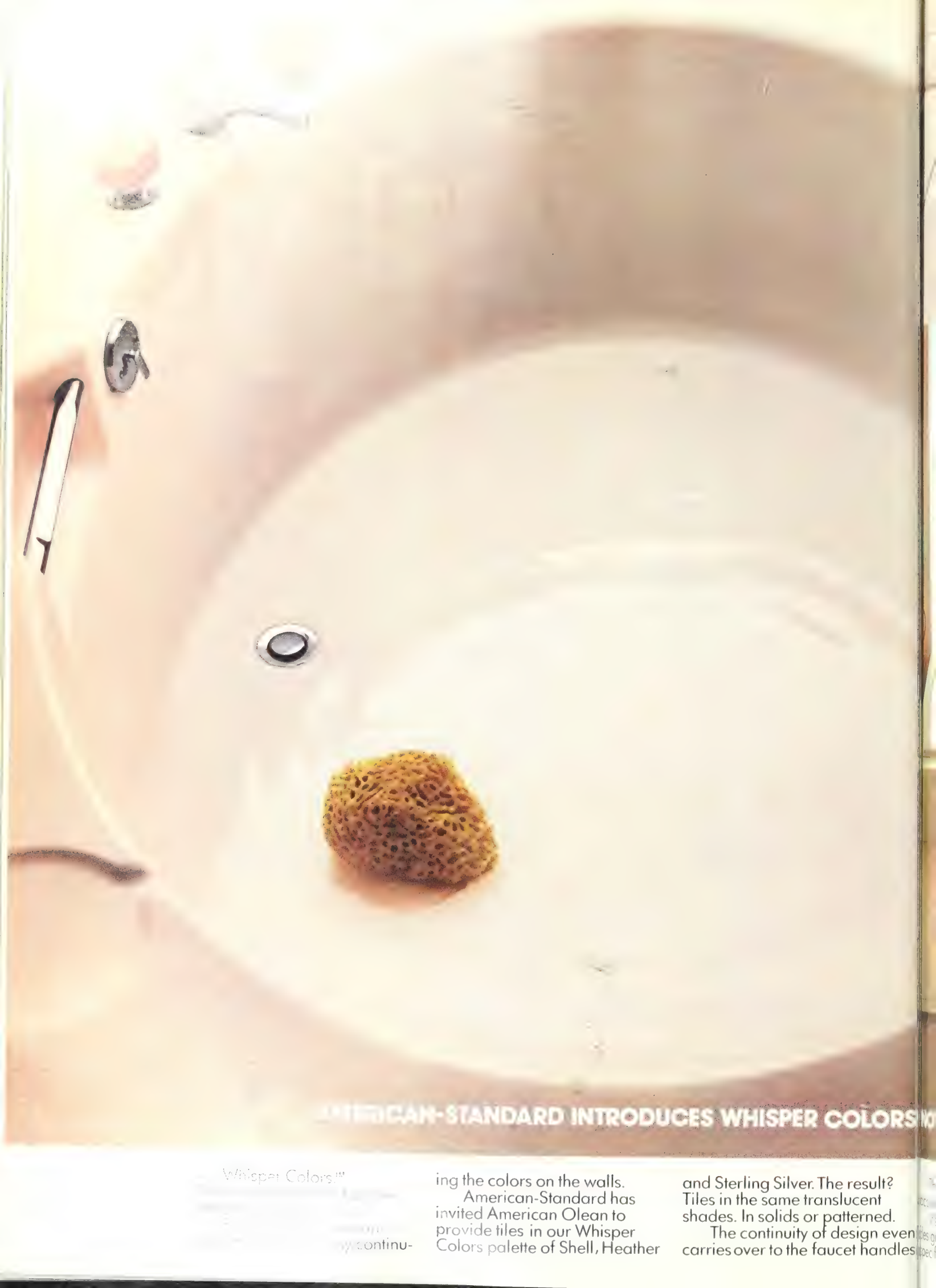
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Shaded by a veranda, a pergola, and a Monterey balcony, the front of the Rogers house overlooks a sloping lawn and the polo field

(Continued from page 148) weekend lodge, which was to become the nucleus of a much larger structure as the years went by. Weekdays were spent at the house in Beverly Hills—Rogers called it "the house that jokes built"—but Saturdays and Sundays invariably found him at the ranch. There he gathered around him Hollywood's polo-playing elite, including Darryl F. Zanuck, Hal Roach Jr., Walt Disney, Spencer Tracy, and Robert Stack, as well as such stars of the international polo circuit as Winston F.C. Guest.

As the Rogers children grew, the need arose for a new bathroom to be added to the Beverly Hills house for their teen-age daughter, Mary. But when it was discovered that the structure was badly infested with termites, Rogers decided to have the house demolished and to move his family permanently to the Santa Monica ranch. Thus in 1928 the original one-story building was considerably expanded by the addition of a new north wing, including a family room and the boys' bedrooms on the ground floor, with the master bedroom suite, studies, and Mary Rogers's bedroom and bathroom on the floor above.

In due course Rogers decided to remodel the original living room to surprise his wife when she returned from a trip to the Middle East; he slyly wrote in his column that he was "raising the roof" in her absence. Indeed he did, el-

activity when Rogers could be coaxed in from outdoors.

Even then, he didn't leave his compulsive activity at the doorstep. Easily bored by small talk, Rogers would start twirling his lasso indoors when things got too dull for him, roping unsuspecting or forbearing guests across the room. It is said that his double-height ceiling for the living room was prompted mainly by his desire for a clearer aim. Eventually, his friend the Western artist Ed Borein presented Rogers with a less reluctant target for his lariat: a stuffed calf on casters, which became the cynosure of his living-room rodeos. It was roped so often that its ears eventually wore off.

The living room is like a giant scrapbook of its owner's busy life. Its basic theme is the Old West, densely overlaid with the gifts of admirers who saw him as a living link with that romantic past and cluttered with the memorabilia of his peripatetic performing career. The furnishings are simple and solid, ranging from no-nonsense oak pieces of somewhat distant Craftsman inspiration to a number of recycled found objects, including a rattan porch swing brought from the Beverly Hills house and suspended by chains from the roof beams, as well as light fixtures made from an old wagon wheel, an ox yoke, and horseshoes welded together.

Here and there are more exotic touches: an unusual set of tooled pigskin furniture made by Toltec Indians in Mexico (a souvenir of a 1920 trip to Guadalajara), a hand-cranked hurdy-gurdy (the instrument the unmusical Rogers claimed to "play" best of all), and a cigar-store Indian. Artworks depicting the life of the cowboy are everywhere, including several pieces by Ed Borein and watercolors and bronzes by another artist friend, Charles Russell. Hanging in profusion are vivid Navaho blankets, animal skins (all gifts, including a black leopard shot by the Sultan of Johore; Rogers himself didn't believe in hunting as sport), and ornamental tack far too fancy to use on any horse Rogers was fond of.

The dining room, which retains the original ceiling height of the structure, opens onto the north end of the living room. But Will Rogers disliked the formality of the arrangement, and as often as possible the family took its meals on the adjacent patio that stands between the north and south wings. There, under the shade of a trellis dripping with bougainvillea, Rogers would preside at a portable barbecue stove; service was help-yourself, and seating was equally impromptu. An easygoing, impulsive host, Rogers was famous for his off-handed, last-minute invitations, and the family's love of free-form entertaining was light-years removed from the perfectionist celebrity parties of a Mary Pickford.

In contrast to its liveliness, though, the Rogers house also had an air of tranquility that was just as characteristic of its owner. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, who *(Continued on page 154)*

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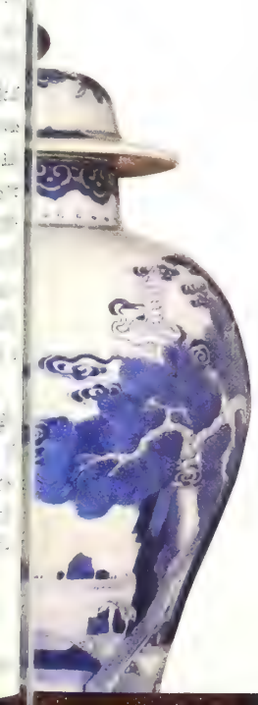
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a place where one could feel "completely private and free." For all his gregariousness, Will Rogers also had a need for solitude, one that was increasingly difficult to satisfy as he became more successful and his life more complex. This was recognized by the perceptive among those close to him, including Spencer Tracy, who found Rogers to be "at the same time, one of the best-known, and one of the least-known men in the world. By inclination, he is a grand mixer; by instinct, he is as retiring as a hermit."

As the demand grew for Rogers's services as a writer, speaker, and actor (he became Hollywood's top male box-office attraction in 1934), he saw a great deal less of his home in Santa Monica. The wanderlust he had developed as a young man had never left him; if anything, it increased. His wife often traveled with him, leaving the care of their children to her spinster sister. While away, Rogers would write to his eldest son, Will Jr., about improvements to be made in his absence, and his interest in the ranch was directly tied to the latest project. If there was none, he was capable of writing (as he did to his son), "There is no more fun at home now. Everything is finished. I am anxious to get to work on something new."

Like a true pioneer, Rogers derived his greatest satisfaction in the initiation, rather than the completion, of another venture. In 1911, Rogers had bought thirty acres of land in Claremore, Oklahoma, not far from his birthplace at Oologah, on which he intended to build a retirement home. But that was not to be: during a flight to Alaska with the aviator Wiley Post, the plane crashed, killing both men instantly and plunging the nation into mourning that at the time was described as the most profound since the death of Abraham Lincoln seventy years before.

In 1944, after the death of Betty Rogers, the Santa Monica house was deeded to the state of California and opened to the public. It remains virtually untouched to this day, and still has the feeling of being inhabited by the Rogers family. In Will Rogers's study, his battered Remington portable typewriter sits on his desk, his sweat-stained polo helmet and mallet nearby, as if he had just come in from the playing field (as he frequently did) to bang out the day's newspaper column. In the family room downstairs, Betty Rogers's beloved Knabe piano stands a few feet away from a copy of *All I Know About the Gold Standard* by Will Rogers (the pages of the volume are blank). And parked in the driveway below is the black 1928 Buick four-door sedan, substantial but decidedly unglamorous.

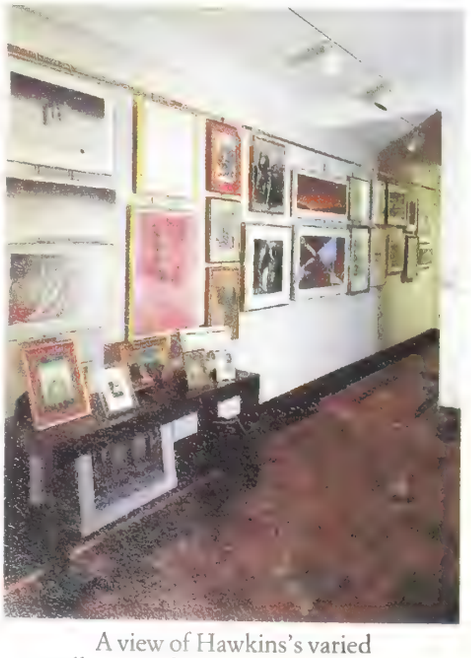
The L.A. of a hundred thousand cultural incongruities seems as remote there as the days of Will Rogers seem today, almost fifty years since his death. In a sense, Will Rogers never left the ranch, and the feeling of genuine humanity that he infused into his surroundings is proof enough that the qualities he most believed in are also the most enduring. □

Editor: Joyce MacRae

A GALLERY OF HIS OWN

(Continued from page 103) little it resembles the double-breasted public persona of its owner. The ceiling is appropriately high and the moldings are traditionally dark, but the walls are covered with a collection of modern art and photography so eclectic that even a curator at the Whitney would be shocked at their variety. And the space bears so little relationship to the gloomy and chopped-up warrens which were once the hallmark of Central Park West that, for a minute, you could think you're in a SoHo loft.

And those are just the introductory surprises. After you've negotiated the generous foyer and the picture-crammed gallery, you find yourself in a



A view of Hawkins's varied collection of prints and photographs in the hallway.

it, though, and you'll find yourself in the 10-by-12 bedroom. And unless your curiosity extends to Hawkins's Gatsbyesque shelves of shirts, your tour has ended.

This sense of disproportion—"Turn a corner and you're there," says Hawkins's friend and designer Mark Hampton—were the main design features of the apartment when Hawkins bought it three years ago. This lack of access—and a mazelike layout with two foyers and three hallways made the apartment, as Hawkins notes with lawyerly understatement, "less expensive than it might have been." They also suggested any renovation would have to be so complete that the idea of economy should be instantly discarded. Architect Yann Weymouth, an old friend, *(Continued on page 158)*



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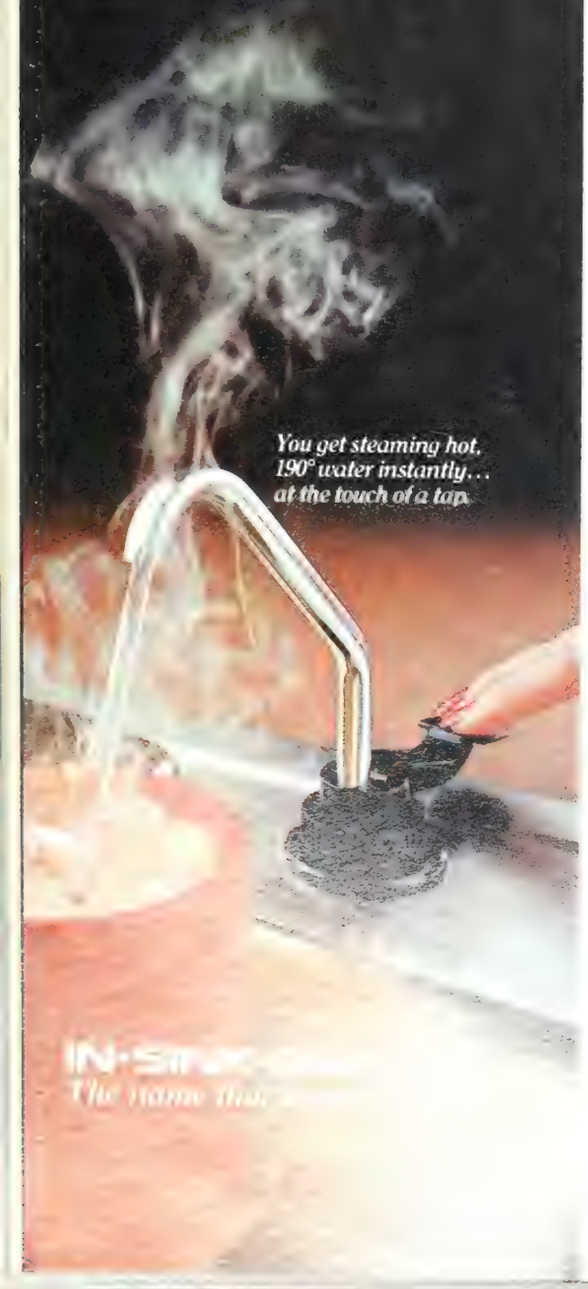
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IN-SI...
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...(page 154) toured the 1907 building and compared its ornate pomp unfavorably to the work Frank Lloyd Wright was doing at that time. He estimated, therefore, that the work would take a year.

Weymouth's affections are for hard edges and clear contrasts between new and old. As he looked around this building, though, he discovered he liked only one part of it: the lobby. "The detailing in the apartment wasn't up to its character," he recalls, "but I decided to imagine what the rooms should have been like and try to bring it up to that. There are a lot of places where you do best working within the old. Modernized apartments in buildings like that just look silly."

But Weymouth remembered that parties at Hawkins's old apartment were informal, sprawling events, with "people sitting everywhere." Given that style of entertaining, he concluded, what was called for was a loft, not an arrangement of formal rooms. The announcement of this idea made Hawkins fear that Weymouth's ideas were becoming too radical. They returned to their common goals—clarity and light—and quickly found the language of compromise. The apartment, they agreed, would be what Hawkins calls "a Post-Modern space with overtones of the Edwardian period."

Much easier said than done. For no sooner was the front door opened than a visitor was confronted with a bearing column. The foyer's darkness compounded its gloom—even with the best lighting, this area seemed a permanently joyless entrance to the home of its very perky owner.

The solution was to penetrate the air shaft that ran alongside the foyer and create a false window. For Weymouth, the idea comes from his affection for the Lincoln's Inn Fields home of British architect Sir John Soane. For Hawkins, whose greatest treasure is his simple, sun-washed house in Patmos, the inspiration is Greek—so like the Greeks, he had the air shaft painted white both above and below his little window, the better to pull light down.

The bearing column in the living room was more of a problem. Set off to ...de, it emphasized the apart...t's asymmetricality. Hawkins envisioned—and got—two Doric columns: "the simplest order, but one that provides some architectural interest."

The placement of the bedroom was the last of the large questions to be answered. "We tried an elaborate series of schemes," Hawkins reports, "mostly to see if we could put the bedroom where the dining room is now. It seemed odd to make the only room with two views of Central Park into the bedroom—but it seemed even stranger to make that small space the dining room and have to cart everything fifty feet from the kitchen. And it's very nice to look out your bedroom window through church spires to the buildings up Central Park West."

With the plans finally approved, Weymouth embarked on six months of construction. All the woodwork was saved, stripped down to the original mahogany, restained to match the floors, and replaced—usually on a new wall. Hawkins's friend Allen Blagden sandblasted a detail from the front of the building onto a glass panel, which was then placed over the bedroom door. Meanwhile, Weymouth turned his attention to furniture, coming up with a pedestal base and lacquered top for the dining room and brushed aluminum and glass for the living room.

Enter—or rather, reenter—Mark Hampton. Not only had Hampton designed Hawkins's former apartment, he and his wife, Duane, were, with Hawkins, founding members of what may be the longest-running reading group in New York. The dozen members of this group plow through one novelist a year, meeting once every month for lunch or dinner on Sundays. Though their conversation is free-form, the ground rules are not: members may not read biographies or secondary sources until the end of the year, and no one may attend who hasn't read the book under discussion. Though Hawkins has been lobbying unsuccessfully for Mark Twain for a good part of the last decade, he is still—after a dozen years—the group's most enthusiastic member. "It's the only serious reading I have time for," he says, "and it's nice to be connected to an informal group this solid. In all these years, we've had only a couple of dropouts and one separation."

So Mark Hampton wasn't just de-

signing an apartment—he was designing rooms he intended to sit in. For that reason, there was some creative tension between architect and designer. "Yann's plan was compounded by the collage scrapbook quality Ashton brings to his life," Hampton explains. "He has a wonderful liveliness that makes him continually change things. My job was to anchor the rooms down so there'd be some predictability."

What's most impressive about Hampton's work is how few anchors he needed. He de-accessioned some of the furniture he'd chosen for Hawkins in the past, built two mahogany panels for more privacy in the bedroom, and created a zebra-skin screen to replace a zebra rug that had become a cliché. Then he wisely got out of the way and let the collector fill the room with his art, which Hawkins calls "the real furnishings of the apartment."

This art ranges from the personally priceless to the actually valuable—with no space separating the extremes. In the foyer, for openers, a Robert Murray sculpture overlooks a basket of egg-shaped granite rocks that Hawkins finds himself inexplicably carting home from each visit to the Maine coast. A picture of his Russian-born mother sits across from a picture of his great friend Renata Adler and next to the lid of a nineteenth-century Russian box that Hawkins found in London and had framed. And along the back wall of the foyer, near what Hawkins describes as "the wine and art closet," are a nineteenth-century watercolor of Lake George and an Yvonne Jaquette pastel of the view from her studio on a rainy night.

The hallway is just as varied. Avedon, Mapplethorpe, and Penn photographs fight for attention with an anonymous turn-of-the-century Indian photographer. One of the seven etchings made by Barnett Newman hangs near a mezzotint by Claes Oldenburg and an Ed Ruscha with the word "Ash" in smoke writing. And a turn into the guest bath brings a stunning view of half a blue sailfish mounted over the tub.

Even in the living room, where the masterpieces might ordinarily reside, Hawkins has held true to his code of buying and showing work by artists he knows and likes. Yes, there is a Hockney paper pool dominating the dining-room wall, but it's there less for its importance than for the whimsical way it serves as another dimension—"a projection westward," Hawkins laughs. That sense of play is continued over the couch, where *Camel Train,* a six-paneled collage by Bob Smith inspired by the King Tut exhibit, shows camels marching past pyramids and cigarette packs into the Met.

More serious art—a Frankenthaler set on a Regency stand, a Noland, several early works by Albers—can be found here, but they're given no more prominence than a piece of bent and etched glass by Christopher Wilmarth and a Navaho chief's blanket Hawkins's father bought in Santa Fe in the twenties. Near the bookshelves filled with complete sets of authors his reading group has plowed through over the years, he has filled display cases with "memorabilia and oddities" that most other collectors would consign to a drawer. And stationed on a window sill in this room is a T'ang camel—"everybody's favorite exotic animal"—and the occasional stuffed bear from a *Brideshead Revisited* dinner.

All this art may, from time to time, be loaned to museums or stored to make room for new purchases. Two small works, though, are certain to remain on permanent exhibition. Both have, as they say, some history.

One is the first painting Hawkins bought, a landscape he found for five dollars when he was at Exeter. He had no artistic ability himself, there were no collectors in his family, and although he was planning to be a lawyer, he had no idea of working for an institution that would remunerate him with titles instead of worldlier rewards. Still, he says dryly, the acquisition of this picture was certainly a harbinger.

The other is a watercolor about the size of a postcard. It shows a woman lounging against a column and looking into a blue background. The title is printed below: *Marion Davies Standing by Ashton's Pool.* The artist? Mark Hampton. As a housewarming gift from a designer who's also a painter to a collector who's also a friend, it has a certain charm. Then one remembers that Mark Hampton was also, very briefly, a lawyer, and the resonance deepens. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

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paradoxes of character. While he of his discipline with awe, the studies also capture a certain animal meanness. "Painting Rudolf," Jamie states, "was intoxicating but exhausting." It has made him leery of human subjects for a while. They demand too much—a kind of "osmosis. . . . I lose myself, I try to get into someone else's skin. And of the people who interest me, not many will permit that."

Down the drive a few hundred feet from the house, but in a different state—Delaware—is the Wyeths' barn. Both of them spend a great deal of time here. Jamie has a studio in the upper story, although he politely declines to open it for a tour—he's reticent with his unfinished work. "Either someone loves it, which freezes me, or they hate it, which shakes my confidence. I'd rather paint without trying to think or theorize too much about my direction. Most of the time I'm not inspired. I work every day to keep my tools honed. I want them ready for the moment—which comes without any notice—when things start to click. That is *indescribable*. And it makes all the rest worthwhile."

The old barn and its outbuildings form a spacious courtyard that is open on one side, like a stage. A colonnade runs the length of it. The magnificent stone pillars, dazzlingly whitewashed, as thick around as a man's body, are typical, Jamie says, of local farm buildings built two hundred years ago, but they insist on reminding me of ancient Crete. The landscape they frame is the echo of something, too—although I can't immediately place it. In the foreground, two farm hands are mending a wooden fence; to the left, an enormous sycamore is just coming into bud; in the distance, a hill with a ruff of honeysuckle slopes down toward the river, and the haze has smudged its contours like a soft eraser. It will later come to me that this is a picture by Jamie's

would have painted that. The Greek diners and the mausoleum showrooms. But this is what I know best. This is what *exists* for me. And my work begins with a desire to record it. I admire those nineteenth-century landscapists, like Bierstadt, who came to America to make a visual record of it for Europe. And I love Audubon—what wonderful pure *shapes* he painted. But Realist painting isn't photography—it's an art of interpretation. You begin with the passion for accuracy. You try to be as true as possible to the subject and to the feeling it inspires in you. If you can do that, you reach the abstraction in it. The biggest problem, working so subjectively, is to get distance. . . ."

Here Jamie Wyeth falls silent. He has a sort of country-bred, almost British distaste for eloquent self-declarations. "Sometimes I climb up to look at a painting through the window. It's usually a terrible disappointment."

At lunch in the yellow dining room, Phyllis Wyeth invites me to go driving with her. Her little runabout has a perch at the back, like a rumble seat—if I don't mind the bumps. I don't. But the tack, she warns me, is on its last legs. It's patched with pieces of string. A visit to her Amish harnessmaker, up in Lancaster, is long overdue. As I am not a connoisseur of tack, this fails to alarm me. Finally, Phyllis says, she is training a pair of horses who are just getting used to one another. This sounds romantic. I discover that it takes the tact and stubbornness of a marriage counselor. "You have to make them relax together." Indeed.

The runabout has a beautiful chassis of curly maple and very elegant thin wheels that seem as fragile and as impractical as high-heeled shoes. But Phyllis—who is herself elegant and fragile—is planning to drive it, two weeks hence, in a cross-country event that will lead her through rutted gorges and across swollen rivers and over obstacles banked with lime pits—22 miles of bad terrain that is a test of the horses' stamina and of the driver's prowess and courage.

This afternoon, the driver, who is an oilskin raincoat, a man's felt hat, and pearls, is very pleased with her pair. They have made some shapely tight turns through a stand of pine trees, and are now trotting in perfect sync through fields of stubble toward the Brandywine. "Eben," Phyllis informs me, "is the more seasoned of the two. He's of the old blood. Mark is a little hot on the sire line. They've been breeding new blood into the Morgans to make them fancier, but they've also made them more unreliable. They like to prance and plunge. . . look at this, now!" We have stopped for a moment and Mark is biting Eben's neck and pawing the ground. I notice that his coat is steaming a little. There's a little greenish foam at his bit. Suddenly I have a vision—that old black-and-white closeup from a late-night movie—of the fraying harness, and the small gloved hands tugging at the reins, and then of the delicate carriage and its terrified occupants hurtling over a ravine. "Walk on, boys," Phyllis says calmly.

Turning homeward, we stop to let a train pass—an old locomotive and a few freight cars. From here I have a fine, long view of the barn.

"I worry about having everything that I love most in one place," Phyllis confesses. "Jamie's paintings up above. My horses down below."

The Wyeths have, as one might expect, a "country kitchen," a warm and rather dark room where they often build a fire and eat their dinner. Weathered baskets dangle from low beams. A corner cupboard holds a collection of prized old Mocha ware, which has a beautiful milky glaze, and a patina that does not simply come with age, but is a quality of things loved for their usefulness.

The table is set for five. Andrew and Betsy Wyeth are invited for dinner.

The older Wyeths live on the farm in Chadds Ford, a short drive away, where Jamie grew up and where, at the age of twelve—having dropped out of school with his parents' approval—he began his apprenticeship as a painter. For the first two years, he studied with his aunt Carolyn, doing pen-and-ink drawings in his grandfather's old studio. Then *(Continued on page 162)*

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century, between a father and son. What a privilege to have such a precocious confidence in your vocation, and such a rigorous, loving master to inform it. But what a strain for a teen-age boy to renounce the world of his peers and submit to the authority of a father.

"There wasn't any tyranny," Jamie states simply. "It wasn't as if he dictated my style of painting, either. Yes, the tools were there. And seeing a man in paint-stained overalls around the house was perfectly normal. And yes, there is a certain baggage that comes with the name.

When I had my first show, the critics' dynastic resentment almost totally distracted them from my work. Perhaps if I had made a radical break with my father's style, they would have appraised more. But frankly, all that stuff—constant comparisons, publicity, imitators and detractors—either stays outside your studio door, or it cripples you. The main thing, I think, is our work ethic. We take painting very seriously."

But when I see them all together, it strikes me that the Wyeths have the gift of taking each other *un*seriously. There is no nervous evasion of certain subjects or emotional wavelengths, and no false smoothness, either.

"You have to bring up murderers as gentlemen," says Betsy Wyeth.

"What she means," says Andy, "is that we'd cut each other's throats! No honest artist is not competitive. If Jamie does a good painting, it puts me on the mat. If I do one. . . ."

Jamie has risen from the table to uncork some wine and to give his father a jab in the ribs. He is still dressed in his working uniform: a denim apron; a beautifully cut Amish waistcoat; a pair of soft brown jodhpur boots that were probably handmade for him ten years ago. What sort of artist is this, I wonder, who is part artisan and part lord? Who hates to travel—"you only scratch the surface"—but who studied anatomy in a Harlem morgue and who has an invitation from the White House propped against the mirror of his dressing table?

It is a nineteenth-century Romantic prejudice that the painter ought to be a bohemian of one stripe or another: marginal, rebellious, unreconciled to "Life." But Jamie Wyeth seems to belong to an earlier mold—a mold the approximate period of his domain. He is, on the one hand, one of those great portraitists who was nowhere more comfortable than at court, and sat to the right of the king at his own dinner table. He is also one of those great rural craftsmen who was nowhere more comfortable than in his own village, in his own workshop, keeping his inherited tools honed, and grinning when the devil tempted him with perfection. □

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT POOL

(Continued from page 98) starting at the water line, continued three or four feet above it—dense with every known species of flowering vine and topped by two recumbent stone unicorns. This wall was good for diving off, but it really served a more serious purpose: to keep the hillside behind from tumbling in during the dreaded Rainy Season. One other unusual feature that turned out to be most successful was the fountain in the middle. Yes, the contractors engineered a plinth that rose from the depths to the surface on which a marvelous bronze winged figure was fixed; Chester French envisioned her with swimmers cavorting around her, that's how she ended up.

What I learned from that pool was how important two other details are: texture and color. In my opinion, white (color most commonly used) plaster (material most commonly used) is not ideal, although white turns to blue-green with the addition of a few feet of water. Nobody understands this better than painter David Hockney, whose own pool is brush-stroked with curves of blue paint that give the illusion of thousands of ripples. Black pools, by the same token, create the illusion that something unspeakable is lurking in the depths below you, perhaps a moray eel, or, at the least, dead slugs. So with my next pool, I incorporated color and texture in one fell (and very expensive) swoop by covering the entire interior [illegible] tiny mosaic tiles in endless variations of pale blue that, according to my theory, would be shot through with reflected gold as the sun passed overhead.

Of course, there was absolutely no way to know if this would work, or whether my other theory—that the glistening mosaic surface would feel like silk when one's wet skin touched it—until all the painstaking work was done, the grout dry, and the pool at last filled with water. But on that day, as the water rose inch by inch and a crowd of mesmerized workmen closed around, I knew that my gamble was going to pay off. And though later I sold that house and pool to a well-known Italian production designer, I'm happy to report that he changed not a feature, not a blade of grass.

Writing this has the effect of making me homesick for that pool, but to judge from the direction my inspirations have taken—with a gentle nudge from William Randolph Hearst and San Simeon, it is perhaps unwise to consider ever building another one. □

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the title in a giddy fashion of his own devising—and one that was perfectly offset by the printer's standard typeface below. Nothing could have been less like the set smile and the polychromatic practice of Grasset and Jules Chéret. Painters were delighted both by the unexpected layout and by the leading role that Bonnard accorded to black. Lautrec, for one, gave forever thereafter a primordial role not only to the drawn line but to the line drawn tight and firm. In this way the craft of the poster came to rank among the fine arts.

Bonnard in Dauphiné had painted little landscapes that remind us of Corot by their delicate sense of values. Initially he worked with the expressive simplifications that he had picked up from Gauguin and from the art of the Japanese print. Those prints taught him to work with subtle and unexpected combinations of color, like the harmonies of mauve and orange underlined in deep black with which Utamaro had excelled. Lightness and concision of line on the one hand, density of detail on the other—as in the checkered fabrics and the ever-repeated flower patterns that Bonnard saw all around him. With composition alone, against a monochromatic background, he could suggest depth. Some of this came to him from the humble images, lately and directly arrived from Japan, that he bought in department stores. "I learned from those unstudied popular images," he said later, "that color could in itself express everything. It needed neither relief nor modeling. It became clear to me that light, form, and character could be spelled out by color alone. Values were superfluous."



Le Cannet Landscape in the Rain, 1942–1946

every new discovery. "Gauguin's achievement was fascinating in itself," he once said, "but when we discovered Impressionism not long after, it was fascinating in a completely new way. Impressionism set us free, whereas Gauguin is a classical artist, almost a traditional artist."

Much as he owed to Impressionism, he was determined to go farther in the spirit of independence that came naturally to him. "When my friends and I wanted to carry Impressionism a stage farther, we wanted to go beyond their naturalistic impressions of color. Art and nature are two different things, after all. We also had quite other, and stricter, ideas about composition. We also thought that there was a great deal more to be done with color as a means of expression. But then the march of progress turned into a gallop, and society was ready for Cubism, and ready for Surrealism, before we were ready with what we had to say. So there we were, left dangling in the air. . . ."

As John Russell has pointed out in his introduction to the current Bonnard exhibition catalogue, nothing in the Paris of his youth escaped Bonnard's notice. Living in Montmartre, where he would have a studio for many long years, Bonnard could easily have seen his neighbor Picasso. He was known to theater people (Lugné-Poe, Alfred Jarry, André Antoine) and to musical people. Through his brother-in-law Claude Terrasse, to whom he was very close, he came to know Ravel very well; nor should we forget that Claude Terrasse wrote music for [illegible]. He was in with literary people, too—among them André Gide, Léon-Paul Fargue, Octave Mirbeau, Léon Blum, and the brothers Natanson, who directed the *Revue Blanche*. He was in demand as scene designer, book illustrator, and poster-maker.

He never missed an important exhibition, either. In 1905 he saw the flamboyant paintings of the Fauves and met Matisse, who was to become a lifelong friend of his. But the heightening of his own color was steady and progressive, not abrupt, and it came about above all after his journeys in the south of France, in 1909–10, when he worked with Signac, Manguin, and Pankiewicz. He took note—how could he not—of Cubism. "It's very important," he said at once to his friend, the critic George Besson. But later he would say that "Cubism was very useful to those who had already a solid education as painters. To those who had not such an education, it was a disaster." It was not until later—around 1915–20—that the rigor of Cubism came to seem indispensable to him in his own practice as a painter. "Color had carried me too far," he would say of that period. But then that is how he was. He knew exactly what was going on, but he always went against the fashion. "I belong to no school," he would say when questioned. "All that I want to do is paint pictures that are my own."

Raised as I was in the family circle of Bonnard, I can testify that the painters whom he most admired were Renoir, Monet, and Odilon Redon, all of whom were close friends of his. He saw Renoir every year in the south of France. When he lived at Vernon, near Giverny, in a house that he had bought in 1912, he saw Monet regularly. As for Redon, who had drawn his portrait (and the portraits also of Maurice Denis and Edouard Vuillard), he said of him that "what struck me above all in his work was the co-existence of two qualities that might have seemed to be antithetical to one another—purity and simplicity of means and on the one hand and mystery of expression on the other."

As hardly needs saying, he was intensely *(Continued on page 166)*

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ment of the same subjects? But he did of course bring to that subject matter a completely different attitude of mind. He brought to it a tenderness, a delicate circumspection, that makes us think of his career as one long act of homage to womanhood. Marthe, first met in 1893 and later to become his wife, was the most constant of his models in that context, but not the only one.

As for the "masters of time past," as the painter and novelist Eugène Fromentin called them, he never failed to look them up in the Louvre. He had traveled to see them in Spain, in Belgium, in Holland, in Italy, and in England. Sometimes he quoted them directly in his own paintings. Sometimes he borrowed from them in a compositional way. Had it not been for the "gilded and heavily-worked backgrounds of the Italian primitives and the manuscript-makers of the Middle Ages," we might never have known the many-colored square patches that turn up over and over again in his paintings. Without his experience of Italy, should we have known the figures, deep in thought, that call Giotto or Cimabue to mind? Bonnard remembered Titian when he painted a woman with deep woodlands behind her. He remembered Chardin when he intensified the facial expression in his portraits, and he remembered Greek and Roman sculpture when he posed his female models this way or that. That he was immensely cultivated goes without saying. But it was a cultivation unlike any other, by reason of its mating of admiration with a rigorous critical sense.

Bonnard was no less original in his handling of time throughout his long career. He was his own man, every day

He had an instantaneous eye. But he

be so intelligent in their attitude to painting. Few have been so much in love with life. Getting those two traits to work together was his secret.

Oddly enough, it is a draftsman that Bonnard first came to notice. Both Cézanne and Renoir were impressed by his lithographs, his illustrations for Peter Nansen's novel, *Marie,* and for Verlaine's *Parallèlement.* Later he would say that he had learned a lot from the practice of lithography. "When you have to study the relation of one tone to another while using no more than five or six colors, whether side by side or on top of one another, you make discoveries all the time." The graphic work travels the same road as the painting, in other words. In fact, prints and paintings are one, and there are even times when the prints complete, complement, and reinforce the paintings. In the prints, we see all over again how rapid, and how immediate, was Bonnard's way of committing feeling to paper. And if color in the end gets the upper hand of drawing, such was the destiny of his art.

He never made a meaningless or a gratuitous mark. His drawings are the direct, vivacious, and strongly felt transcription of what he had seen in the life around him. Movement, light, shadow, space—all are there, and among them is what Degas prized: a truly personal way of seeing form. The forms in a drawing by Bonnard are never arbitrarily outlined. Never is a contour defined with an unbroken line. The forms are as if caught in a net, and the hand that holds is as gentle as it is decisive. Figures and objects alike are subject to it. Naturally we must distinguish between the drawings that are made with pen and ink, or with a hard pencil, and the drawings made with instruments that are softer and more yielding. Crayon and charcoal make for a suppler, lighter, and more tender image. "Keep the hand light, while drawing," he said to himself one day, "like the shapes of shadow itself." "Reflections in light do away with the drawn line," he said another day. Whence came the white spaces within the passages of hatching that are a foretaste of Alberto Giacometti's way of drawing. But almost next door to those white spaces we find emphatic blacks and areas of dense shadow that offset and reinforce the passages of pure white light . . . .

He drew in his own way, like no one else. His most secret aspirations are confided to us as he draws. Throughout his long career he tracked the movement of life in its every detail; but also, and even more, he tracked the mobility of vision itself. "Human vision is ever-changing, ever on the move," he would say. Whether it was the children playing in the parks of Paris, or people passing by in the street, or the horse-drawn buses and cabs or the very leaves on the trees—all were in perpetual motion, and it is in perpetual motion that Bonnard put them down on the page.

In landscape and seascape alike, we feel the wind and the rain and the sunshine. Those things were set down in haste, and as if in a state of fever, but they were always set down in their proper order. Bonnard got everything right, from the movement of hand and arm to the tilt of a head, from the cut of a dress to the set of a new hair style, from the shape of a roof to the shadow that it cast, and from the outline of a ship's masts against the sky to their reflection in the sea.

The grand lines of his compositions are already there in the drawings. Whether the drawing is a simple sketch, or a study pushed farther and pushed harder, we sense that Bonnard has usually a painting in mind. He never "painted from nature." Even in the studio—except sometimes when painting a portrait—he rarely used an easel. When he was moved by a new face, by something seen in the street, or by the beauty of the light on a landscape, he would take out the notebook that he always had in his pocket and make a quick note—as much of what he felt as of what he had seen. "The thing is," he would say, "to remember exactly what it felt like, and to get it down as fast as you can."

Sometimes he would write down the name of a color beside the drawing, and mark with a cross the exact place where it should go. With age, he grew progressively freer and more impatient

when making notes. But his accuracy never failed him. Those delicate hatchings, those suddenly accentuated lines, those little rounded patches of pencil-ing, those dots and those diminutive scrolls—all fell into place as indications of pine needles, medlar leaves, and branches from an olive tree. Those little cubes, those square-shaped irregularities among the foliage of the Midi are the rooftops and the profiled houses of Le Cannet, where he bought a house in 1925 and where he died in 1947. He knew how to mate certainty with uncertainty, precision with suggestion, in such a way that the initial seduction of the scene would remain intact when he came to translate it into painting. "Drawing is sensation," he would often say, "whereas color is reason."

As he never stopped looking for subjects for painting in all that he saw, his pencil sketches seemed to call out for color from the outset. What he did with graphite is like a brush stroke before the brush stroke, with the driving energy of the visual shock intact within it. Nothing is more instructive in that regard than to compare one of his drawings with the painting to which it gave rise. The balance of the composition is the same. The fall of the light is the same. In the one image, as in the other, the fruit sits on the dish in the same way. The foliage has the same highlights and the same shadows. Where there are differences, they arise from further drawings of the given scene. There may indeed have been many such drawings, the better to fix a detail or modify a perspective. But the original idea is still there. It took time and hard work, but Bonnard got back to it.

So it was not at all in paradox that he spoke of color as reason. Like Cézanne whom he venerated, Bonnard built more and more in terms of color as he got older. It was on his patches of color, each one of them laid down after long and careful reflection, that he relied for the balance of his compositions. When he put a patch of mauve beside a patch of blue, or a patch of rose next to the patch of mauve, it was not done at random or with no particular intent—as Picasso thought (or wanted others to think). Those patches are there because the painting needs them. "The painting," he would say, "is a series of patches of color that get on well together and end by defining the object on which our eye can dwell without awkwardness or hitch."

How did he go about it? I can tell you. He pinned the canvas to the wall with thumbtacks. The canvas in question was larger than the surface that he had it in mind to paint, and left him free to modify the dimensions of the image if he chose to do so. The first marks were made quickly and easily. They were tiny, and he put them down with his nose almost touching the canvas. Then he stepped back to judge their effect. Working from his original drawing, he continued to build up the image. Another canvas stood just a few inches away on the wall, for Bonnard always had several paintings going at the same time. He went from one to the other, as if in a continual learning process. He was hardly ever satisfied with what he had *(Continued on page 168)*

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BONNARD

(Continued from page 167) done, and sometimes would go back to paintings after an interval of several years.

He was a mixture of slowness and instantaneity, instinct and professional knowledge, artlessness and strength of will. He knew it was vital to remain humble in the presence of painting. "People often talk about submission to nature," he said, "but there is also such a thing as submission to the painting. The surface is the chief subject of a painting, and the surface has its own color, its own laws, and it takes precedence over the objects that are being painted. The fundamental thing is to keep the painting alive."

As a young man, he worked faster, beyond a doubt. There is a great difference between the early paintings, with their spontaneous, almost helter-skelter handling, and the slow progress toward mastery that came later. "When you are young," he often said, "it's the spectacle of the outer world that turns you on, gets you carried away. Later, it's the inner world, the need to express a particular feeling, that makes you choose this or that point of departure, this or that combination of forms." But feeling is there, throughout, even if it is not always the same feeling. The early paintings are full of wit, humor, tenderness of every kind, and irony. Later came weight, sensuality, high seriousness, and an element of nostalgia. Initially he had a storyteller's delight in the telling and unexpected details of life. Later, he was preoccupied with the mystery that emanates from all things, animate or inanimate. And he creates for us a new world—one in which awareness of the beauty of the universe is allied to awareness that life is short. Bonnard the storyteller takes his leave, and it is Bonnard the poet who stays with us. Local color no longer has any meaning. Bonnard does as he wishes with the "real world." In his late paintings the leaves on the trees, the distant sea, the meadows and the flowers exchange their habitual blue, green and orange for a universal, all-enveloping radiance. □ *Editor: Rosamond Bernier*

The Bonnard exhibition will be at The Phillips Collection in Washington, D.C., June 9–Aug. 20; at The Dallas Museum of Art, Sept. 16–Nov. 20.

(*Continued from page 117*) Above the carved wooden mantel, which she brought from her O Street house, is a large painting of her astride her favorite chestnut mare, Danseuse. "I won the hunter championship at Madison Square Garden with her when she was still a baby and that I think was my finest hour," says Mrs. Morris, who won thousands of blue ribbons and awards at Tuxedo, East Hampton, Smithtown, Piping Rock, Radnor, and so many other horse-show towns in the East. Horsemanship, for which she has many trophies, was not her only passion as a young girl. At the age of fourteen, while in France, she was declared "Champion de France" in a diving competition although she says, "Of course, it was all nonsense, even though the newspapers reported it the next day."

Whether riding or swimming and diving, Janet Lee was making a name for herself. "I did such a lot of foolish things. I was a horse nut for a long time and now I am trying to go back to it," says Janet Morris who keeps her riding boots next to her bed. "I had a little open jumper named Arnoldean, who wasn't a thoroughbred but was part hackney. But she could jump the moon if she wanted to. At East Hampton at one of the horse shows somebody dared me to jump the hood of this little car with a canvas top that I had, and like a perfect moron, I did. I can still remember being the most scared I think I've ever been in my life because I thought I was going to kill my horse. It was the silliest thing anybody could ever do."

To the left of the fireplace prominently displayed is a scrapbook containing hundreds of newspaper clippings and photographs of her equestrian accomplishments. The album was given to her this past Christmas by her daughters, Jackie and Lee, who compiled the book years ago. Three other albums occupy the same shelf. They are devoted to the three principal houses of her life: Merrywood on the banks of the Potomac, Hammersmith Farm in Newport, and 3044 O Street in Georgetown.

In her new residence, Mrs. Morris has surrounded herself with the thing most important to her: her family. Her numerous trophies and silver bowls are not displayed. It is photographs of family that cover the top of her desk in the living room and the top of her bedroom dressing table. Pleasingly absent are the rows of inscribed photographs of famous political people, which seem to be so much a part of Washington. One exception is a photograph of the late President, John F. Kennedy, and Jackie leaving their Georgetown house on January 20, 1961, to go to their new house, the White House. It is inscribed in the President's hand to "Mummy" because he adopted his wife's familiar name for his mother-in-law. In her bedroom, portraits of her children inhabit the walls. And over the bed is a painting of Jackie with Caroline and John done in their New York apartment in 1964. "I like having all the children around."

Mrs. Morris's house is a new brick Federal-style town house, designed by Washington architect Robert Bell. Mr. Bell credits Sir Edwin Lutyens's English country houses as his inspiration. A central skylight over a four-story stairwell transmits sunlight through the core of the house by day and moonlight and stars by night. A separate skylight brightens the master bathroom.

"I didn't want this house at first, but now I'm getting rather attached to it," Mrs. Morris says. "What I don't like is that it has no attic and no cellar. There are a million things that I couldn't bring here. At this point in my dotage, I have forgotten whether they are in storage or I gave them away," Mrs. Morris says with a laugh.

Moving from the large O Street house into her new smaller house also presented some decorating challenges. A well-loved family Coromandel screen had no real place in the new house, but Mrs. Morris found one for it anyway. "It was always in the family, my mother's family actually, and I like it. You don't know what to do with it so you just have to pick a spot."

The screen now looks perfect behind a small chintz-covered couch, but that presents another challenge. "The couch wiggles when you sit down on it. And the dogs love sleeping on it, so it's their couch. If I can't get any more chintz like that, I don't know what I'm going to do."

"The chintz is available," says Mrs. Draper about the classic old English Lee Jofa chintz. I don't think it has a name. It just has number 99348. She had it up in Newport and she has it here in this place. It's been with her always.

"We did like the chintz and the wallpaper for the bathrooms to make it like her, to make it twinkle. We put a chintz border around the ceiling in the library and that makes it sort of cozy. Because she's very cozy. She loves things cozy. She's the most feminine and intelligent young lady I know," says Elisabeth Draper, who laughingly admits that Mrs. Morris is her junior. She even warned her friend Janet that because of the skylight she should be careful of getting "sunburned" in the tub.

The out of doors and gardens have always been important to Mrs. Morris wherever she has lived, and this house is no exception. In Washington, her garden has thousands of flowers. But it is obvious that her real love is a larger landscape. "I love flowers. I have a little garden in Newport. It's mostly lawn with cows eating on the other side of the fence."

She doesn't have cows in Washington, but she does have Rowlie (named after the English writer Rowlinson), her Jack Russell terrier. "I'm crazy about dogs," says Mrs. Morris. Her eyes are now aglow. "I can't live without a dog. You can't have a horse in a house, but a dog is the next best thing." □ *Editor: Clare Ruthrauff*

CORRECTION

Three fabrics featured in the May issue were mistakenly unidentified. They are "Ménars" bordered panel and its companion cotton print, on pages 121–127, and "Srinagar" cotton print, on the cover and pages 118–119. All are by Brunschwig & Fils.

An error misidentifying Paul Fussell appeared in John Richardson's review of his book *Class: A Guide Through the American Status System* in the May issue. Paul Fussell is the Donald T. Reagan Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania.

JOURNAL











RICHARD SANDLER

WHERE NIGHTLIFE IMITATES ART

In New York, discos come and discos go, but not until now has any tried as hard as Area, *above,* to make an artistic "statement." Since the TriBeCa club opened last fall, it has established itself as a compelling fixture in the city's burgeoning avant-garde nightlife. Housed in an atmospheric (i.e., dark and dank) Victorian relic, Area might be termed a conceptual-performance-art theater, were it not for the fact that, as in any nightspot, it is the clientele, rather than the décor, that inevitably sets the tone of the place.

Nonetheless, the main attraction at Area is a series of eight plate-glass show windows that shelter life-size *tableaux* (some *vivants,* others *morts*) on themes that have thus far included the Future, Night, Obelisks, Suburbia, the Elements, and Confinement. Ranging from the banal (a tract-house living room with ironing *Hausfrau*) to the bizarre (a bulging boa constrictor in a snakeskin-lined niche complete with snakeskin obelisk), they're changed every five weeks as the presiding genius of the place, painter Michael Staats, attempts to astonish his hard-to-shock audience. One wonders what could be next: a room by Mario Buatta? *Martin Filler*

IDYLL MOMENTS

Watteau: 1684–1721, National Gallery of Art, Washington, until Sept. 23.

When Jean-Antoine Watteau was received by the French Academy in 1717, it was as a painter of *fêtes galantes,* and three hundred years after his birth, he is still celebrated for his small, exquisitely colored depictions of elegant couples posed in idyllic landscapes, a number of which are now on view at the National Gallery. Among the most famous: *Pierrot,* circa 1718–19, *below.* But the real strength of the show—the first ever solely devoted to Watteau—lies in the less typical of its forty paintings and ninety drawings.

Amy McNeish



Events of exceptional interest in the arts, design, entertainment, and living

THE REIGN OF SPAIN

Hispanic Decorative Arts, San Juan Capistrano Regional Library, San Juan Capistrano, Calif., Jul. 17–Aug. 18.



The rich Spanish heritage of Southern California is celebrated in this fine show organized by Libros y Artes de San Juan Capistrano in honor of the '84 Olympics. Among the 75 works on view is this early-nineteenth-century rosewood brazier table, *above,* inlaid with fruitwood and bone.



LLOYD ZIFF

L.A. DAYDREAMS

The title of *24 Hours in the Life of Los Angeles* (Alfred Van der Mark Editions/ Harper & Row, $20 paperback) may recall Solzhenitsyn, but its spirit is pure California. The book is the brainchild of Red Saunders, who commissioned one hundred photographers to make a record of the city during the 24 hours of March 30 of this year. The approximately four hundred images in this photographic time capsule range from the familiar (celebrities, wall paintings—by Lloyd Ziff, *left*) to the bizarre (canine funeral parlors, punk surfers), chronicling that unique jumble of extremes that could exist nowhere but in Los Angeles. *Ann Priester*

THE NEW KIMONO MIND

Japan's new stature as a leader in world fashion has revived interest in traditional Japanese clothing, for as anyone who has been to Japan is aware, those ancient forms have had a profound effect on the work of the new wave of designers. One contemporary Japanese artist, the sculptor Aiko Miyawaki, has just completed her first kimono designs, *below,* and the ravishing results show she has found new expression for venerable aesthetic concepts. The kimonos, made of *tsumugi* cloth handwoven in the northern town of Tokamachi by the firm of Takisho, are subtly worked with Miyawaki's *Utsurohi* motifs, including the gracefully looping lines of her sculpture series of the same name. Though thoroughly cosmopolitan (she is the wife of architect Arata Isozaki), Miyawaki owns some thirty exquisite kimonos which she dons several times a year. Her latest creations make a worthy addition to that collection and to the art form itself. *M.F.*



White, with whom he shared credit for eight works. No doubt the most significant connection French made via the Exposition was that to architect Henry Bacon of New York. Together they would work on nearly fifty projects, not the least of which would be the transformation of the 120-acre farm French acquired in 1897.

The melding of artistic disciplines fostered by the Beaux-Arts school carried over into French's treatment of his country property just west of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, which he called Chesterwood. There, he donned the hats of sculptor, painter, planner, landscape artist and gardener, amateur architect and lively host. The success that had allowed French the luxury of a country estate in addition to his New York base also forced him to exercise his every talent and manage his time effectively. By nine in the morning, when work in the studio began, French had already had breakfast, attended to his correspondence, and assessed the state of his domain on a morning walk. The hours from nine to twelve found him in the studio Bacon had designed to his specifications. The oddly elegant hip-roofed and stuccoed building housed the requisite northern skylights and windows, casting room, and ample work area—in this case, a roughly thirty-foot cubic room populated by plaster life casts and works in progress.

To the north and south, two rooms accommodated the business and pleasure of sculpture. A decorative and comfortable reception room to the north served as a formal entrance to the studio, a changing room for models, a living room for entertaining clients and friends—it was here that the Frenches conducted their "Friday-at-home" teas—a painting studio where French worked on portraits of family and friends, and a cozy study complete with fireplace, reference books, and a day bed in the Egyptian style. In good weather, social activities could move out to the piazza, which faced south to the Housatonic River valley and Monument Mountain beyond. It was this vista—in French's words, the best "dry view" he had ever seen—that had sold him on the farm.

After luncheon with his wife, Mary, and daughter, Margaret, in the Colonial Revival house also designed by Bacon, French would return to an afternoon of work in the studio, followed by a time devoted to work on the grounds. The sculptor's approach to the landscaping of his estate paralleled an attitude toward art he had adopted early on: "I say, work from Nature, but improve on her, if you can." Around the studio, French trimmed and ordered nature, laying out an Italianate garden with deep English flower beds bordering the main east-west axis. At the hub of the formal part of the garden was a fountain framed by a marble-cement exedra opposite the glass double doors to the studio. For Margaret's annual costume party, a platform for dancing was constructed around the fountain, lit by gay paper lanterns. Throughout the summer, the garden and the studio hosted spirited visitors in pursuit of tennis, *tableaux vivants*, nature walks, or simply good conversation and company.

Beyond the formal garden, French's appreciation for the natural beauty of the Berkshire hills guided his hand. Here and there, along trails cut through the woods, he created vistas and glades and placed favorite statuary in select spots. His love of his surroundings was ever growing; "I go about in an ecstasy of delight over the loveliness of things."

Today, Chesterwood is as enchanting as it was in French's time, as much for its display of one man's talents and devotion as for its physical beauty. It is a reminder of an age and way of living gone by. Even in his own time, Daniel Chester French perceived the rarity of such a place, making a comment about Chesterwood to a reporter that has held true for so long it could have been made only yesterday: "I spend six months of the year up there. That is heaven; New York is—well, New York." □ *Chesterwood is open to the public from May through October.*

A SCHOLAR'S GARDEN

(Continued from page 126) Today as Singer and Charlesworth lead the visitor around among the raised beds or

den," or to have Geoffrey point out "Norman's heather strip. He has 67 different varieties"—as though the garden weren't a lovely composite whole spreading out to the south and the west and ultimately edged by dry stone walls and fine old New England maples.

A visitor's eye will also be surprised by the sight of an army of tiny pots containing plants started from seed or propagated by cuttings. Like miniature troops outfitted with neat labels, they are mustered in a greenhouse attached to the house or bivouac under the plastic lids of cold frames awaiting an ultimate confrontation with the carefully prepared Sandisfield soil.

In order to create their remarkable garden both men took early retirement while still in robust health. "Retirement," if that means a life of self-indulgent ease, was not in it. Neighbors would *(Continued on page 176)*

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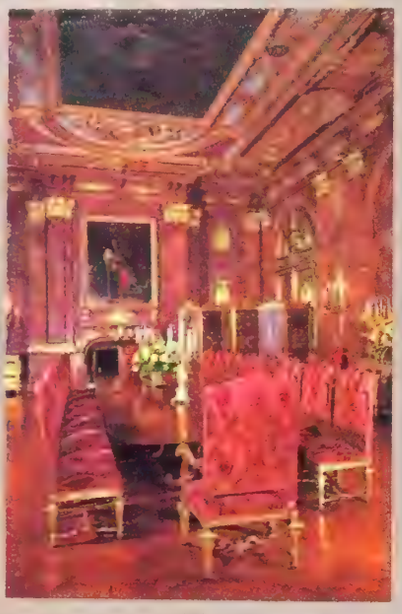
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could say that they had. Friends remarked sarcastically that they might be outdoors all the time but they rarely saw the sun since their faces invariably pointed down toward the earth as, unaided, they planted and cultivated from dawn to dusk.

During the winters or when the weather is bad, besides keeping busy with indoor gardening both men are occupied by their affiliations with the American Rock Garden Society, which numbers 3,300 members in thirty different countries. Geoffrey is chairman of the Connecticut chapter while Norman is national secretary of the whole society. This organization holds an annual meeting at which time garden visits or field trips take place as well as a large sale of plants. The society also issues a quarterly bulletin and provides a seed exchange that last year involved the mailing of ten thousand packets of seeds of four thousand different varieties of rock plants, most of them not commercially available. In addition the society also has a slide library of alpine plants and wild flowers.

As the informative brochure of the society points out to beginning rock gardeners, "Rocks are not even necessary for the easier plants." The advantages of these so-called alpine flowers is that they can be grown in a very small space. Most are perennials, and if they

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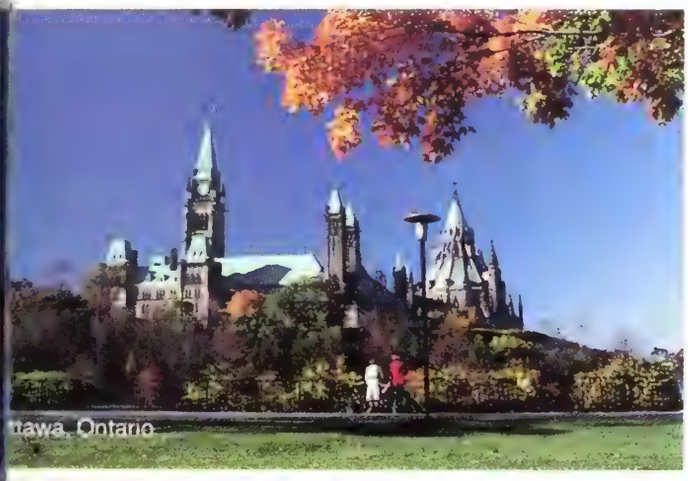


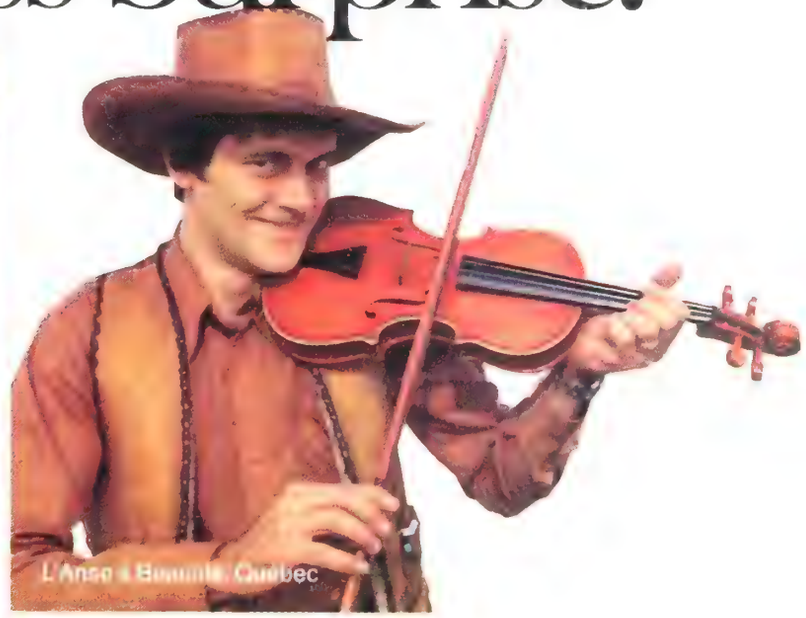
like you (suitable soil is the secret) they will grow into larger colorful specimens every year. One thinks of rock plants as coming from the mountains, but actually they are found in deserts, on the plains, along the seacoast, and deep in forests. These conditions can be simulated by the eager rock gardener who ideally should create a natural, *un*artificial-looking setting for his miniature plants as Singer and Charlesworth have done with their garden in a meadow. Though the original intent was to make a garden for research and information, the whole effect, with its juxtaposition of textures and heights, its unexpected pockets of color, is one of exceptional charm and beauty.

Norman Singer and Geoffrey Charlesworth also give joint lectures, as for instance last October at Boston's Arnold Arboretum in which they shared the hour's program and used slides from their own private collection numbering more than seven thousand. *In situ* they are only too glad to offer visitors to their garden a private lecture, Norman pointing out enthusiastically his *Dryas octopetala* (a trailing evergreen rock-garden plant that likes limestone); or Geoffrey demonstrating such rarities as a *Raoulia* (a creeping native of New Zealand) or a *Phyteuma comosum* (tufted blue rock flower from Dalmatia).

Thus have these two men wrung from their retirement years a scholar's garden that benefits horticulture the world over. □

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GARDENING BLOODLINES

Four generations of Loders have shown their green thumbs in four great English gardens

By Thomas Hinde



Sir Giles Loder at Leonardslee, where he pursued his interest in camellias

One early summer day in 1920 in a garden near the small Sussex village of Ardingly it would have been possible to see a curious sight: three well-dressed gentlemen walking round a small evergreen shrub solemnly raising their hats to it. They were celebrating the first flowering in England of *Rhododendron calophytum*.

All three belonged to distinguished British gardening families, whose twentieth-century members formed [illegible] which can seldom have been equaled. One was Henry Duncan McLaren, later [illegible] over shrub garden near Southampton, and a close relation of Leopold de Rothschild, who made the Victorian gardens at Aston

The third was Gerald Loder, owner of this garden at Ardingly, who later took its name for his title when he became Lord Wakehurst. Of all such [illegible] the Loders could claim to have done the most in the last hundred years for British gardening, not just in Sussex, where three of their splendid gardens survive, but in English counties from Dorset to Northamptonshire, and as far away as the Island of Colonsay off the west coast of Scotland. As for their influence on other plantsmen and garden designers, this extends far beyond the British Isles.

Just as some people are said to have had greatness thrust upon them, so some of these Loders had gardens thrust on them by inheritance. But gardening also surely runs in the genes. Take just one example: in the 1870s Edmund Loder, elder brother of Gerald of Wakehurst, created a fine collection of cacti which he eventually gave to the Royal Botanical Garden at Edinburgh— *(Continued on page 180)*







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tivator of cacti, showing them at the [illegible] Royal Horticultural Society exhibitions and at first making so much money by selling them beside the garden's ticket kiosk that he still wonders if the Inland Revenue will one day catch up with him.

The story of the gardening Loders goes back one further generation, to Sir Robert Loder, father of Edmund and Gerald. It was Sir Robert who, in the mid nineteenth century, bought The High Beeches, establishing the family in Sussex on the narrow belt known as the Tunbridge Wells Sands, which proved so vital to their successes. And though Sir Robert only created a typical country gentleman's garden, he took seriously the work of Mr. King, his head gardener. Fruit was King's specialty, and he would exhibit at gardening shows, sometimes in competition with fruit from Her Majesty's gardens. After one show Sir Robert received the following laconic cable from [illegible] FIRST QUEEN SEC

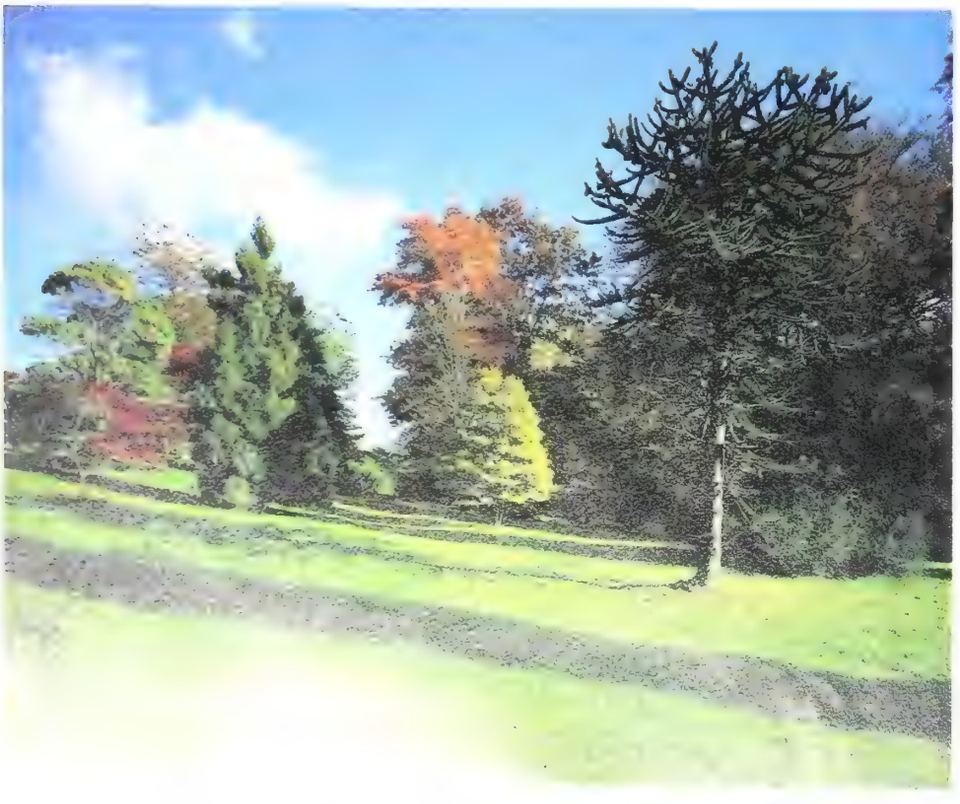
Sir Robert had seven sons, and it was some of these who were the first true Loder gardeners. But even Edmund, the eldest, had other interests. This tall, bearded gentleman, who appears now in his portrait with double-barrel shotgun under his arm, was one of those more-than-life-size Victorians who make twentieth-century man feel a shriveled creature. Astronomy, photography, athletics, fishing, fox hunting, deerstalking, big-game hunting . . . there seems no end to the hobbies he pursued to professional standards then tossed aside. It was traveling abroad to hunt big game which first gave him an interest in exotic plants, and eventually in the 1870s he went to Mexico specifically to collect cacti. He brought them home to Floore, the estate near Northampton which his father had given him as a wedding present.

At Floore he gardened for twelve years and apart from growing cacti, created an alpine garden, rare at the time, and hybridized narcissi. But he struggled against a soil that did not suit the plants that became his passion: the many shrubs which soon began to arrive in Britain, mainly from China and the Himalayas, sent by such great collectors as E.H. Wilson and George Forrest. So in 1888 he welcomed the chance to move back to Sussex, to an eighty-acre garden named Leonardslee, which lay only a few miles from The High Beeches, on the same belt of acid soil. During his 32 years at Leonardslee gardening became the most important part of his life.

Certainly his oddest venture was to import into this English forest landscape—it had been part of the medieval forest of St. Leonard's—a menagerie of foreign animals, including beaver, Japanese deer, Indian black buck, Tasmanian wallabies, and Australian kangaroos—forty wallabies still live here. But his gardening achievements were as remarkable. Best known is his hybridizing of rhododendrons to produce the *Loderi* varieties named after him. They were the result of crossing *R. Fortunei* and *R. Griffithianum,* a cross which had been tried before but had produced only the uninteresting *R. kewense.* Sir Edmund's inspiration—today it may seem obvious—was to use as parent plants only the finest specimens. At Leonardslee his original hybrids still produce their huge, scented white and pink blossoms, their trunks now as thick as a man.

Woodland gardening was in fashion, but many gardeners were more interested in the new plants than in their overall effect. Sir Edmund treated his in the opposite way, personally siting every plant for its contribution to the garden as a whole, integrating with success his gaudy exotics into an English woodland of oak, birch, and beech.

Though he had no professional advice, he *was* helped by the garden's natural shape: a deep valley at the bottom of which lay a string of the "hammer ponds" that had once powered the Sussex iron industry. Small streams which ran into these he planted with the common scented azalea *Rhododendron luteum* to make them climb into the forest *(Continued on page 182)*



Beeches at [illegible]

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tury landowner. Each Sunday his work force of gardeners, garden boys, footmen, butler, cooks, and maids was expected to attend Sunday morning service at the house's chapel, wearing their uniforms. Alfred Coates pumped the organ.

But Gerald Loder (like his brother Edmund) was personally responsible for the garden's layout. He was no doubt influenced by such friends as the veteran gardening journalist William Robinson, who lived two miles away at Gravetye; when Robinson visited Wakehurst his wheelchair was pulled about by a garden boy at the end of a rope and steered by Coates. But it was Gerald Loder who selected the site for every new plant. Each Friday evening when he returned from London he would proceed around the garden's paths equipped with secateurs and a walking stick set with a saw blade, snipping and sawing as he went. On Monday mornings Coates would send his boys on the same route to collect the cuttings and repair damage.

In one way the brothers differed. Gerald disapproved of hybridizing, which he described as "mucking about with nature." Presents from Edmund of prized hybrids would be planted in distant glades.

Apart from creating Wakehurst gardens, Gerald's most important work was to establish in Britain huge numbers of new species from Australasia and South America. One visiting New Zealand horticulturist said that you could see at Wakehurst more New Zealand species than you could find at any one place in their native country. As early as 1908, when Gerald Loder had been at Wakehurst only six years, his printed list of its plants numbered three thousand.

No Loder followed Gerald at Wakehurst and it has eventually become the country branch of Kew Gardens. But two of his daughters spread the Loder influence still more widely: Diana, who married Lord Strathcona and helped him establish the semitropical gardens on Colonsay, specializing in big-leafed rhododendrons; and Dorothy, who married Lewis Palmer, developer of the hardy Headbourne strain of agapanthus lilies.

Meanwhile The High Beeches, the original Loder home in Sussex, had been inherited by Wilfrid, another of the seven Loder brothers. It was when Wilfrid left The High Beeches to his son, *Colonel* Giles Loder, that the wheel of Loder gardening completed a circle. Colonel Loder (known by the family as Big Giles to distinguish him from his cousin Sir Giles of Leonardslee) gardened at The High Beeches for sixty years, creating a garden which stands comparison with the more famous ones of his uncles.

Colonel Giles had the advantage of seeing Leonardslee and Wakehurst as well-developed gardens. He did not approve, considering them overplanted, and it was a standing order at The High Beeches that under no circumstances was it to become like Leonardslee. Though he had similar soil and planted similar shrubs from the Himalayas and South Africa, he insisted that they should be *visible*. The result is a garden with a far more open feeling. Its many rare plants stand as individuals in grassy glades below well-spaced, never-bushy oaks. Its 25 acres form a hand-shaped valley, with small streams for the fingers, where one view after another delights with its contrived simplicity. Since 1967 it has been maintained in the same style by his successor, the Hon. Edward Boscawen.

Today another generation of Loders are gardening. As well as Robin Loder at Leonardslee, there is Captain Simon Loder, who inherited The High Beeches from his uncle, Colonel Giles, but chose to create his own garden at Clapton Court in Dorset. Though this, too, is a woodland garden with, among other outstanding features, the largest ash in Britain, Captain Loder also specializes in fuchsias and pelargoniums, and so makes the gardening interests of the Loders even harder to categorize.

Variety, indeed, is the most important feature of their work, for each has followed his own inclination. In an age of worthy but bureaucratic garden trusts they are an important reminder that gardening is a personal art, more likely to be pursued with inspiration by an individual than a committee. □

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To get the feel of proper houseboat living, H. William Harlan lived on a floating house in the Vale of Kashmir before he refurbished his own houseboat, the Taj, *now moored at Sausalito. Story on page 54. Photograph by Charles White.*

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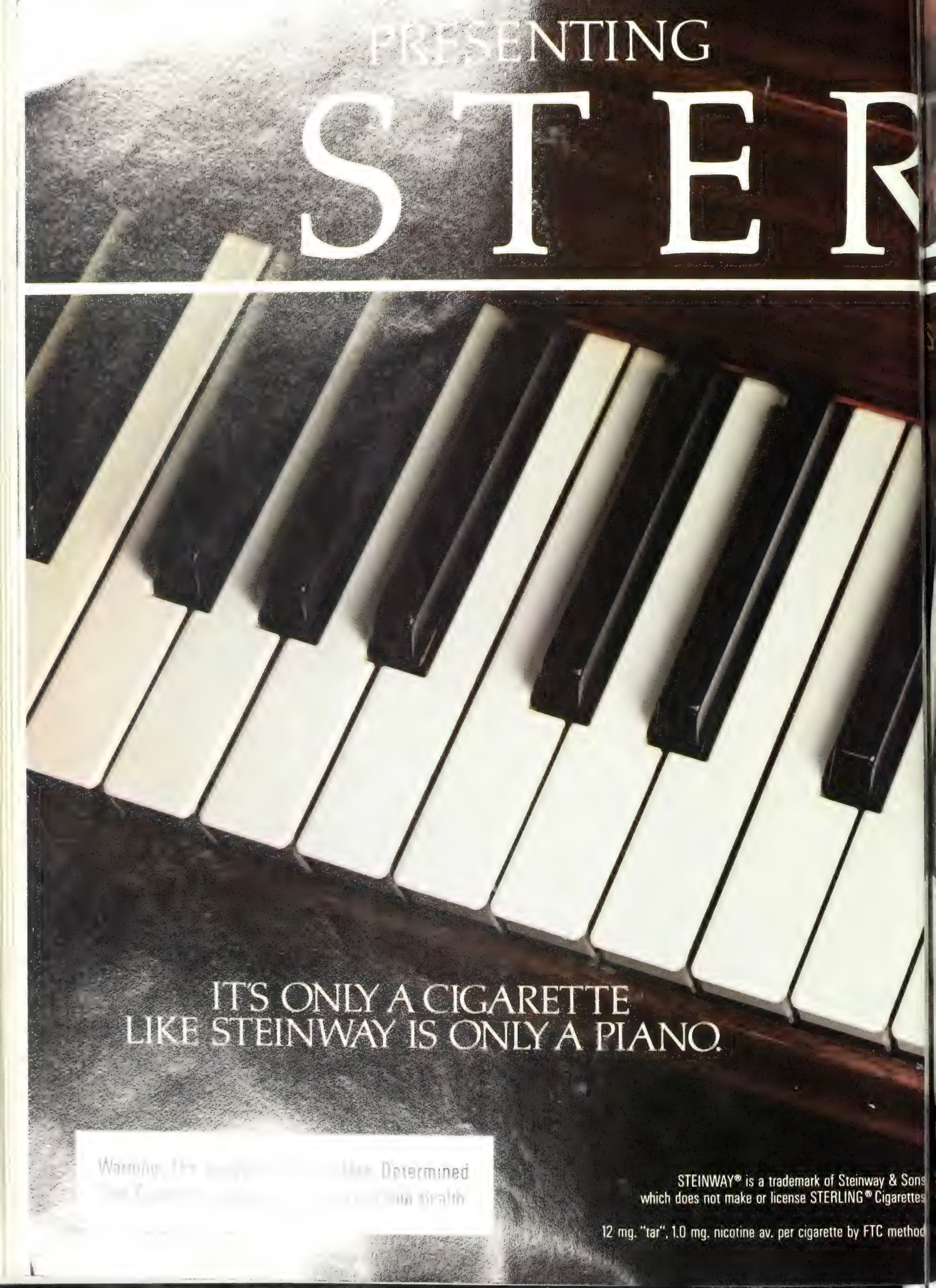






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One of architect Allan Wexler's Little Buildings

The Little Building on page 52 of this issue reminds me of the screened houses of my childhood in the Midwest, and those memories probably explain the special August magic I still feel when I spend time on screened porches today. But the pavilion we show is only one of many designed and built by Allan Wexler. This architect/builder has equally delightful schemes for A Little Building for Summer Showering, A Little Building for Picnicking, even one intriguingly named A Little Building for Two Activities.

The Formica Corporation should get some credit for the Frank Gehry fish sculpture in the living room of the collector's apartment on page 116. One of ten architects commissioned by Formica Creative Director Susan Grant Lewin to design an object using Formica's new ColorCore material, Gehry was chipping away at the surfacing material to discover its potential qualities when he decided the chips would make great fish scales. That fish led to others, and now Gehry fish and reptile sculptures are hot collectors' items.

One of this issue's most delightful [illegible] Lowell Neas used [illegible] Not only taking his clients' directions literally with flower prints, he also used flower colors on ceilings, walls, and floors to turn this multigenerational family home into a garden for summer living. Color applied in a more modern way is equally important in the Shinohara house in Japan, page 74. Here the color is used to turn engineering requirements into design aesthetics as the color is applied to structural columns, ceiling reinforcements, and stair railings.

Apple Bartlett's Boston house is a treasure of decorating inspiration—from her way with collections, to her delightful decoupage, to her make-do philosophy of utilizing things from family houses of the past to enrich living in the present. See page 108 to learn how the decorating lessons were learned by the daughter of one of America's most famous decorators, Sister Parish.

Everyone who has enjoyed a Bordeaux bottled at Château Margaux will look forward to our story on "The Vintage Life," page 134, and the beautiful Gili photographs of the neo-Palladian building there restored by Henri Samuel with its extraordinary owner, Madame Mentzelopoulos. The winemaking facilities and vineyards are open to the public all year, with the exception of August and the weeks during the harvest, generally the end of September and beginning of October. It is best to make an appointment: from the U.S., dial 011-335-688-7028.

Celia Thaxter's luck with poppies challenged me to sow two plots this summer, and I have high hopes for an abundant harvest this month. Just as it was fascinating to learn of this poet's way with poppies, page 92, and her garden's influence on American Impressionism, it was great to discover the poet Derek Walcott's way with watercolors. The art accompanying his text, "Native Women Under Sea-Almond Trees," page 114, is the work of the writer.

Many of us shared John Russell's nostalgia as we attended the reopening of New York's Museum of Modern Art, but few of us can describe those feelings quite as well as the chief art critic for *The New York Times*. His essay, page 124, and the institution it celebrates, will each help clarify the place of Modernism in the days ahead.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

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GROPIUS



L. A. FOOD

The second most popular amusement in the new second city

By Brooke Hayward

The other day I took a friend, a gourmet *manqué*—by that I mean he would disclaim any such label—a very fussy eater, in any case, to a carefully selected restaurant here in New York. This friend is a film director, an English expatriate who now lives in Los Angeles. He likes only simple food such as the freshest fish grilled with herbs just the way they do it in the south of France where in his house the kitchen is ruled by his very stringent views on how the food should be prepared. Halfway through a mouthful of the red snapper, he put down his fork and announced in sepulchral tones, "I've come to the conclusion on this visit—food in New York is no longer the best in America. The best is in Los Angeles."

Of course this statement was so preposterous I burst into laughter. What perverseness! And to say that to *me*, who has spent eighteen of the last 22 years in Los Angeles, a city that has always, quite rightly, [illegible] with an



Top: The orchid garden of Wolfgang Puck's Chinese/French restaurant, Chinois. *Above:* The Art Nouveau look of Robert Bigonnet and Claude Alrivy's Le Chardonnay.

is no comparison. When were you last there?"

"Three months ago."

"Better come back," replied he. "There's a batch of brand new places. I can eat out three times a day and not get a mediocre meal from morning to night."

When I moved back East a few years ago, Los Angeles could at long last boast of a hardcore enclave of good restaurants that had sprung up in the seventies—all relatively young at that time, all with a debt to nouvelle cuisine—such as Ma Maison, Le Saint Germain, L'Ermitage, L'Orangerie, Bernard's, Michael's, Les Anges. Of these, the patriarch now is Le Saint Germain with a dozen years under its belt, followed by Ma Maison with ten. Before that there was The Bistro, La Scala, Perino's, La Rue, Romanoff's, and Chasen's. Chasen's will always be there, a bastion of powerful conservatism, a West Coast "21" Club.

In any case, while my friend's gauntlet lay quivering on the table, I got on a plane and *(Continued on page 16)*

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Stendhal
PARIS

(Continued from page 14) appeared on my brother's doorstep. My brother, Bill, and his wife, Fiona, had been put on urgent alert. They sped me off to dinner at their new favorite, only three weeks old, The Grill in Beverly Hills. The balmy air did indeed seem newly charged with innovation—for one thing, the importance of décor. The Grill could do worse for inspiration: Tadich's in San Francisco, mahogany wainscoting, white marble floors, green glass lamps, and a stripped-down menu featuring, of course, grilled food. A far cry from the beef bourguignon of The Bistro or even the hobo steak of Chasen's.

As I sampled the new restaurants I felt this was indeed *the city* for summer Olympics' eating. A contender would be hard-pressed to put on a pound, much less practice carbo-loading. Everywhere I went there was "light cuisine" that passed up heavy sauces, resonant with cream and flour, for tiny pizzas served as appetizers right out of a wood-burning oven, a main course of fish or range-fed chicken or baby lamb cooked over mesquite right before your very eyes—on the requisite open grill flanked by a pile of mesquite, grapevines, oak, apricot, and cherry (all to impart distinctive flavors, or so goes the popular mythology); salads with ten kinds of lettuce and fresh-grown herbs, everything seasonal, hand-picked, and custom-grown on one of the many small ranches that have begun to spring up near the city.

In fact, a not-so-small ranch, the Irvine, stocks the biggest hit in town, a one-and-a-half-year-old forty-thousand-square-foot market located in a mammoth brown structure: shopping mall–cum–parking lot called the Beverly Center. The Irvine Ranch Farmers' Market offers the best and most artfully displayed produce I've seen outside Dallmayr's in Munich. One Saturday morning I counted seven varieties of pear, eight of lettuce, five of pepper ranging from yellow to purple, nine of squash including dumpling, kabocha, spaghetti, and golden nugget, and five of chili pepper all interlaced with rows of fresh parsley as thick and deep as boxwood in a formal garden, not to mention every fresh herb ever catalogued in a medieval monastery, plus a giant wooden cart filled with five kinds of asparagus. A meat counter at least a hundred feet long, a sal counter bulging with at least seve enormous platters of different sala make Balducci's pale by comparison

Startled as I was by the quality of first meal at The Grill, I decided spend a week testing everything sight, interviewing the owners a their chefs, many of whom are in pa nership. Of the at least six different r taurants that have opened their do within the last year—several within t last few months—all have traits common and yet all are very dissimil

Although décor and style may dif radically from place to place, a typi Californian unifying bond exists: a sion of color, light, space, and clean ness, which can successfully divert t eye (and the psyche) from the simpl ity of the shacklike structures. Pas colors predominate, particular peach, mauve, grape, and aqua. N where are these more in evidence th at Le Chardonnay. My second eveni was spent here with three more capti friends, and we all agreed that Le Cha donnay makes an earnest attempt depart from the usual L.A. look with evocation of an Art Nouveau Le Bank bistro—perhaps Le Vagenend However, despite peach and gra tiles in the solariumlike section, ar elaborately carved dark-wood mirro elsewhere, there is at once too mu and not enough going on. It's like movie set of a bistro, with the most i portant ingredient missing: honest P risian choucroute or cassoulet.

The Ivy, in contrast, evokes countr southwest cute. A little house on Nor Robertson Boulevard in the heart decorators' showrooms, it has the ra outdoor terrace with flowers spillin from hanging pots amid pretty woode chairs, tiled counters, and china mac in Peru. Not new to Easterners, but u usual for Los Angeles, there is hom made corn chowder laced with fres tarragon, brown bread from a recipe Colonial times, and grilled jumb shrimp flown in fresh everyday fro New Orleans.

For the most expensive Chines food in the most luxe setting, a comb nation hardly to be resisted, I was tak en to the Palette by my good friend Dagne Corcoran and George Christy George has been known to make o break a restaurant with a mention in hi thrice-weekly *(Continued on page 20*



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restaurant of his choice, you are guaranteed the royal treatment in food preparation and service. On this occasion we were served delicious filet mignon larded with fresh ginger and garlic, while owner-host Raymond Lee, wearing an overscaled black trench coat straight out of *Casablanca*, regaled us with nonstop Chinese-English dialogue. His restaurant offers the most dramatic entrance in Los Angeles: mauve ribbons inlaid on a terrazzo runway, a pink marble bar, lilac chairs, turquoise carpeting, violet draperies 25 feet high, pale pink walls, and over all, a ceiling rimmed by turquoise lighting.

At the opposite end of the spectrum (and city) is Katsu, a tiny sushi bar in Los Feliz, which, in keeping with its spare black-and-white interior, has no visible sign or number and can be located only if you happen to be searching for its Zen rock garden piled up on the sidewalk by the entrance. And down in Venice at the West Beach Café, where the local artists sit back against walls hung with their work, the menu, though short, covers a lot of territory, from classic spring lamb to sashimi or warm duck tostadas. In Beverly Hills, after loitering among the sweaters in Jerry Magnin's men's clothing store on Rodeo Drive, you can scoot across the back alley to try his new restaurant, Prego, a handsome place that stands on the spot of the old Konditori. Magnin, who with his partner Larry Mindel owns Chianti and also Harry's Bar, has been in the Los Angeles restaurant business for fourteen years. You might say his enthusiasm for it remains undimmed, and that Prego is the definitive summation of that involvement. On the outside, layers of distressed paint masterfully evoke the gentle aged look of a Tuscan building. Inside, high ceilings, glass partitions instead of walls, and lofty

And finally there are Spago and Chinois, two establishments that belong to the *wunderkind* thirty-five-year-old Austrian chef, Wolfgang Puck, who was trained at L'Oustau de Baumanière and Maxim's. After a quick stint in Indianapolis he moved on to Ma Maison, where he became a star chef. In Southern California, Puck has found the ideal breeding ground for his talents: "Because I used to work in a three-star restaurant (L'Oustau de Baumanière), I got tired of seeing all this butter and cream and truffles and goose liver. On my day off I used to go to a friend's pizza restaurant. . . ."

Puck, credited with triggering the L.A. pizza craze in its top eateries, assembles his ingredients in ways never before imagined. One night he sent over to my table as a first course a paper-thin crust spread with crème fraîche and chives, topped with Scottish smoked salmon and beluga caviar.

"I always had an idea that people in the entertainment business don't like French food swimming with sauces because they are very careful about what they eat. (He ought to know, having fed them all.) So I just brush the food lightly with a little olive oil, and put it on the grill. The main thing is timing—it's no easier than French cooking because you have to be more careful. Then I thought I would have the kitchen exposed. It's good for the customers. First of all they don't think we're trying to disguise something in the back. Also there's action all the time—it's like theater. And it's less formal, more personal. People come over to talk to me. . . .

"I believe there will always be a demand for good food prepared simply, especially in a hot climate. More and more people are health-conscious and know what is nutritious. In ten years they will know much more. Look at the difference in the way people were eating ten years ago. . . ."

About Spago, Gault Millau say in their new *The Best of Los Angeles:* "This is a great place to study the microcosm of fashion, snobbism and a social frustration that pushes you to ...ness." Madness begins with trying ... through the interminable busy

signal to make a reservation. Failin... you can follow my example. I got in... my car and drove over to the restaura... one afternoon (fortunately it's aroun... the corner from my brother's house... There I found the owner-chef behin... the counter surrounded by lights an... TV cameras. He was in the middle of... wonderful sentence—"All I am is ... simple cook"—when he spotted m... lurking behind a vast arrangement o... birds-of-paradise, orchids, and hel... conia, the new favorite Los Angele... flower resembling nothing so much a... a fish pole strung with a row of gold... fish. He yelled a greeting at me acros... the room, thereby ending the TV inter... view. Well, that's one way to get a res... ervation.

Puck divides his time betwee... Spago in West Hollywood and his oth... er restaurant, equally popular, Chinoi... in Santa Monica. Chinois serve... French-Chinese food, a result of both... its proprietor's fondness for Chinese... food and distaste for some of its tradi... tional ingredients such as cornstarch... and MSG. Just to look at the design o... the place, entirely attributable to his... wife, Barbara Lazaroff, is a high-risk... experience and half the fun. The undu... lating line of the bamboo bar, open... copper grill, and scalloped tables al... shot through with aqua, mauve, and... black has to be seen; two giant inlaid... cranes preside and a glass-enclosed or... chid garden against one wall is lit at... night. In the opinion of Gault Millau... "walking into Chinois is not unlike... walking into some design experiment... gone berserk. There is an undulating... undercurrent here, with an obsession... for wormlike, curved shapes, mixed... metaphors and some dubious over-... accessorized nouveau riche taste with a... clientele to match. . . ."

Yet, I can't help wishing I could still... set foot on the sawdust floor of The... Trail, a restaurant my brother and I... wistfully remember from our child-... hood. Here we ate our steaks and... French fries surrounded by dioramas... of painted desert scenes lit like theater... productions and populated by *live*... coyotes, antelope, and rattlesnakes.... That, to me, will forever be the definitive California restaurant.□

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AUTO EROTICISM

A new museum show reveals the car as love object

By Alexander Cockburn

"The modern car . . . what a dream! To stop when one wishes, leave when one pleases, to walk, to stroll, or gallop if one likes, to carry not only one's bedroom but also one's salon, dining room, smoking room, and of course one's kitchen and cook—there's progress." This was Jules Verne, indulging in an imaginative reverie based on the steam car belonging to his friend Dr. Conseil. A few months before Verne wrote these words, Karl Benz and his wife were wrestling with the prologue to the twentieth century, on New Year's Eve, 1879: "We were back again," Benz later recalled, "standing in front of the engine as if it were a great mystery that was impossible to solve. My heart was pounding. I turned the crank. The engine started to go 'put-put-put' and music of the future sounded with regular rhythm. . . . Suddenly the bells began to ring—New Year's Eve bells. We felt they were not only ringing in a new year, but a new era."



Philip Wright's 1935 Pierce Silver Arrow

How touchingly enthusiastic these primal cries now sound. With what directness did Verne, so many decades before the Airstreams and Winnebagos began chugging across America, grasp an essential: a car could be a movable house. (And, if it could not always be a house, it would create one in its shadow—the motel.) A car would not need sleep or food like a horse, would not stick on a track like a train or

ing the car to flee from the metropolis, the motorist finds that he has merely transferred congestion to the highway and thereby doubled it. When he reaches his destination . . . he finds that the countryside he has sought has disappeared: 'beyond him, thanks to the motorway, lies only another suburb, just as dull as his own.' "

To study the history of the automobile is to be bounced between such harshly disconsonant attitudes, shot from one side to the other just as passengers in the early Model T were, as [illegible] to use Leon Mandel's expression, leaped over the ruts like a frog on fire. First there were the optimists following on from Verne who saw the car as, quite literally, a transport of delight. Just how literally may be gathered from Lady Jeune's contribution to *The Complete Motorist,* an anthology with contributions from Rudyard Kipling and others, published in 1904. With delightful erotic enthusiasm Lady Jeune proclaimed:

"There is a monster in the stable who has to be exercised, and from time to time you hear his brothers hooting to him as they rush past along the road. . . . There is no sensation so enjoyable—except that of riding a good horse in a fast run—as driving in a fast motor. The endless variety of scenery; the keen whistle of wind in one's face; the perpetual changing sunshine and shadow, create an indescribable feeling of exhilaration and excitement; while the almost human consciousness of the machine; the patient, ready response which it makes to any call on its powers; the snort with which it breasts the hill, and the soft sob which dies away when it has reached the summit, make it as companionable as any living being."

The car here is a sensual creature even though the frontispiece to *The Complete Motorist* was a charming picture—now lost—by Paul Gervais called *L'Effroi,* showing centaurs and nymphs fleeing away as a roadster comes roaring up a country lane. As Gerald Silk remarks in *Automobile and Culture,* "This odd and beguiling theme *(Continued on page 24)*

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bile, from car as symbol of destruction of the rural idyllic world, to car as object that helps men to attract women, producing sensations of a nearly orgasmic nature, and providing means of escape to or actual setting for sexual encounters."

The mid eighties' promise to be a good vantage point from which to study this "host of attitudes" to one of the fundamental components of twentieth-century civilization—a structure which many Americans inhabit for periods of their lives only exceeded by their sojourns in bed. In 1985 will come the festivities mounted by Mercedes-Benz in honor of the car's first hundred years. (There are many claimants, many dates, but Mercedes-Benz is a powerful company.) And from July 21 forward this summer is giving us the exhibition in Los Angeles called "Automobile and Culture," one of the Museum of Contemporary Art's series of inaugural exhibitions and also, for obvious reasons of timing, designated as part of The Olympic Arts Festival. From the city created by the car, the exhibition will travel to the city which produces the car—Detroit—in the spring of 1986.

The exhibition has its permanent record in the form of *Automobile and Culture,* a beautifully produced volume with fine photographs by Henry Wolf and some first-class essays. Gerald Silk carries the bulk of the book with a comprehensive review of the auto in art. Henry Flood Robert Jr. has a marvelous memoir of Southern California car culture in the late forties and fifties. Strother MacMinn and Angelo Tito Anselmi are both valuable on, re- car design.

the auto more clearly expressed than in its turbulent relationship to art and to design. In art we have, on the one hand, the early enthusiasm of Octave Mirbeau. In *La 628-E8,* a book named after his car's registration number and charmingly illustrated by Pierre Bonnard, himself an ardent car buff, Mirbeau urged writers and artists to describe and analyze the car. By 1909



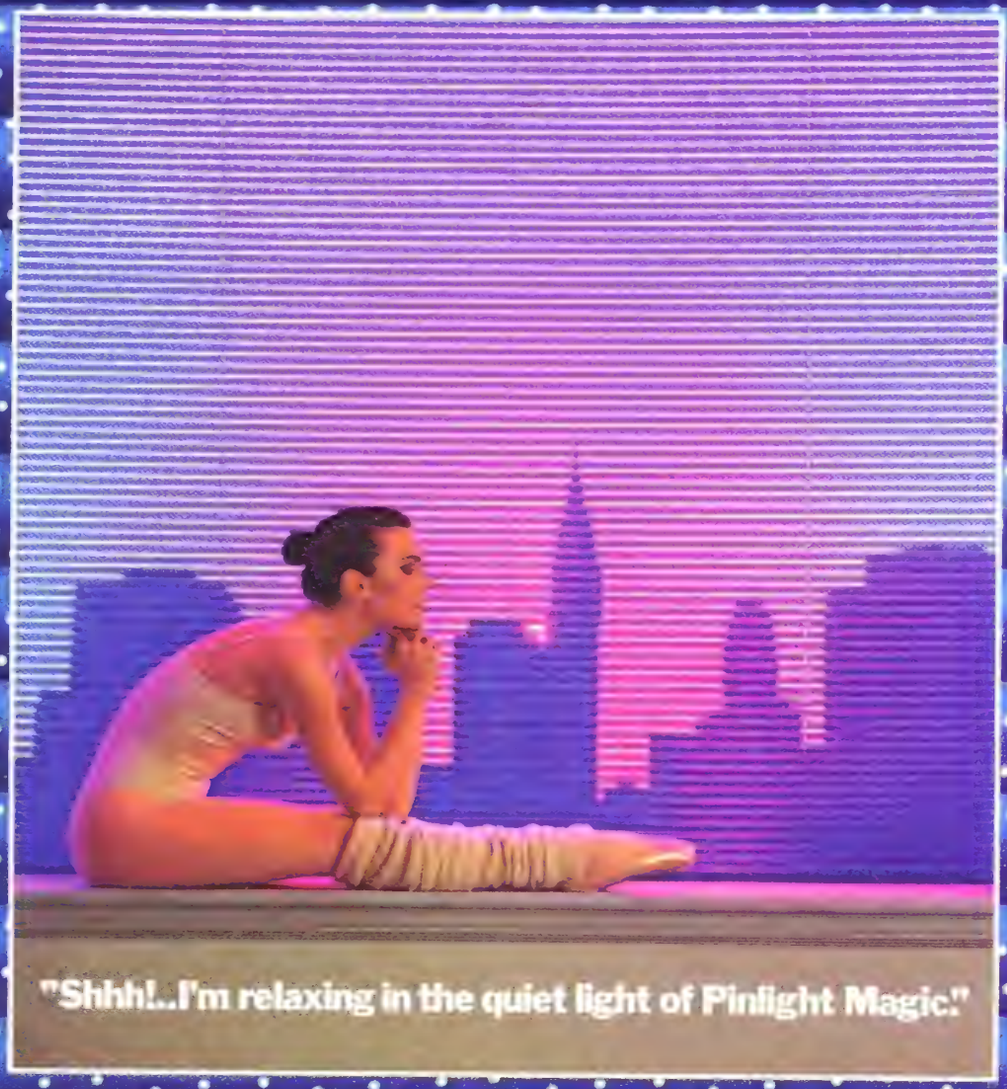
Taillight of 1955 Ford Thunderbird designed by Franklin Hershey

Marinetti and the Futurists were making the car—symbol of speed, virility, simultaneity of sensation—central to their aesthetic. Marinetti's famous mot has become hackneyed by quotation but is still worth recalling: "A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath—a roaring car that seems to run on grapeshot—is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace.*"

The machine aesthetic was, in the case of the car, heavily suffused with eroticism, at a "high" level in the art of Picabia and Duchamp and, more coarsely, in the advertisements and trophies that accompanied the early days of motoring: the bosomy women of the Michelin ads, the car/women motifs of the trophies. The Coppa della Velocita, presented at the annual Brescia Motor Week, had a bare-breasted woman, hair in Art Nouveau tendrils, melting into the form of a car. Pushing matters to the extreme, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, Royal Academician and [illegible] torist, designed a menu card for a banquet at the end of a motor rall he sponsored in 1905, showing a lar guid woman tied to the front of speeding automobile, with a sash o which were written the words *Die Zu kunft*—"the future." The two ex tremes in attitude in the first 25 years o the century were perhaps best repre sented by Alfred Jarry and Tamara d Lempicka. Jarry's novel *Le Surmâl* ("The Supermale") i Silk's words "attributed variety of animal associ ations to the automo bile . . . an extraordinar creature capable of sur passing all known limits o love-making and locomo tion." Against the defor mity and violence of Jarr there was de Lempicka' *Autoportrait,* quintessen tial statement of auto-femi nism—stylish liberation behind the wheel.

Sensuality drained ou of the car as the worl turned into Depression Sheeler's pictures of the Rouge plant are tranqui and passionless homages to an indus trial ideal and Rivera's magnificent panels in The Detroit Institute of Arts are muscular evocations of the auto-in dustrial process. The car in the thirties, in the photographs for the Farm Secu rity Administration by Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange, becomes the symbol of ruin and of flight—along the Okie trail west, evoked by Steinbeck thus: "the highway became their home and movement their medium of ex pression." In the postwar period the auto evolved into an artistic symbol for a botched civilization, gone in the teeth: Warhol's *Five Deaths Twice,* Ant Farm's *Cadillac Range,* Dustin Shuler's *Death of an Era,* a 1980 performance piece in which a twenty-foot spike was driven through a '59 Cadillac. In the photographs of Robert Frank and the paintings of the Photo Realists the car is essentially portrayed as alienating appurtenance. In design the story is fraught with paradox and dis appointment. Anselmi makes the im portant *(Continued on page 26)*

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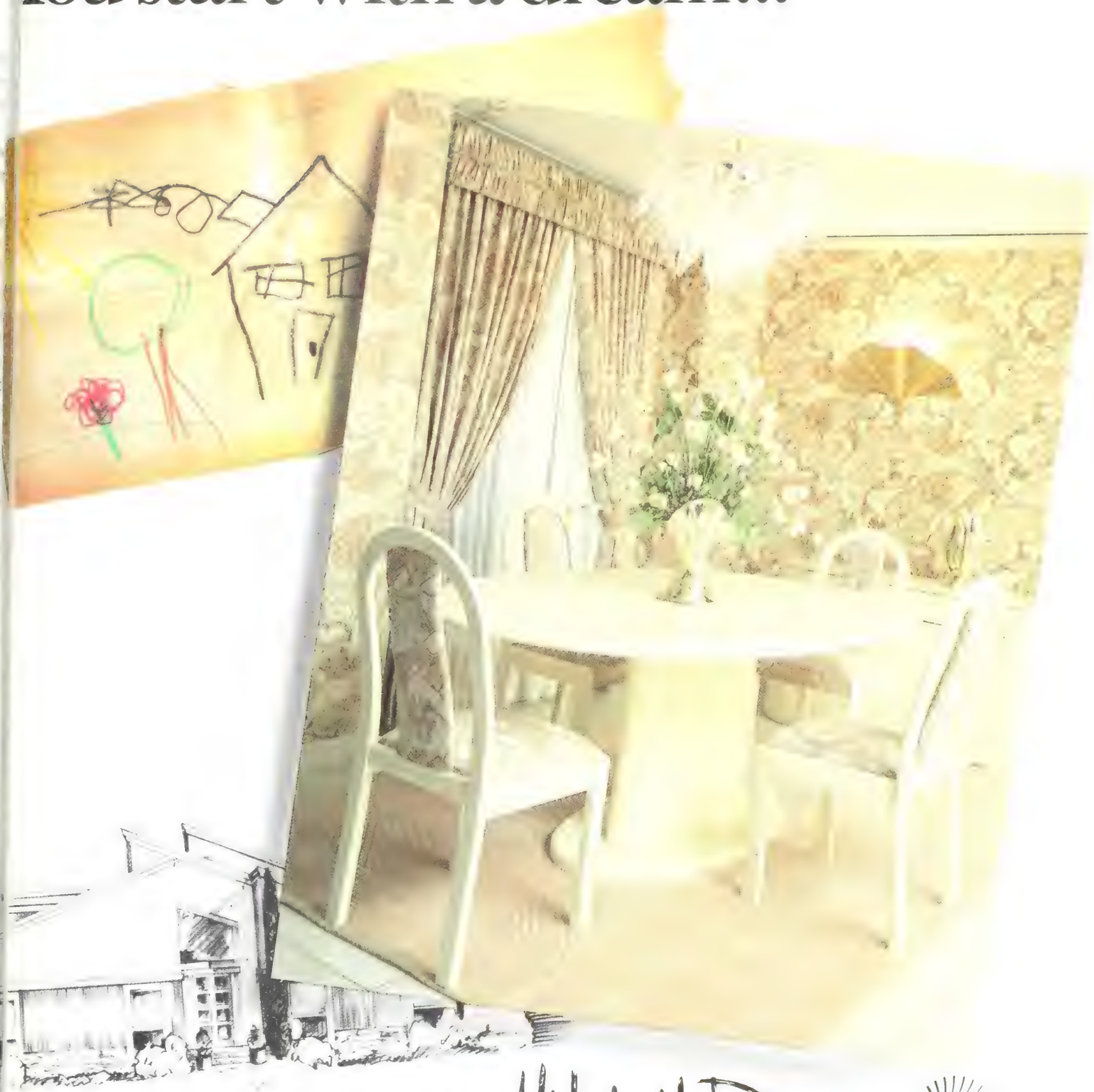
(Continued from page 24) point that in Europe the car emerged from the collective efforts of three sectors which were, by their nature, divorced from the artistic avant-garde. The sectors in question were those of military engineering, applied physical sciences, and small *artisanate*. It is no accident that Turin has always been a major center for auto production. Here the government's military arsenals demanded the standardization of components and disciplined planning appropriate to car production. The famed expertise of Italian and French panel beaters may be traced to national traditions of armormaking in small artisanal machine shops. Churchmen and monks did vital work in the physical sciences. In its most formative moments, then, the architecture and design of this mobile shelter was divorced from the major artistic currents, and thus mimed the most readily available model—the horse carriage which it was replacing.

In *Vers une Architecture* published in 1923, Le Corbusier juxtaposed a photograph of Hera's Temple at Paestum with one of a 1907 car; one of the Parthenon with a 1921 Delage Grand Sport. He argued that architects should look to automobile design and construction for models on which to base architectural principles. "Houses," he said, "must go up all of a piece, made by machine tools in a factory, assembled as Ford assembles cars, on moving conveyor belts." But beyond this fairly conventional "Fordism" Le Corbusier did design in 1928 a rear-engined subcompact. It never got off the drawing board but brilliantly anticipates the little Citroen 2CV twenty years later. Modernism did engender horrifying plans for auto-based civilization, but basically its adherents approved from a distance when auto design echoed their taste and denounced from a distance when it did not.

Thus the Modern Movement hailed the streamline Chrysler Airflow of 1934 (actually the Edsel of its time, since public taste was not yet sufficiently attuned) or the incredible 1933 Pierce Silver Arrow designed by Philip Wright but completely misunderstood the cars of the fifties, taking refuge from the mighty baroque of the tail fin in angry invocations of a specious functionalism. In the late fifties James Marston French wrote that "The stylistic distance between the Platonic geometry of the new Seagram Building in New York and the absurd vulgarity of this year's automobile is a measure of the crisis in American design today.... Anyone who has watched the migration of taillights and brakelights over the rear end of American cars... knows that this kind of change is completely divorced from objective progress." In a famous lecture in 1958 Tomás Maldonaldo, an influential member of the council of the Academy of Design at Ulm, attacked "aerodynamic fantasies" in the "huge circulating dinosaurs of Detroit" and specifically flayed Virgil Exner, director of design at the Chrysler Corporation and sponsor of the "Forward Look" which helped prompt the great tail fins of 1957 through 1959. (Exner actually designed the '47 Studebaker, which has always been okay among the Maldonaldo set, but Maldonaldo and those like him did not understand that you cannot produce the same car forever or that the American consumer did not necessarily share their views on "functionalism" or the Machine Aesthetic. In the end Maldonaldo discouraged study of the automobile at Ulm, on the grounds that it was a too emotionally loaded subject. It fell to Reyner Banham, original as always, to make the case for late-fifties American auto design, just as he made the case for Los Angeles—arguing from the realities and exigencies of mid-century consumer civilization in the United States.

"Good" design and "high" art have, as it were, stayed on the Interstate, so far as contact with auto culture is concerned. The preference has always been for the clean, the minimal, and the tedious—and, by symbolic analogy, for a "moral" car. Meanwhile, below, on the Strip, real auto culture has been unfolding, amid the realities architecture has had to confront—the motel, the filling station, and accompanying appurtenances of roadside civilization explored by Venturi and others. So far as the car itself is concerned artists, "good" designers and auto designers, have lived in two different worlds. It may have been Fernand Leger who said in 1924, "[At first] vertical lines dominated—which were not in keeping with the car's aim—it was ugly: the horse was lacking, and people said 'horseless carriage.' But when...the *(Continued on page 30)*

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(Continued from page 26) chassis was lowered and elongated . . . horizontal lines, balanced by curves, came to dominate, and the car acquired a perfect unity. . . . It was beautiful." But it was Harley Earl, hired by Alfred Sloane in 1927 out of an L.A. custom styling shop to improve the look of General Motors' cars, who summed up a career as the dominant influence in U.S. auto design by remarking, "My primary purpose for 28 years has been to lengthen and lower the American automobile, at times in reality and always at least in appearance."

The paradox, even tragedy, is that an object which rivals the house itself as a factor of surpassing importance in people's lives should have led—at least since the Second World War—a furtive and embarrassed existence, so far as discussion of design is concerned. The prewar classics—Buehrig's Cord, the Duesenberg, and so on—are mentionable. It was not "good" designers who in the early fifties began to criticize and amend the products coming out of Detroit, but the "customizers" of Southern California, with their "Frenched" lights, leaded and sectioned bodies, and kandy colors. "Good" design sneered so influentially that even today auto buffs who should know better speak of late-fifties cars with ashamed derision, as emblems of an age of excess when things like tail fins and chrome "went too far." This is like saying Tiepolo went too far. Too far as compared to what?

The middle-to-late fifties were a golden age of the automobile and its culture: they gave the common man and woman what had previously been the perquisite of the rich—well-engineered vehicles which proclaimed by way of contour, color, and ornament that—*pace* Corbusier—the car is not just a machine for driving but a contract between its owner and *Zeitgeist*.

In the early sixties, this contract became a dulled and unalluring instrument, and under attack from Ralph Nader and from imports Detroit lost its nerve and its standing in the culture. Lament the world we have lost and the world which—if intellectuals and artists had not given up on the car—might have been. We need, once again, the optimism and élan of a Jules Verne and, for that matter, a Lady Jeune too. □

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Was America's turn-of-the-century city architecture anti-urban?

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Pennsylvania Station, McKim, Mead & White, 1904–1910

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By Leland M. Roth
Harper & Row, 441 pp., $40

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NEW YORK 1900: METROPOLITAN ARCHITECTURE AND URBANISM 1890–1915
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To establish an architectural past for America at the turn of the century required special powers of make-believe. Styles and buildings had to be plucked from Europe, stripped of their historical associations, and given a new credibility. But these would-be Roman palaces and Gothic towers were set down in our raw cities and suburbs in the company of skyscrapers, power stations, and electric lines and a jumble of earlier buildings. How could all of this make sense—an American sense for a nation becoming a world power? The architects made it into a game of fantasizing, like children dressing up in their parents' clothing.

The firm of McKim, Mead & White was best at this pretending; according to Leland Roth in his ample monograph, it had the largest architectural practice in the world for nearly thirty years. The perennial boy wonder of the firm was Stanford White. "He would tear into your alcove," an assistant remembered, "perhaps push you off your stool with his body . . . in five minutes make a dozen sketches of some arrangement of detail or plan, slam his hand down on perhaps two or three of them if they were close together—and say 'Do that!' and tear off again." As a young man, still in his early twenties and before visiting Europe, White could work up convincing ornaments and *(Continued on page 38)*

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can and of little-known European architecture, he could assemble his projects even more insouciantly, as in his appropriately fantastic, long-since-destroyed Madison Square Garden in New York.

Charles Follen McKim played the game differently. His mother was a Quaker, his father had been an abolitionist. He became the painstaking idealist—a specialist in monumental buildings that didn't work. His Boston Public Library was difficult to operate, the Low Library of Columbia University impossible to use—the library was soon moved out of it. His buildings were "in the city but not of the city," as one of McKim's biographers wrote of the University Club in New York; they maintained an aloofness characteristic of the man himself. Pennsylvania Station was the perfection of his dreams: a Roman bath, imitated with exceptional fidelity even for its period, to house one of the technologically most advanced stations in the world, steel and glass slapped up against stone and plaster, as if past and present existed timelessly together. To keep his vision intact, McKim argued against the inclusion of a highrise hotel, which might have made it easier to preserve the station from demolition after rail traffic declined.

The architects and their clients saw America as the heir of the Renaissance, a similar period of architectural and cultural revival in their eyes, according to Richard Guy Wilson in his book, a stimulating but all-too-brief essay with notes on selected buildings. Wilson believes that the firm wanted its works to stand in deliberate contrast to the modern city, as "beacon[s] of beauty and aspiration in a harsh environment." He thus takes issue with the more general view that the "City Beautiful" imagined by these architects was grandly uniform and Classical. Leland Roth explores the historical imagination of the firm through his massive accumulation of documentary detail in a tightly organized study—a book to turn to if you think your house is by Stanford White.



The roof garden of Madison Square Garden, McKim, Mead & White, 1890.

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, as illustrations in Richard Oliver's book demonstrate, was an even more brilliant draftsman as a boy than White. He could conjure up Gothic churches in detail long before he ever saw them. Goodhue liked to invent old buildings in Europe to fool his more experienced colleagues. Such was his St. Kavin's Church in Traumburg (Dream Town) in Bohemia, which foretold the chief qualities of his later buildings: a massive tower looming up from the landscape, rich ornament played against bare surfaces, and a curious disinterest in interior spaces. At the age of 22, Goodhue became a partner in the rising firm of Ralph Adams Cram. The older architect was earnest, studious, interested in the bones of architecture, not its surface delights, which he left to Goodhue. For the two young partners, as for earlier nineteenth-century architects, Gothic architecture stood for an almost knightly idealism best glimpsed in its spirit rather than its forms. Yet the churches that Goodhue worked on while a member of the firm, among them St. Thomas's Church on Fifth Avenue, display more skill than imagination in re-creating that Gothic dream. Not until Goodhue broke with Cram and saw the simplified Gothic of new Liverpool Cathedral by the young Giles Gilbert Scott did he find a way out of his tight early style toward a freer ideal. His escape from the restrictions of Gothic came from the influence of Mexican and Mission architecture. Goodhue had visited Mexico while still a young man and had designed the main buildings for the Panama-California exposition of 1915 in San Diego. Here was a style that he knew at first hand, that juxtaposed florid ornament to bare masses, and, above all, that was a centuries-old American vernacular, not a romantically foreign style. In the Nebraska State Capitol, designed after World War I when the desire to break with the past grew stronger, Goodhue redid the Gothic in the blocky forms of the Mission style. The skyscraper capitol, which brought the eastern urban symbol of capitalist enterprise as a beacon of civic pride to the western plains, remains Goodhue's chief claim to remembrance.

Richard Oliver in this, the first monograph on Goodhue, sees the architect's achievement as that of a "fresh traditionalism." Other architects of the period who drastically simplified medieval precedents, for example Hendrik Berlage in Amsterdam or Charles Rennie Mackintosh in Glasgow, have been looked upon as precursors of Modernism. Oliver does not probe into such issues, concentrating instead on a spare and sober description of Goodhue's life and works.

Goodhue as well as McKim, Mead & White had their offices and did much of their work in New York City, the mecca of architecture as of American culture at the turn of the century. Until now, little attention has been paid to New York's architecture (or history, for that matter) in this period, which gave the city many of its most characteristic skyscrapers, bridges, and public monuments. The grandiose volume by the architect and self-proclaimed Post-Modernist, Robert A.M. Stern, and two members of his firm, *New York 1900: Metropolitan Architecture and Urbanism 1890–1915,* is the central one of a trilogy planned to cover New York City from the end of the Civil War through the Depression of the thirties—in short, New York before the *(Continued on page 40)*

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While savoring the reviews, in a chilled stem glass, add 3 oz. Champagne, 3 oz. orange juice and a splash (½ oz.) of Smirnoff Vodka. Gently stir the chilled ingredients and garnish with a strawberry.



There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

(Continued from page 38) intrusion of glass and-steel Modernism.

Beginning with city planning and the transportation system that governed the city's development, the survey proceeds relentlessly through buildings of every conceivable type from civic buildings to public schools (hitherto an almost unexplored subject) to Coney Island fun houses, then on to neighborhoods such as Fifth Avenue, the West End, Morningside Heights, and finally into suburbs such as Forest Hills.

It is very much an architect's view of the city, derived primarily from descriptions and illustrations in the professional magazines and critical essays of the period. The role of architectural competitions is amply discussed while that of the patrons and clients is played down: Pennsylvania Station, for example, is seen purely as a creation of McKim, rather than also of Alexander Cassatt, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The guiding idea of the book is called "Metropolitanism," defined only by reference to a critic of the time, Herbert Croly, who wrote that a metropolitan city "must not only reflect large national tendencies, but it must sum them up and transform them." His point, however, was that New York did *not* live up to this ideal, socially, politically, or architecturally, though the city did give hopeful signs of becoming such a metropolitan center. It therefore seems a rather ill-defined idea on which to pin so large a book. Yet the attraction of the large city at this particular time in the nation's history, by contrast to the earlier Jeffersonian retreat to the country or the later flight to the suburbs, does seem to be an essential clue to the architects' imaginative reconstruction of Europe's capital cities on our shores.

Writing as advocates of this long-neglected architecture, the authors of these four books are able to bring it sympathetically back to new life. But by the same token, they seldom explore the difficulties that the architects of the turn of the century had in sustaining their utopian faith in the styles of the past in the face of rapid and confusing change. Ironically, it therefore becomes more difficult to understand why this fine architecture was so soon after scorned and almost forgotten.

Books in brief

A NOT-SO-STILL LIFE: A CHILD OF EUROPE'S PRE-WORLD WAR II ART WORLD AND HIS REMARKABLE HOMECOMING TO AMERICA
By Jimmy Ernst
St. Martin's/Marek, 272 pp. $14.95

TRACKING THE MARVELOUS: A LIFE IN THE NEW YORK ART WORLD
By John Bernard Myers
Random House, 285 pp., $19.95

Painter Jimmy Ernst's story begins and ends with the death of his father, the great Surrealist Max Ernst. That narrative decision has taken on an added poignancy since the author's unexpected death on the eve of the book's publication. In April 1976, as Max Ernst's ashes formed a dense column of smoke that "stood in the sky over Paris like an enormous exclamation mark," his only offspring acknowledged the "silent clamor of old questions." The stirrings of introspection led to this superb memoir of Jimmy Ernst's early life and relationships with his parents. The keenly etched portrait of Max Ernst—the brilliant innovator with "a smile that could freeze an icicle"—is complemented by the account of Jimmy's equally extraordinary mother, art historian Lou Straus-Ernst, who perished in Auschwitz. After Max left Cologne for Paris in 1922, his first wife supported herself and their two-year-old boy by toiling at secretarial jobs by day and writing articles by night. As for Jimmy, his prospects for a happy boyhood evaporated as Nazism blanketed Germany; he emigrated to America in 1938 and begged his parents to follow. Both refused until the last moment. Max was brought out by a rescue committee formed to save prominent intellectuals. Lou was not famous enough to be considered.

Jimmy's first confusions as a greenhorn stumbling through New York are wittily presented. He proudly learns the patois of the Dead End Kids. Notwithstanding a complete ignorance of Manhattan streets and subways, he embarks on a career as a messenger boy. Eventually he secures a menial job at The Museum of Modern Art, which not only leads to friendships with William Baziotes, Mark Rothko, Frederick Kiesler, and Arshile Gorky, but to his being present at such bizarre events *(Continued on page 42)*



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European artists in New York, in par-
named Peggy Guggenheim. Jimmy, by
now an independent young man in
pursuit of his own creative muse, cele-
brates a truce with his mercurial father.
An accommodation reached, the son
comprehends his father's articulation
of a Surrealist credo: "I don't want and
I don't expect tranquility. That only
happens in sleep without dreams."

John Bernard Myers, Jimmy Ernst's exact contemporary, arrived in New York in 1944, joyfully escaping from deepest Buffalo. In Manhattan he found a niche at the Surrealist art journal *View* and was accepted into much the same crowd as Ernst. There the resemblance between these two accounts stops. Whereas Ernst has an enviable command of language and a talent for full characterization, Myers seems content with the retailing of anecdotes and rather wan chitchat. His narrative persona is best compared to that of the stage governess whose speeches are equal parts malice, literary small change, and euphemism.

Tracking the Marvelous is easy and often amusing to read, but the book makes no deep impression. Although Myers was an art dealer from 1950 to 1975 and represented Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Jane Freilicher, Kenneth Noland, Helen Frankenthaler, Fairfield Porter, Red Grooms, Carl Andre, and Donald Judd, he is unable or unwilling to recount much more than the most superficial aspects of his associations.

The one objectionable portion of this otherwise harmless little ramble is the discussion of the Mark Rothko trial. Myers represents himself as a disinterested party: not divulged is his close friendship with Mrs. Bernard Reis, the widow of one of the original executors of the Rothko estate. In his eyes, Kate Rothko had no reason to contest the dispersal of her father's paintings: he seems unaware that her motives could have been other than financial. Hence Myers recommends that Kate should

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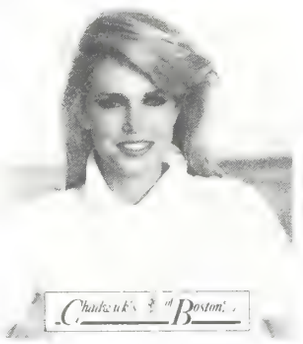
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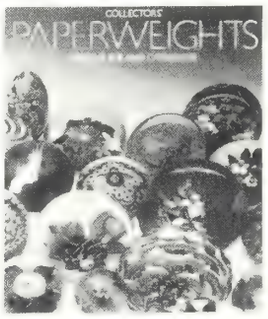
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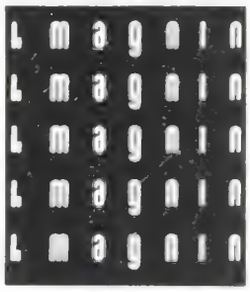
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NINETEENTH-CENTURY PICTURES

They may not be art, but they sure are decoration

By Nancy Richardson

For most of our era there have been two topics most people considered supremely tasteless. One was nineteenth-century painting except for the Impressionists and the other was the treatment of painting as decoration. But so entrenched is the tendency of one generation to enjoy what a prior generation has abhorred that long-derided or mostly forgotten categories of nineteenth-century academic painting are now as solidly *in* fashion as they have been until recently *out* of it. And while most of what is major in nineteenth-century painting hangs already in museums or is fully recognized by the marketplace, what is minor, charming, and decorative is not. No wonder then that a small army of dealers, decorators, and collectors of the sort who care primarily about furnishing rooms are in a state of feverish enthusiasm over minor paintings by lesser or even anonymous nineteenth-century artists. The idea is that these little works of art can be as basic to the arrangement of contemporary rooms as a nineteenth-century desk, sofa, or chair. And it's not surprising that nineteenth-century furniture and paintings of a similar quality cost about the same amount.



A collection of 19th-century paintings of women hangs in a corner of Robert Denning and Vincent Fourcade's drawing room in New York.

The first person with the right intellectual credentials to pull off a taste for the minor art of the nineteenth century was Mario Praz. But Praz never did a book on the subject. However, the recent publication of a volume, *Nineteenth-century Art* (Abrams), half of which is a comprehensive analysis of nineteenth-century painting, by New York University's professor of fine arts, Robert Rosenblum, finally provides a detailed map to the whole era. Not that Rosenblum any more than Praz intended to be the Pied Piper of nineteenth-century decorative painting. But because of an amply illustrated analysis of the major themes of the century, the reader suddenly is equipped with the information by which to judge the mass of material—major or minor—available in the marketplace.

The color plates tell so much. We can have a good look, for instance, at the Japanese elements in the background of Manet's portrait of Zola and Whistler's portrait of a girl, *Symphony in White No. II,* both done in the 1860s. How much easier then to understand a rather straightforward 1870s genre picture by Marie-François-Firmin Girard of European women dressed in kimonos a hundred pages later, as well as a host of less important but totally appealing paintings of nineteenth-century Western women in neo-Japanese settings that the book doesn't discuss at all. The descriptions of the point-blank candor of Goya and Daumier open the way for an appreciation of work by artists such as Constantin Guys, whose street scenes have a strong journalistic quality. Rosenblum's choice of Mary Cassatt's *The Blue Room,* in which a little girl sprawls over an amply upholstered armchair, and Landseer's portrait of Queen Victoria, her family, two wiggly terriers, and some dead game birds, in turn form our standard for decorative paintings of children and/or their pets. This same subject matter was treated by many Victorian artists whose work is once again being used to paper the walls of nurseries and informal sitting rooms. Less familiar as a type is an illustration of a painting by Jean-Léon Gérôme. It is *(Continued on page 46)*

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(Continued from page 44) an anecdotal scene set in Cardinal Richelieu's house in the seventeenth century in which a monk descends a splendid baroque stairway—his head in a breviary—to the amusement of a crowd of worldly onlookers. This one painting serves to explain a whole group of other minor pictures of nineteenth-century clerics—especially cardinals—done in a light-hearted anticlerical manner. The treatment of seventeenth-century genre scenes in the nineteenth century, another popular practice Rosenblum takes up, explains why there are so many neo-seventeenth-century interiors of Dutch churches and Vermeer-like genre scenes appearing at auction at low prices.

Throughout the century paintings of drawing-room dramas or situations that illustrate some vague point of moral culture or manners were consistently popular. In the early part of the century artists such as Marguerite Gérard were at the top of the heap. *Bad News* shows a fashionable lady being given smelling salts by her maid after reading a disturbing letter—presumably from a lover. The same sort of picture was still popular at the end of the century and we see it in Sir William Quiller Orchardson's *Mariage de Convenance*. It is a painting that depicts a pretty, bored, and undoubtedly fatuous society wife sitting at one end of a long dining table from an older husband. He is deter-



Top left: Artist's Family, H.M. Paget. Christopher Wood, London.
Top right: E. Hunt's *Chickens and Pigeons in a Farmyard.* Richard Green, London.
Above: Portrait of a Bandit, anonymous artist. Juan Portela, NYC.

bit of information from his wife, whom he questions at a distance of twenty feet and in front of the servants.

In nineteenth-century genre painting the point of the picture is plain at a glance. The problem with nineteenth-century history painting is that we just don't understand what we're looking at. Rosenblum melts away some of the confusion. He describes the workings of the French Academy, its requirement of enormous, complicated compositions full of soldiers, distraught women and corpses—a format that all the major artists were obliged to produce to win the highest prizes. Many of these mythological and Biblical scenes were obscure even then, but they allowed the artist to display the full range of his skill. For the most part history pictures are still considered art, not decoration, but there are relatively inexpensive and highly decorative examples. Obviously decorative and certainly easier to live with are the picture-postcardlike paintings of exotic landscapes and people—at the top of their form in the Arab scenes by Horace Vernet.

So many nineteenth-century pictures record the arrangement of rooms and imply new ways of hanging pictures as well as collecting and grouping them. Paintings of the French Academy's annual salon exhibitions in Paris or imaginary views of museum galleries in which the painter has fantasized that all his favorite pictures are in one room reintroduce us to interiors where pictures are jammed close together from the ceiling to the chair rail or propped up on tables instead of being hung. Views of artists' studios and interior views of prosperous drawing rooms of bankers or rich bohemians show paintings permanently exhibited on easels and sometimes left deliberately unframed. We see paintings used as architectural details to fill in the space between a door and the ceiling cornice or as a frieze *(Continued on page 48)*

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ing. Watercolors depict rooms in which small pictures are hung on both sides of folding screens. Others show rooms where huge portraits fill entire walls and tiny oval miniatures and silhouettes make a decorative filigree of their own around a chimney piece. We see large pictures hung over small ones and come to see why small oval portraits were used as a form of punctuation at the end of a vertical row of square-shaped pictures.

Pictures of nineteenth-century interiors also remind us that subject matter usually dictated where paintings were to be hung. Scenes of the apocalypse or hard-to-stomach mythological scenes on a heroic scale hung in a big entry hall or in a public place. Anything inspired by Hubert Robert including monuments or ruins of monuments, grisaille wallpaper panels that aped architectural settings, still lifes and banquet scenes all went in a dining room. Architectural drawings or lithographs show up in paintings of libraries. We see enormous family portraits dominating stairwells. Fashionable paintings of interiors, animals, views of exotic cities as well as mementos painted by amateurs crowd bedroom walls in pictures with titles like *Artists Sister with a Candle* by Alfred Stevens or paintings titled *Reading of the Letter* or *Evening at Home* by anonymous artists.

Leading the way in the pleasant heresy of treating minor nineteenth-century pictures as decorative elements are decorators like Vincent Fourcade and Robert Denning. Vincent Fourcade has always thought that a portrait of an attractive woman was wonderful to look at whether or not it was a family portrait. "Of course it would be nicer to have a woman painted by Manet," he says, "but there are many minor painters who painted one or two great paintings. And there are many minor painters who continued to supply the same sort of decorative paintings for years on end simply because there was a demand for them. Once you are out of the area of great quality, you must still buy something that is well painted and of an attractive subject. A guest bedroom or any other room you don't go into all the time is the ideal place to hang unexpected collections of nineteenth-century pictures—pictures of cardinals, views of Venice, portraits of turkeys or of interiors. When you have five or six of one kind of painting it creates an atmosphere." Robert Denning has long thought of inexpensive nineteenth-century pictures crowded onto a wall as a wonderful excuse for a lot of picture lights—a system of indirect lighting.

Very often Denning & Fourcade's breed of nineteenth-century picture is sold, virtually as furniture, by antiques dealers. Jean Paul Beaujard in New York bought a Biedermeier watercolor of an interior because it recorded a Biedermeier desk that he also owned. Sometimes he fell in love with an outsized portrait mainly because of what the subject was wearing. One group portrait in the shop appeals to him particularly. It consists of the artist and his family, painted at the end of the century and well after the development of photography, in which the artist himself appears, apparently out of breath, in the foreground of the picture as if he had only moments before set up a camera to go off automatically.

Hervé Aaron of Didier Aaron has focused on nineteenth-century genre pictures, portraits and paintings of rooms, because they were influenced by the same fashionable impulses that produced the nineteenth-century furniture he specializes in. His imaginative mating of bold, big-scale desks and suites of chairs and sofas by Meeks and Herter with a nine-piece group of richly colored architectural drawings of a fantasy palace in South America is an example of a wonderful-looking contemporary use of nineteenth-century elements that would never have been used together at the time.

Juan Portela, like the other two New York dealers, has walls covered with nineteenth-century paintings. Portela's interest in furniture shaped like a Gothic cathedral or with Gothic details shows up in paintings of Scottish lairds in kilts standing in front of castles with Gothic crenelations. He delights in pictures by amateurs who followed the pattern of Prix de Rome winners and spent years traveling and painting in Italy. Instead of producing endless paintings of monuments these amateurs fell in love with the contemporary Italian countryside full of peasants and bandits. Wonderfully comic is Portela's painting of a bandit with a gun on his hip pompously posed against a background of the Roman campagna.

A look at what students at the École des Beaux-Arts actually did do was afforded by a recent traveling exhibition of architectural drawings that was at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston and finally at the IBM Galleries in New York last winter. These drawings are enormous, drawn on the spot in Rome or Athens, and are divided into two categories. The first consists of scale drawings of monuments and buildings as they existed in ruins in the nineteenth century and the second of huge fantasy reconstructions of, say, the Parthenon as it existed in the fifth century B.C. Every drawing done as a requirement of the system of the École des Beaux-Arts went back into its own permanent collection. What we find on the market today are drawings inspired by Beaux-Arts projects that are rarely on the vast official scale of those done for the Academy. But a look at the originals is enough to convey the message that architectural drawings based on flamboyant imaginary buildings, though largely disliked by critics as "art," make glorious contemporary decoration.

What the Houston architectural drawing show did for nineteenth-century architectural drawings in general is going on right now for nineteenth-century academic painting with an exhibition of paintings from the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. With the help of John Dobkin, director at The National Academy of Design, it started in New York, is now in Richmond, and will travel over the next three years to Indianapolis, Baltimore, Phoenix, Palm Beach, San Antonio, and New Orleans. It is an eye-opener. We are treated to paintings by then-young artists—the *(Continued on page 50)*

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(Continued from page 48) biggest names of an era—working in an identical restricted format year in and year out over a period of a hundred years.

Real French academic painting is something not much handled by antiques dealers though there are a few art dealers who can lead you through it on all levels of quality. Wheelock Whitney in New York presents work by academic painters in an unpejorative way as "failed" Prix de Rome canvases—after all, both Delacroix and Gericault were unsuccessful Prix de Rome contestants. He calls them "delicious objects"—good quality pictures to go in a hall or living room. Whitney has just held a loan exhibition of important paintings by François Bonvin, one of the nineteenth-century painters influenced by Chardin. He also deals in less-important pictures: a small jewellike oil painting of a design for a piece of needlework, an 1820s still life as obviously Biedermeier as any desk that looks like a little temple.

For over ten years now, both Richard Green and Christopher Wood—both London art dealers—have specialized in British Victorian paintings. Their Tissots, Leightons, Alma-Tademas, Burne-Joneses, and Rossettis are now all very high-ticket pictures. The recent Pre-Raphaelite exhibition at the Tate made them even more expensive. But both of these dealers carry attractive paintings that are still the price of furniture. Because they are relatively inexpensive they are not often listed in either their gallery catalogues or available in transparency. You have to go there and look.

On another level completely is Iona Antiques, a small London gallery that deals very straightforwardly in nineteenth-century dog, cat, pig, and poultry pictures which cost about $5,000. Well-organized amateur dealers, such as Frances Scaife at the Tail End in Ligonier, Pennsylvania, supply the same kind of picture. In New York, Louise Melhado and Duane Hampton deal in amusing nineteenth-century pictures and furniture from the "storeroom" at Mark Hampton's office.

The world of the decorative animal painting is well off Robert Rosenblum's radar, but it is still governed by the aesthetic he describes. The same thing is true of the pictures in auction-room sales of less-important nineteenth-century paintings. Peter Rathbone, Sotheby's expert in the field, points out numbers of minor painters whose work was of a consistent level. He leads the uninitiated through the ins and outs of specialized areas such as marine painting and the why of steam sailers that cost more than ocean liners of comparable size. A few blocks away at Christie's East there is impassioned advocacy of unexpected or overlooked nineteenth-century treasures that cost under $1,000. Which brings us around again to the point—how satisfying to wallpaper a room with art that speaks to us so charmingly of the

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FAR PAVILIONS

Architect Allan Wexler says this Little Building With a Matching Table "creates the illusion of being large and small at the same time," and we might add that the same is true of any beloved summer retreat, whether it is surrounded by the ocean or floating upon it or simply set down in a field of tall grass. For at such a place the smallest activities reap large satisfactions



All Allan Wexler's little buildings are [illegible]. This one was designed as a dining pavilion [illegible] behind a main house, but, says the architect, would do equally well on a city rooftop.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS







ON THE WATERFRONT

H. William Harlan's practical life on a Sausalito houseboat inspired by the Taj Mahal

BY DIANA L. POWERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES WHITE



H William Harlan, a 43-year-old modern adventurer, began living on the Sausalito waterfront in the late sixties, in the first of several houseboats of various sizes and designs, none exactly perfect. He knew about the *Taj* back then, but it wasn't until five years later that circumstances prepared him to make it his own. Harlan was ready for more practical living, more open and lighter spaces, and a central location from which he could walk to pick up the paper. "I wanted to use the boat as the basis for my final waterfront creation," he recalls, "emphasizing the positives and eliminating the negatives of all my previous houseboat living."

Originally designed by San Francisco architects Charles Porter and Robert Steinwedell as a one-bedroom, one-floor entertaining annex for a Pacific Heights client, the *Taj* had been sold in its unfinished condition to a buyer who never completed it and who eventually traded it to Bill Harlan. Harlan's idea was to strip the boat and start afresh with a Kashmirian theme. He spent hour upon hour carefully researching his idea by book; true to form, he also took a sojourn in the Vale of Kashmir, absorbing the mood in person by living aboard the long, narrow floating houses endemic to Dal Lake.

A few years later, work on the Sausalito boat began in earnest, led by a dedicated contractor, Bob Blackford. Various sizes and durations of crews joined him, including Phil Schaeffer and design consultants Agnes Bourne, Sudie Woodson, Kyle Cumbus, David Jewett, Jerry Cebe, and Bruce Meyer. When the *Taj* was completed it comprised 4,500 square feet: three floors, living room, dining room, two kitchens, two bedrooms, three bathrooms, a dressing room, sitting room, study, and outdoor pavilion.



The living room, *preceding pages, left,* is floored in cool white-to-beige travertine, which on the outside decks is hosed down to dry in the sun. *Preceding pages, right:* The *Taj,* off the shores of Sausalito. *Opposite:* Grilles are used as window screens against the brilliant sun, as sliding panels for privacy, and as the source of rich patterns of light. *Above:* Soft furniture is upholstered in washable heavy canvas. Copper boat-hull paint lining the arches has acquired verdigris from time and salt spray.

One's first view of the *Taj,* from the end of its long boardwalk, resembles the lengthy approach to the famous mausoleum in Agra. The difference is the salt air and surreal presence of the bobbing bowsprits of the sailboats flanking the pier. They seem to be at once nodding and bowing, while forming an arched canopy in deference to their master.

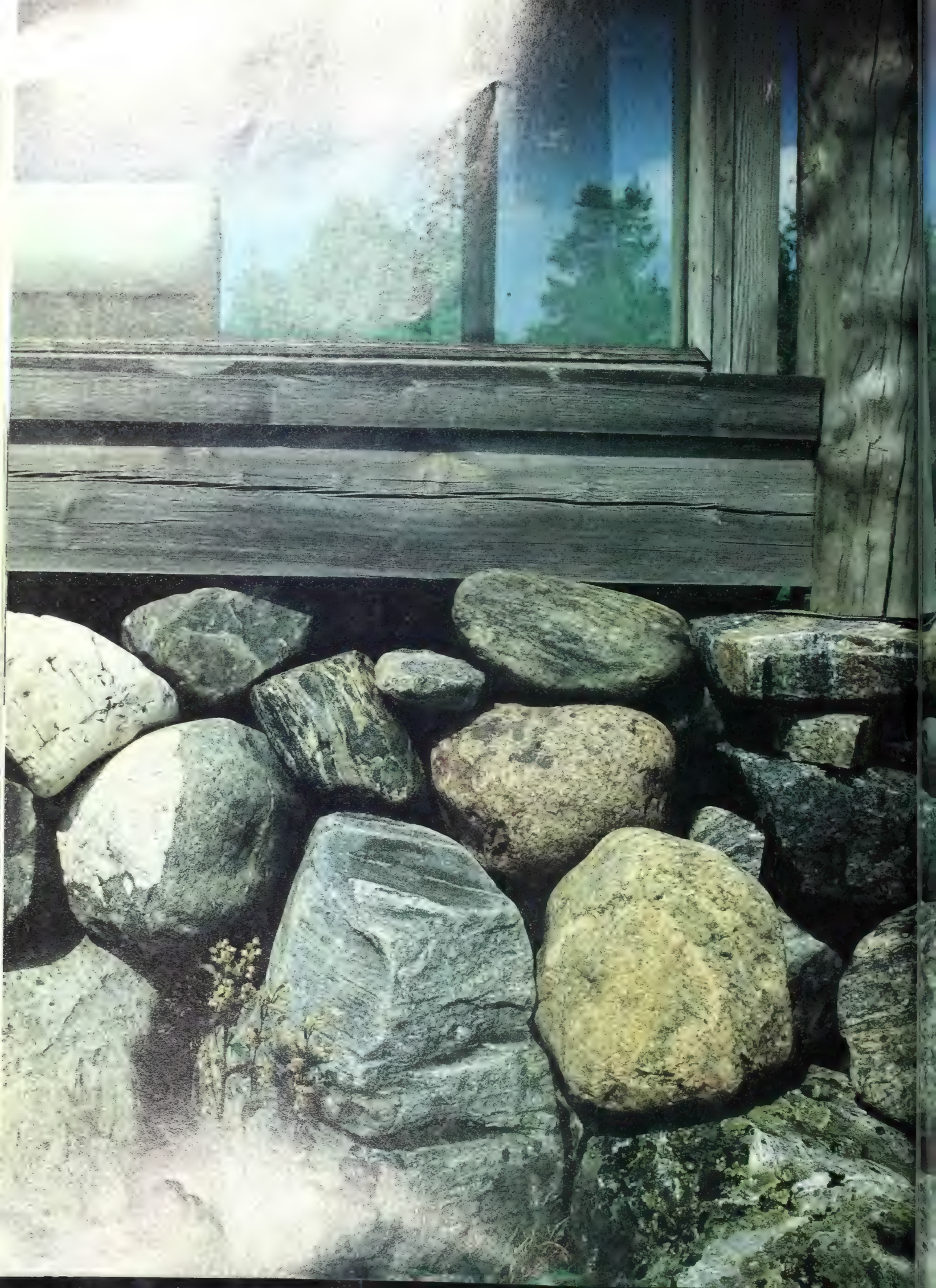
The houseboat's exterior, a light and airy structure of slender desert-white towers, graceful ogee arches, and onionlike domes, is a combination of Mogul and Moorish architecture. It is most similar to its famous namesake in the elegantly cut-out fascia above the entrance, actually copied from a portal of the original. It differs most noticeably by its two domes in place of one.

The interior departs from any such influence. While Mogul custom dictates an interior alive with multicolored carpets and intricate inlaid walls and furniture, Bill Harlan has opted for his own interpretation, using a monochromatic color scheme. "Multidesign and color seem correct when offset by a barren desert, but here I'm surrounded by colors in constant change . . . the birds, the boats, the sailors passing by. I felt a backdrop of shades of *(Text continued on page 170)*



The *Taj* seen from its boardwalk, *above,* conjures up its inspiration in Agra. *Right:* On the top deck a 360-degree view takes in Mt. Tamalpais, the Sausalito hills, and the San Francisco skyline. Shorebirds—herons, egrets, gulls, pelicans, and cormorants—are regular entertainment. Color is allowed here, in Turkish rugs and saddlebags. All flowers and plants by Patric Powell of Bloomers.









OUT OF THIS WORLD

Finnish architects Kaija and Heikki Siren build an extravagance of simplicity on an island in the open sea

BY ELIZABETH GAYNOR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARI HAAVISTO

Expressing a reverence for nature akin to that of the Japanese, the stark shape in silvered wood is templelike. It sits on a loose rock foundation, as do the oldest houses in Finland.

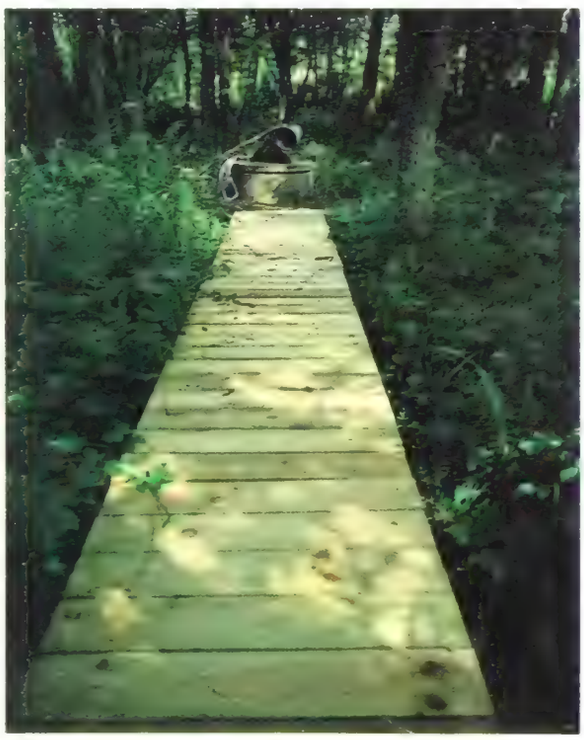


First find the safe harbor for the boat, then build the house nearby—this is the philosophy of the fishermen who live on these islands," says Heikki Siren, "and it is still the best approach." Kaija and Heikki Siren, architects in professional and domestic partnership for more than thirty years, are known for their admiration of indigenous wooden Finnish architecture and for their ability to translate its simplicity and genuineness into modern forms. On their own island in the Finnish archipelago they first designed a system of interconnected docks and piled rocks to create a mooring for their sailboat. Then, in keeping with tradition, the sauna was built—to their design—followed by a cluster of modest cabins for living, each assigned a different purpose.

Later came "Kappeli," a kind of free space built on the highest point of rock. The "Chapel," as they have dubbed it, is an extravagance of simplicity that gives shelter to the wish to sit alone or in company, to be part of the glittering open sea or the pounding of a summer storm. This is the other side of the island, the one that takes the severest beatings from a climate of extremes. The surprise of "Kappeli" is in traversing wooden plankways from the cove side, through a cool glade where ferns and blueberries grow, to emerge on sheer granite and discover the log and glass room. Low benches with linen covers are its only adornment except for collected stones. The clean, deliberate lines of the shrinelike structure confront the infinity of the open sea with quiet strength. □

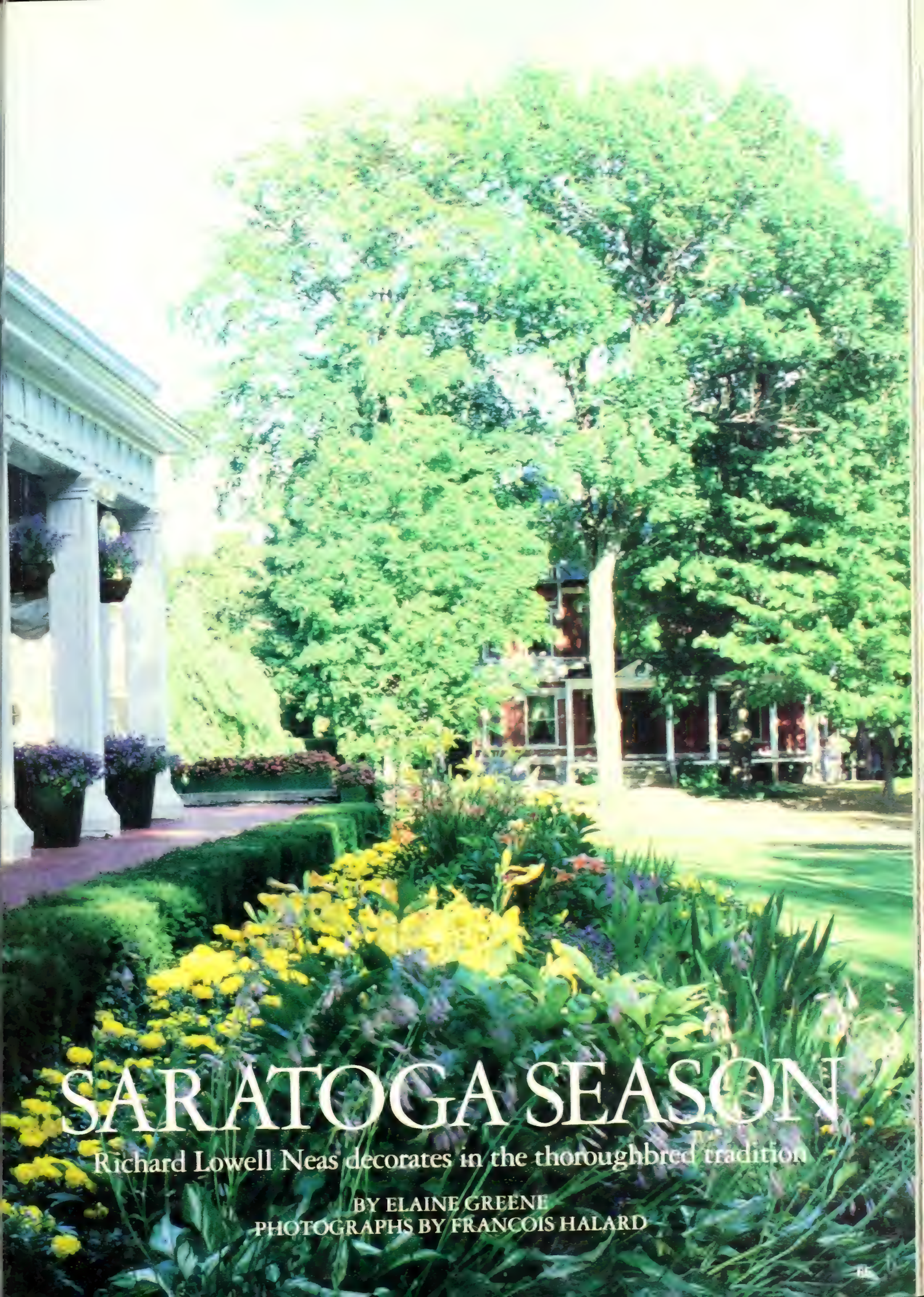
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Kappeli" provides clear perspectives—on nature unchanged since the granite on which the structure stands was worn smooth by the glacier of the Ice Age, and on man's place in this world. The building is supported by four pine-tree trunks. Pine floor boards and ceiling give direction to the space; glass walls open up vistas. Piled rocks lift the mass and create air space underneath to keep it from dampness. A series of plankways links this part of the island to the sheltered side and leads by the sweet-water well through a small wood with a moist, mossy floor.





A side loggia of the sun room, Saratoga Springs, New York, house is furnished with natural wicker, dark green canvas cushions and [illegible] Antique terra cotta urns



SARATOGA SEASON

Richard Lowell Neas decorates in the thoroughbred tradition

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCOIS HALARD



Every August the family moves from their Southern home to Saratoga Springs, New York, to immerse themselves in the town's big season of thoroughbred racing, horse sales, and polo. A couple, their four children age fifteen and older, and the maternal grandparents are the core of the group. But more than eight people enjoy this turn-of-the-century house and its outbuilding, which were recently decorated by Richard Lowell Neas. "We like a house full of kids," says the children's mother. August in Saratoga means just such a houseful: the children wouldn't think of vacationing anywhere else, and summer friends find their way to the compound almost daily.

The couple, breeders of thoroughbreds at their year-round ranch, bought the big Georgian-style house and its carriage barn for two reasons: to create a family center they could return to year after year and to revitalize a beautiful building that had suffered a slow decline. Having decorated before with Richard Neas, they felt confident in giving him almost total control of the design: a kind of "call us when it's finished" job that decorators dream of. Less of a dream, indeed something of a nightmare, was the clients' time frame—only three months to accomplish all the work, including a month when decorators' workrooms are usually shut down. Nevertheless

Looking from the living room into the dining room, *right,* one sees elements common to both spaces: floor matting, cream walls with white trim, ceilings papered with Colefax and Fowler's tiny-figured Sea Coral, Rose Cumming's Garden of Allah chintz. *Above:* The wide center hall opens to the living and dining rooms on this side, to a library on the other.



The pink-papered ceiling of the living room, *above*, along with other ceilings in the house, reflects Richard Neas's feeling that this area of a room should not be ignored. Pedestal table was made in India for the English market; four armchairs around it are Italian. *Below:* Beautiful sweeping staircase is carpeted with Rosecore's Jacks design in wool.





On the middle landing of the main stair, *above*, a Hepplewhite bench stands under a large Palladian window. Fabric is the same rose print used in the living and dining rooms *Below:* The library is entered from the front hall. This is a "masculine" room with faux-bois walls, a rich brown ceiling, a brown-background print by Hazelton House at Ian Wall Limited.





The two carriage-house bedrooms, *opposite,* accommodate grandparents. In the pink bedroom, Brunschwig spatter-print wallpaper, a rug from Stark. In the yellow bedroom (detail, *below*) an American chair with original finish. Floor was painted by Neas and Luis Molina in a large-scale linen-weave pattern. *Above:* The main room of the carriage house contains a comfortable sitting area. Its rug is sewn-together runners newly woven for Thos. K. Woodard. Print and plaid from Brunschwig & Fils. Trompe-l'oeil cupboard is a screen by Richard Neas.



Neas met the challenge, although the house contains somewhat less than the usual amount of his renowned trompe-l'oeil painting—the penalty of too little time.

The woman of the house asked Richard Neas for "the essence of a summer house," and he responded with light rooms, uncluttered windows, mostly bare or matting-covered floors, quantities of chintz largely in one pattern, and a minimum of accessories. She asked him for "flowers everywhere," and he gave them to her in printed fabrics and wallpapers and bed linens and, more subtly, in flower colors: pink ceilings, yellow walls, a green floor. Taking for granted the romantic English/American traditional style that Neas is known for, she was not disappointed.

The upper story of the carriage house was to become living quarters for the grandparents, also horse breeders. First Neas had to remodel the open loft into a comfortable set of rooms. Then choosing a style that suited the building's carefully preserved rustic mood, he matched the main building's height-of-summer look, the epitome of a happy season. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*



Richard Neas sheathed the walls of the carriage house apartment with horizontal boards, rough-plastered the ceiling, left the timbers in the natural state, and added skylights. Rustic pieces include 18th-century gate-leg table, kitchen table in ... paint with scrubbed pine top, Windsor ... original blue paint. Neas painted ... inner door of open cupboard



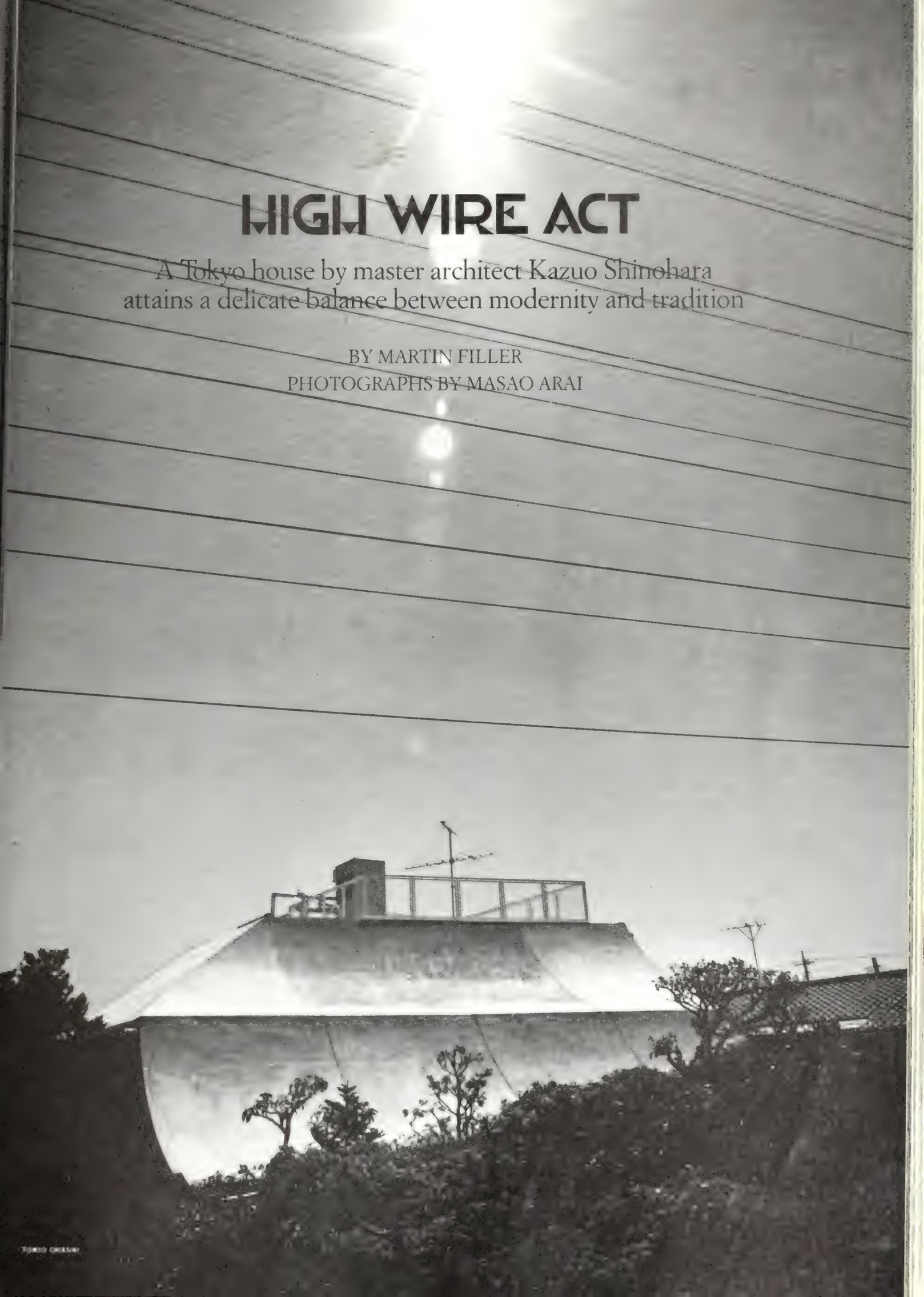


On the top floor of the House Beneath High-Voltage Lines, dramatically curving beams express the bold configuration of the roof, which is normally unseen from most vantage points near the house. *Opposite:* The house takes both its name and its concave roof forms from electrical wires nearby.

HIGH WIRE ACT

A Tokyo house by master architect Kazuo Shinohara attains a delicate balance between modernity and tradition

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MASAO ARAI







On the ground floor, *opposite,* one of the pair of 20-inch-thick concrete columns obscures its twin across the living room near the entry door. Partially visible is the red-railed spiral stairway leading to the upper floors.

The space under the eaves on the uppermost floor, *above,* is used as a bedroom by one of the family's children. Here on the third story the columns and beams are painted a metaphorically appropriate shade of blue.

Kazuo Shinohara is one of those rare wonders of world architecture who has been able to labor away for years outside the blinding glare of publicity and fame, only to be "discovered" at midlife and instantly declared a master. Not since the Mexican architect Luis Barragán burst upon the collective architectural consciousness in the early seventies (after three decades of exceptional creativity) has so major an unheralded figure emerged. Although revered by a younger generation of avant-garde architects in his native Japan, the 59-year-old Shinohara remained virtually unknown even to the architectural cognoscenti in this country until an exhibition of his small but superb body of work was mounted at New York's Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies in late 1981. Since then, it has become clear that a major omission had been made in our perception of the architectural history of our times, for without a doubt, Shinohara is worthy not only of a contemporary but of a lasting reputation.

This oversight seems particularly surprising in light of the extraordinary attention focused on Japanese architecture since 1970. The importance of Japan as a center of advanced architectural thought stems not so much from the conjunction of several architectural luminaries (a coincidence that has often fooled observers into believing that a true golden age is at hand) but rather from the high level of excellence sustained by a strong vanguard. Many of those innovative designers have assiduously watched larger developments on the global architectural scene, avidly seeking the large public commissions that invite (and receive) the attention of the international press. But Kazuo Shinohara, who has preferred maintaining his atelier at the Tokyo Institute of Technology over establishing a conventional commercial practice, has been content to devote his full energies to the painstaking refinement of his talents in small domestic projects, and the wisdom of that course shows in his consistently exquisite designs.

One of the most recent is a house in the Todoroki section of Tokyo, the thirty-third in a series that he began in 1954. Like many of Shinohara's houses (which account



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The entry façade of the house, *above*, combines the flat, panel-like composition of classical Japanese exteriors with the industrial materials of Western Modernism; both play their respective roles eloquently.

The spacious living-dining area, *opposite*, on the ground floor is given definition by a pair of green-painted concrete columns and beams. Through the glass window wall at the south end is a traditionally inspired Japanese garden.

for virtually his entire output), it is known not by its owner's name but by its most prominent formal characteristic (earlier designations include the Umbrella House, the Repeating Crevice House, and the Prism House). This one, known as the House Beneath High-Voltage Lines, takes its name from the structure's proximity to thirteen overhead electrical wires that run along a north-south axis just to the west of the site. Local building ordinances forbid construction within an unsafe radius of high-voltage lines, a restriction that might have daunted an American architect or dissuaded an American client from purchasing such a property in the first place; but such is the nature of the incredibly overbuilt Tokyo landscape that Shinohara took that regulation as a challenging organizing principle rather than as an inhibiting restriction.

Shinohara harbors no illusions about the reduced possibilities amid the overcrowding and general visual pollution in that most relentlessly urban of settings. "By no means a beautiful city," he wrote in a 1981 essay entitled "Towards Architecture," "Tokyo has a quality of its own, a mood that is totally unlike those of spacious modern European cities with their great weight and mass of tradition. . . . No city in the world demonstrates the variety of building types or the disorder of decorative surface and form that Tokyo does. . . . Although it is possible to condemn all this as chaos, a culture that has advanced to such a stage still deserves to be fairly evaluated."

That is especially true if one considers an artifact as remarkable as the House Beneath High-Voltage Lines, which demonstrates that a first-rate architectural sensibility is able to transcend virtually any physical given. In this case, in addition to the menacing presence of the overhead current, there was also the inevitably tiny, cramped plot that is typical of building conditions throughout Japan's populous eastern corridor. This one is surrounded on three sides by houses, with a two-meter-deep Japanese garden on the south side of the house offering the only respite from the claustrophobic proximity of neighboring structures.

The visitor approaches *(Text continued on page 148)*





Photographed from the garden, the south façade of the house shows the relation of the curving roof at upper left to the high-voltage wires. The relativity of transparency and translucency is typical of Japanese domestic architecture but the structure is dynamically contemporary.




PARIS PERFECT



In his own apartment, François Catroux takes a turn toward the classical

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL BOYS



In the entrance hall, Indonesian throne, *preceding pages, left,* and bull funerary piece. *Preceding pages, right:* The garden, which can be seen from every room in the house. *Above:* Doric columns in the *petit salon* frame architectural plans of Egypt's Karnak. Armchair is Jacob. *Opposite:* A large Sèvres vase with mythological pattern atop a Directoire table with rare Sèvres biscuit supports.

An empty throne extends its arms in eerie welcome. Under the watchful eye of a sculpted bull, silence reigns, but for the gentle plashing of a lonesome fountain through the garden doors left ajar. Where are we? This is no far-flung temple in some exotic retreat, but the entrance to a Parisian apartment tucked away in the Left Bank's select *quartier de l'Odéon.*

Though most of the fine classical residences in the area are not to be tampered with, inside or out, by order of the commission on historical sites and monuments, the ground-floor apartment of this seventeenth-century house escaped the confinements of being *classé:* an open invitation to interior architect François Catroux to step in and play with the eternal modernism of the classical past.

"I waited ten years for this apartment," says Catroux, whose *crème de la crème* clientele includes the names that make designers rich and famous—Rothschild, Rochas, Patino. "An apartment upstairs was free at first (owned by an American woman—why do they always have the best apartments in Paris!), but it was all boiseries and couldn't be touched." Catroux's approach to decoration has always been through architectural transformation, "giving a new form to an apartment," something the old eighteenth-century Paris buildings are much in need of—where to put the bathrooms, the kitchen.

What Catroux has done in his own home with the freedom of someone who has never studied architecture ("not even an hour's worth") is interpret the historical past with the keen eye of an irreverent modern master. Settling back into one of the sofas he designed in his sitting room, his hand resting on the telephone, Catroux explains: "I was inspired by eighteenth-century avant-garde architects like Ledoux in doing this apartment. The *quartier* influenced me: the Odéon is one of the most interesting architectural areas in Paris. I wanted it to be reminiscent of that . . . those stones . . . yet modernized. Of course, I wouldn't have done the same décor in the sixteenth arrondissement or in New York." The phone rings. Catroux, besieged with calls, has just returned from his routine week-a-month stay in New York, where he has midtown offices with *antiquaire* Didier Aaron. "No, I must see the carpet first, la Baronne is very particular about her reds. . . ."

Without skipping a beat, Catroux continues: "Appropriateness to me is the essential basis of decoration. That

Sculptures Japonaises
TUTANKHAMON
INTERIOR VILLAS





In sitting room with Louis XVI armchairs, Carroux designed [illegible] carpeting, wood "building block" table and console holding 19th-century English architectural orders. An 18th-century statue of Atlas keeps company with Art Deco bronze bird by Joseph Czaky and an Art Deco African bust. Charcoal sketch to the right is by Jean Lambert-Rucki for *oeuvre lacqué* by Dunand, 1930.







Faux-marbre moldings, *above,* embossed sponged walls, a Directoire lamp in crystal and bronze: Roman bathing in a Jacuzzi. *Opposite:* Jean-Michel Wilmotte tables in iron and granite echo the pre-Bauhaus vision of Koloman Moser armchairs of 1905. Concrete spine of spiral staircase used in parking lots adds urban touch. Taupe cashmere walls set off modern French art.

means not doing a Moscow apartment in Paris, or a Paris apartment in Moscow, a *maison de Fontainebleau* in Los Angeles, or a *petite folie* Louis XVI in Texas." Pointing out the tall, narrow seventeenth-century windows that grace each room, "*époque Versailles,* but less good, of course," Catroux insists on the unsuitability of something ultramodern "because of the type of building this is, the type of garden each room opens onto, the area." Rather than opt for a *château français*–style décor (or leaving it totally empty, the other possible choice, he says) Catroux came up with a concept of antiquity that can only be called abstract.

Much of the décor is made of staff, a building material of mixed plaster and fiber, used for temporary ornamental work. The walls of the sitting room, foyer, and bathroom have been embossed—making an antique look seem sleek, linear, graphic, modern. Cornices in the sitting room (also staff) are sliced off over mirrors, again achieving a modern, sculpted profile. In the same vein, in the *petit salon,* two Doric columns ("as hollow as Hollywood") flanking the sofa stand tall without their customary frieze, but with an enlarged abacus, offering another anatomy of antiquity. The past here looks futuristic, the right feel for the huge video screen that sits sanctimoniously *en face.*

"After all, what is classicism," says Catroux, "but that which remains forever modern? Be it eighteenth-century, Art Deco, or ultramodern, to me it's always classical if it's well done, because the proportions are the best.

Thus Catroux crisscrosses centuries and continents in the space of four rooms with the quiet assurance of someone who knows quality always works. "The Boulard armchairs covered in suede in the sitting room are the most beautiful Louis XVI *(Text continued on page 152)*





NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

POET'S GARDEN, PAINTER'S EYE



The island garden that inspired the American Impressionists

BY DEBORAH NEVINS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



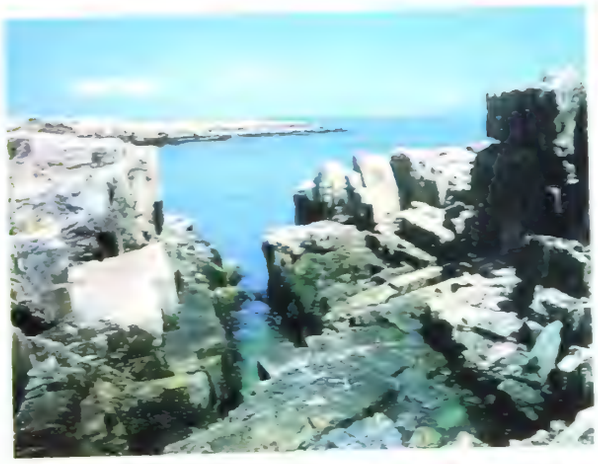
Two images of Celia Thaxter's Garden, *preceding pages: left,* with Mrs. Thaxter as painted by her friend Childe Hassam in 1892, and *right,* recently with a student in the garden. *Above:* Great efforts were made in the restoration of the garden to use the kinds of flowers Thaxter used—poppies, cornflowers, coreopsis, day lilies, sweet peas, digitalis, and cleome. *Right, clockwise from top right:* Rocks on the Isle of Appledore; poppies and annual asters; Hassam's *White Island Light, Isles of Shoals, at Sundown,* painted in 1899; lavender, annual asters, and Maltese cross; *Isles of Shoals Garden,* by Hassam in 1929.

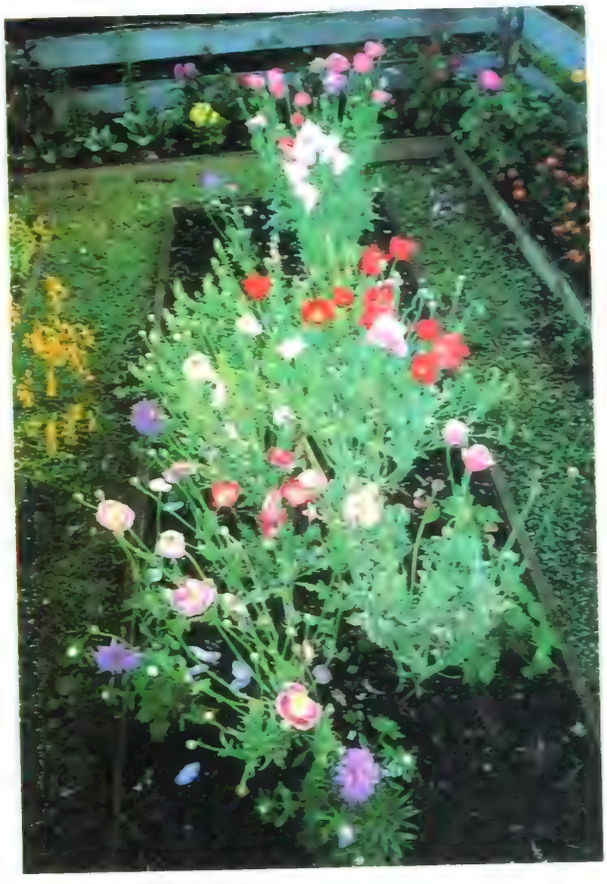
Six miles off the coast of New Hampshire and Maine, a string of nine granite islands, the Isles of Shoals, emerges stark and sculptural from the sea. It was of these islands that Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote in his *American Notebooks* of 1852: ". . . it seems as if some of the massive materials of the world remained superfluous, after the Creator had finished, and were carelessly thrown down here, where the millionth part of them emerge from the sea, and in the course of thousands of years, have got partially bestrewn with a little soil."

In winter these isles are lonely, wind-swept, beaten by storms; in summer they are softened by the sun and by the shimmering blue sea that surrounds their almost treeless expanse. In this unlikely place, Celia Thaxter (1835–1894), a poet and essayist renowned in her time, was the central figure in a summer salon for the luminaries of New England's nineteenth-century renaissance. And here, on Appledore Island, despite the harshness of the elements, she created a garden which, however small, was one of the most admired and most frequently painted in America.

The living room of Thaxter's cottage—on the property of the resort her father had established in 1848—was ablaze with the flowers from this garden, a harvest that was carefully arranged every day in nearly one hundred vases that held, in Thaxter's words, "carnival in every possible combination of beauty." Her mantel, she goes on to tell us, was "splendid with massed Nasturtiums like a blazing torch, beginning with the palest yellow, almost white, and piled through every deepening shade of gold, orange, scarlet, crimson, to the blackest red; all along the tops of the low bookcases burn the fires of Marigolds, Coreopsis, large flowers of the velvet single Dahlias in yellow, flame, and scarlet of many shades, masses of pure gold summer Chrysanthemums, and many more—all here and there interspersed with blossoming grasses for a touch of ethereal green." The room was a pure rapture for Candace Wheeler, a *(Text continued on page 154)*

















A GLAMOROUS GARRET

Jane Victor designs a New York apartment for novelist Barbara Taylor Bradford and producer Robert Bradford

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER VITALE



Barbara Taylor Bradford with Gemmy, a Bichon Frise. *Opposite:* The view from living room to dining room. *Above:* Mrs. Bradford's study.

A writer's life is very confining," says English novelist Barbara Taylor Bradford, who is finishing *Hold the Dream,* the sequel to *A Woman of Substance,* which sold nearly eleven million copies and brought Mrs. Bradford "overnight success after thirty years." Her writing—her obsession—keeps her study-bound. "I like to lock myself into a corner, facing a blank wall. I'm oblivious to what's around me because I've got all those people occupying that room with me."

In designing their present New York City highrise apartment, both Barbara and her husband, Robert, gave most careful thought to their own work areas—the study for Barbara and a media room for Robert, a producer who lately spends a lot of time in England at the TV filming of *A Woman of Substance,* which airs this fall. New York designer Jane Victor lowered the ceilings to create a "cove atmosphere" in the rooms and conceal the intricate wiring. The Bradfords already had most of the furniture and art, and with "strong reactions to color" supplied Ms. Victor with color chips—primarily in beige and peach. Ms. Victor used natural materials in a variety of ways: cedar-lined closets, leather-lined bookcases, suede-covered chairs, and Italian linen walls. The result is an apartment "in the clouds," where confinement is a pleasure. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet





Coromandel screens frame the dining room, *above,* where a Georgian crystal chandelier hangs amid the mirrored beams. Below Epko's *Bois de Boulogne* is an 18th-century Hepplewhite console with a Georgian tea service. Carved niches display collections of cranberry and blue glass. *Below:* The bedroom walls are covered in Italian linen from Glant Fabrics. A television hides in the cherry-wood piece at right. Victorian mirror is on a William and Mary Chest.





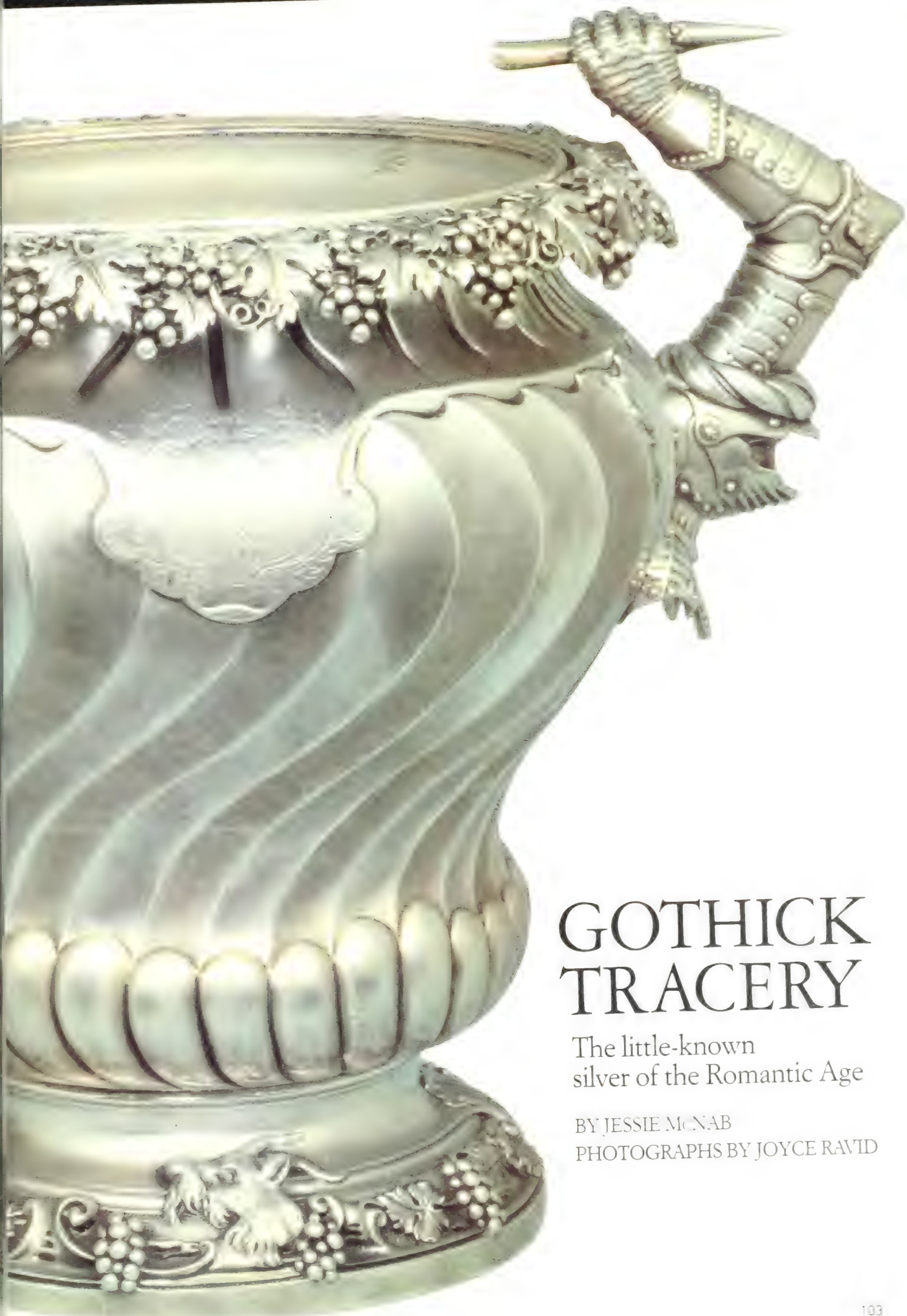


All the colors in the living room, above, match or are inspired by Bernard Tauzelle's *La Jeune Fille Morte* from the Felix Vercel Galerie. Below the painting is a W. edgewood basalt vase and a teapot and cup and saucer dated 1805 on a Georgian black-and-gold papier-mâché tray. The three-tiered lattice table holds a Chinese cinnabar vase. Of special note among the antique objects in the Hermès leather-lined bookcase is a pair of 18th-century white Staffordshire dogs. One living-room wall, and much of the apartment, was mirrored by Binswanger. *Left:* The East River view from the terrace.



Samuel Littlewood's multicolumned candlestick, 1772, *left,* and Paul Storr's wine cooler, 1815, *right,* with heraldic handles based on family crest illustrate diversity of motifs employed in early and late phases of Neo-Gothic silver.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF ANNIE C K



GOTHICK TRACERY

The little-known silver of the Romantic Age

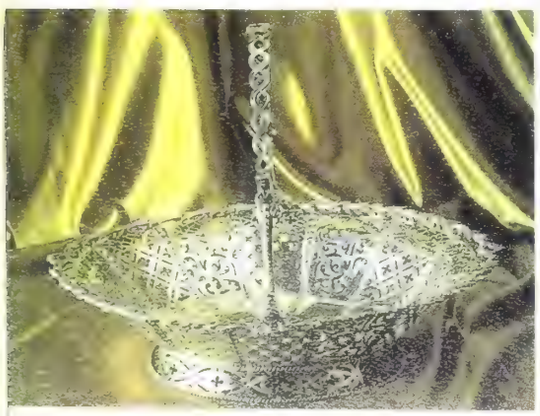
BY JESSIE MCNAB
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOYCE RAVID

©TESY CHRISTIE'S

all the eclectic movements the Neo-Gothic infusion into eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century silver is the least appreciated.

It is usually held that eclecticism—the mixing of two or more styles in one object, be it a house or a teaspoon—arrived in the nineteenth century. A pair of wine coolers dated 1828–29 by Paul Storr, "the last of the silversmiths," which sold at Christie's in London this year for roughly $38,000, is a perfect example of this mélange of different styles. The wine cooler mixes English and French Rococo elements unabashedly, with a "drop't bottom" as intrepid as when introduced in London in the 1740s, and is decorated with swirling concave flutes alternatively polished and matted, more commonly seen on French silver of the 1730s. The foot, with modeled grapes, vine leaves, shells, and the profile heads of rather startled-looking bearded goats—all classic allusions to wine and by extension to the vinous function of the coolers—recalls the frenetic

(Text continued on page 164)



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ROGERS FUND, 1913

Gothic motifs.







Gothic arches on candlestick, about 1830, *far left*. Form of ceiling ornament at Strawberry Hill, *left*, is reflected in toast rack of about 1801, *this page*.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

Apple Bartlett's Boston apartment reflects a family history



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM P. STEELE

The big inviting library, *right,* where Apple Bartlett often paints for her home or shop, contains curtains she made, a rug from the family house in Maine, a hard-to-find wall color that pleases her deeply. *Above:* An Apple Bartlett collage hangs over the faux-marbre mantel in the living room.









The author painted the West Indian boats, *above,* and vendors on Choc Beach, St. Lucia, *opposite.*

NATIVE WOMEN UNDER SEA-ALMOND TREES

Musings on art, life, and the island of St. Lucia

BY DEREK WALCOTT

Before the fire it was a small but compact island town whose high wooden houses had pillared balconies with fretwork eaves, and the curled bonnets of mansard roofs in the French style. From the streets the roofs of Castries looked higher than the green mornes between them, the word "morne" being the Creole for hill or mountain, and in the French learned at the college, also "sad."

We lived on a hot street below thick green hills. One hill was called Morne Fortune, where there had been a battle between the Inniskilling Regiment, redcoats, and French grenadiers, bluecoats. "There is a green hill far away, beside a city wall," my mother sang. The green hill in the hymn was in Jerusalem, but ours wasn't a city. She sang the same Methodist hymns, pedaling and stopping her sewing machine. I thought her voice floated over rusted sheet-iron roofs to the top of the morne. She sang because she was a widow. When she sang it was to my father, who had painted and who had died in his thirties. The hills were both bright and sad, like my mother's voice.

Very soon, of course, after the fire of 1948 there was not a town. Two thirds of it was gone, and so utterly gone that now you could see both the thickly forested foothills with stacks of lumber on clearings, and Morne Fortune, where there had been a lot of history because of the French and British wars. We were fortunate in that hill because it had great buildings: bricked ones with Roman arches like the successive M's of a child's drawing, guarding the harbor. Perhaps the barracks were fortunate because they were brick and iron and mortar, not like the high wooden houses. Perhaps the name Fortune meant fate rather than luck, because, according to the books, many soldiers had died there of yellow fever, which was worse than any skirmish. There were barracks of the same kind on the peninsula of Vigie, gamboge yellow bricks with rusting orange roofs between green trees, and when you got closer, rowing across the harbor, they indeed felt sad with the sadness of time. But when I went down to the wharf where the schooners were, to the smaller one—not where the liners warped—and waited for nothing in particular looking at the dark green of Castries harbor, I used to feel proud of that sadness; of the wars, of the legend that the island had changed flags thirteen times, that St. Lucia was once exchanged for Canada.

And I felt fortunate about the way the barracks always looked different in the angles of sunshine, like Cézanne's views of L'Estaque, and for some reason much later, as my French improved, like the brisk and breeze-edged opening paragraph of Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*. Sometimes the breeze smelled French, sometimes it smelled British, depending on what I thought of. The British smell was history, definitely. It had a dampness in it, like the smell of the burnt town months after the streets were cleaned. The French smell was Art. One called it Art then, instead of Painting. That smell was of chrome green squeezed out on a palette, the smell of the mornes and the harbor water in the sun—the smell of Manet and Gauguin in my pocket art-histories. Across the channel there was Martinique, where Gauguin painted. There was a volcano there. We had a volcano too at Soufrière, and when I thought of Gauguin I thought of the faint stink of lava that came off the leaves in Soufrière, and when I thought of Soufrière I thought of the soldiers, French and British who had used the sulfur springs to wash off all the sadness of being away from home. It was a mournful island, because after the fire had burned down the high balconies and the mansards, it was yours to paint and write about. Because of the past, too, so much was there, if you learned quickly how to wait. And I think I learned to wait early from watching the water in the schooner basin. I was eighteen. I had a whole life ahead of me to paint the island and to write poems about it, in the two languages that history had given me: French patois and English.

I have waited, and everything is still there, most of it, when I go back. The mornes, the barracks, and the two languages. And the sea which has never cared who left it or who comes back. The hope of being a great painter is gone, like the old colonial town, and the will is reduced, but a wind goes through the body the same way that it did when I went out into the high country, *en haut betassion*. The wind that goes loudly through the frighteningly steep gorge under Morne Gimie, our official mountain, making the bamboos



(Text continued on page 161)





WHERE ART COMES FIRST

Elizabeth Burdick Jones designs a quiet background for a discriminating collection

BY MARJORIE WELISH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

A clockwise sweep through the living room takes in a quietly definitive array of contemporary art: Carl Andre, *The Way North, East, South and West,* 1975; Jasper Johns, *Between the Clock and the Bed,* 1981; Christo, *Nine Wrapped Bottles,* 1965; Robert Irwin, *Untitled,* 1969; on table, small sculpture by George Rickey, 1981; Andrew Lord's tea set, *The Italian Set in Intense Light Angled Outlines Black-White,* 1981; Cy Twombly, *Settebello,* 1959; Alexander Hollweg's tiny ceramic sheep, *Enclosure,* 1978; Elizabeth Murray, *Keyhole,* 1982; Tony Smith, *Cigarette* 1962–68; Arshile Gorky's *Apple Orchard,* 1943–46, and Frank Gehry's *Fish Lamp* commissioned by Formica Corporation.



Rhyme, 1956, a masterly hybrid by Robert Rauschenberg, hovers above a supine stoneware *Woman,* 1975, by Mary Frank. Flowers by Mädderlake, New York.

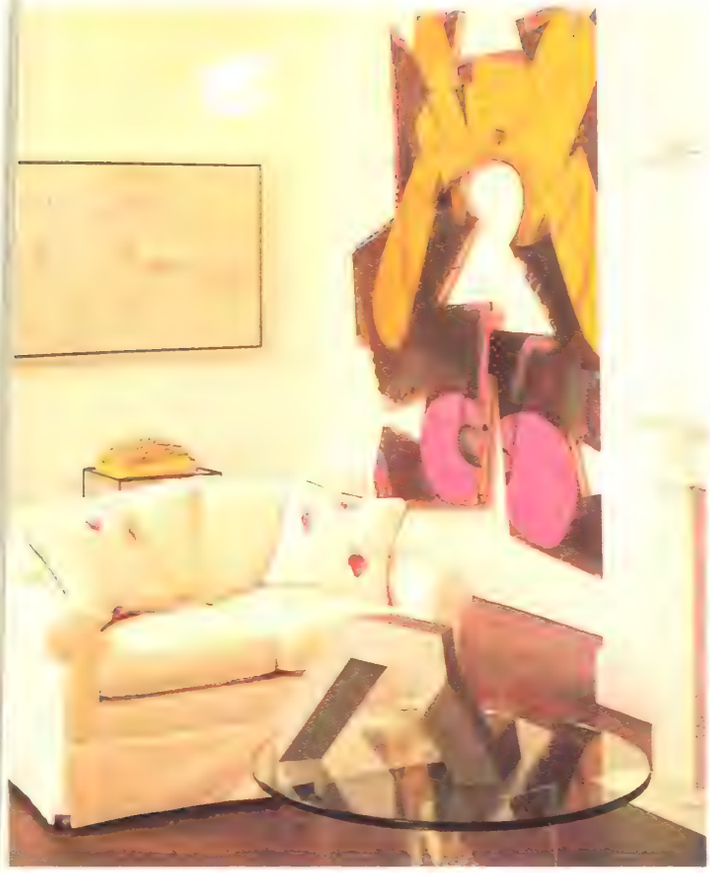
I grew up in Cleveland surrounded by art because my father collected everything, especially art of the American West. But the strongest influence on my interest was a high-school art history teacher. She was the best until I went to Harvard for my masters, where teachers were as good as she but no better. She taught the way every teacher should teach: showing you details of Caravaggio to make you see how light and shade work, showing you an art object lots of times and in comparison with other things. She was incredible,



At the end of a corridor of drawings including Cy Twombly, Philip Guston, Ellsworth Kelly, and Jasper Johns stands *Lamp II,* 1977, a drawing in sculpture by Roy Lichtenstein.



In the dining room, Johns's *Map,* 1963, presides at the head of an austerely eccentric glass and stainless steel table and chairs by Gwen-lin Goo. Found cables support the tabletop.



Vintage graffiti by Cy Twombly and a sculptural maquette by Tony Smith share a living-room corner with a jigsawed painting by Elizabeth Murray and ceramic sheep by Alexander Hollweg.



Sol LeWitt's chalk circumference in the library, *Circle*, 1977, complements Gorky's *Housatonic Falls*, 1977, on an adjoining wall. On table is Claes Oldenburg's *Blue Hat*.

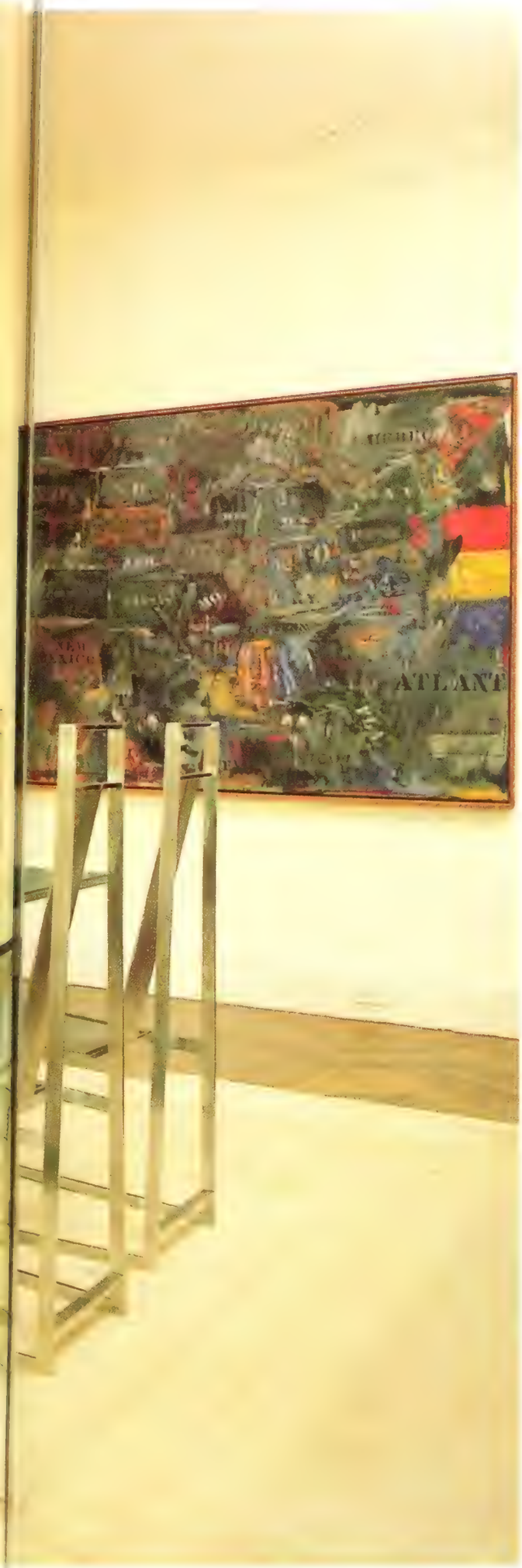


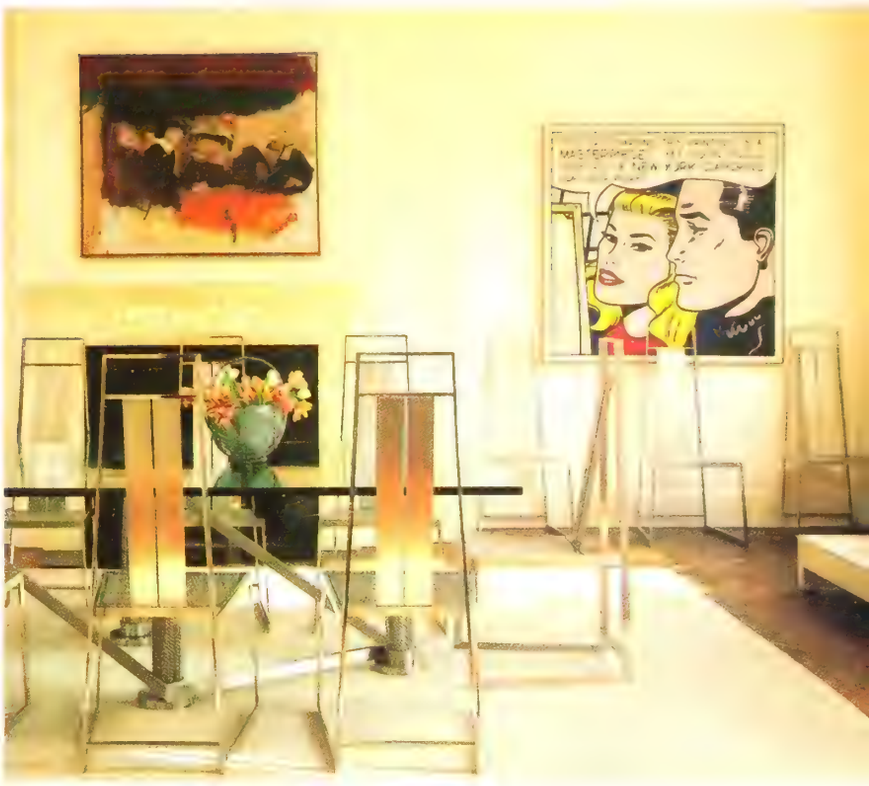
Judy Pfaff's rhapsodic three-dimensional scribble hangs over the master bed. Headboard fabric by Brunschwig & Fils, bedspread by Pratesi. Cat answers to the name of Marmalade.



A bold conjunction of hard and soft space: De Stijl chair by Gerrit Rietveld, 1918, engaging the Op painting *Confrontation*, 1971, by Julian Stanczak.







A conflagration of brushwork ignites de Kooning's *Time of the Fire,* 1956, *left,* on the wall meeting Johns's *Map,* which is one of the collector's favorites. *Above:* Next to Roy Lichtenstein's *Masterpiece,* 1962, is brand name Rembrandt in the process of becoming brand name Larry Rivers, in *Dutch Masters,* 1963.

As challenging as it is to collect art of high quality, a collector is more apt to excel in her mania if, as was this avid art patron's experience, exposure to art comes early and expertly. Early training empowered her to perceive the visual properties that give a painting its unique identity—no matter what the period, no matter what the style. As it happened, when she began collecting seriously—some years after buying prints as a graduate student at Harvard—it was contemporary art she settled on.

A spacious New York apartment, calmly decorated by designer Elizabeth Burdick Jones, provides the setting for this patron's highly discriminating collection of contemporary art, which ranges from Abstract Expressionism and Pop to Minimal art and beyond. What is remarkable here is that many works were plucked from the early phase of an artist's mastery, just when his art achieved ripeness but before an industry developed around its style. But assessing stylistic integrity has by now become part of this deeply committed collector's daily routine. Over the years she has not only become an adviser to a museum in its acquisitions, but also has privately commissioned works artists might not otherwise afford to realize and added to her father's collection of Western art, which currently travels around the United States "like a museum without walls."

"I guess a Henry Moore bought in 1966 was the first serious purchase, along with local Cleveland art—followed by Gorky," she says, trying to recall the genesis of her collection. From *(Text continued on page 166)*

Propped up in the library, *above,* is a drawing by Frank Lloyd Wright, *Living Room & Terrace Furnishing, House for Mr. Max Hoffman,* 1957. *Below:* Looking from the living room toward the hall one sees Gorky, Tony Smith, Frank Gehry, and a Stanczak. Completing the view are David Smith's *Vertical Construction,* 1938, and Mark Rothko's *Two Greens with Magenta Stripe.*

Linking the hall with the kitchen/gallery designed by Byron Bell of Cain, Farrell, & Bell is a wall of art, *above,* including Alain Kirili's *Vertical I,* 1982, Georg Baselitz's *Stilleben,* 1976–77, and Julian Stanczak's *Confrontation,* 1971. Beyond is Richard Serra's *Waxing Arcs,* 1980, and Warhol's early, gritty *Liz,* 1965. *Below:* Neil Jenney's *Cat and Dog,* 1970. In the hall, Johns's *Savarin,* 1977. Furniture is covered in fabrics by Brunschwig & Fils. Area rug by Stark, mohair throw from Mabel's, New York.



REVISITING THE MOTHER OF MODERNISM

BY JOHN RUSSELL
PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM BARTOS

Long before I ever set foot in The Museum of Modern Art in New York, I fantasized about it. How could I not have done so, when it was being put together four thousand miles away by people who had been where I most wanted to go, seen what I most wanted to see, and been friendly with the people I most wanted to meet? The Museum of Modern Art forty years ago was not just a museum. It was the epitome of all that was best and brightest and most worth preserving in the first half of the twentieth century.

It was in fact a place in which works of art could stay home forever and write their autobiography. That autobiography was not a matter of "as told to," either. It was autobiography in the class of St. Augustine, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, John Ruskin, and Henry Adams. It was a matter of self-definition, with no defensive editing, and of ideas, with no thought of self-promotion. The Museum of Modern Art aspired to be the real thing, the direct thing, the indispensable and truthful thing in a domain where everything remained to be said.

Seen from the other side of the Atlantic in the early forties, the museum owned key works which for the European public of the day were not so much out of reach as almost beyond imagination. Its visitors got to know Picasso in terms of *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* and *Three Musicians,* Matisse in terms of *The Dance,* Léger in terms of *Le Grand Déjeuner,* Giacometti in terms of *The Palace at 4 A.M.,* Mondrian in terms of *Broadway Boogie Woogie.* Landlocked in London throughout World War II, I learned of these acquisitions with awe, just as I treasured the echoes that had reached us of exhibitions like the "Cubism and Abstract Art" of 1936 and the "Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism" of 1936–37.

We knew, too, that this was not just a museum of painting and sculpture. It was a new-model Pantheon in which sewing machine lay down with automobile, toothbrush with calotype, movie still with Constructivist cup and saucer. With the Tate Gallery closed since 1940 as a result of German bombing and The National Gallery [illegible] how could we not think hard and long about the transatlantic marvels?

The war over, New York was for most of us as far away as ever. But then Congress passed the Foreign Leader Act, and John Hay Whitney became United States Ambassador in London, and on his staff there was a Cultural Affairs Officer called Stefan Munsing, and in January 1960 a huge half-empty ship came swiftly through the narrows, past the Statue of Liberty, and felt its way through plaques of ice to one of the now-empty piers in midtown Manhattan. A band played. A tangerine sun brought color, if not warmth. Kind breezes from the State Department blew me through customs and immigration. I found a taxi, turned down the offer of a stirrup cup at the Cunard Diner, and chafed at every traffic light until we pulled up at 11 West 53rd Street.

Unlike so many a longed-for encounter, this one did not disappoint. Not only was the museum already all that could be hoped for in terms of the immediate past, but in one crucial respect it had raced ahead of its reputation. Even in London it was known that the museum had had trouble with the living American artist. It had been picketed in 1940 by American abstract painters, and in 1958 by American Realist painters. But against problems of that kind the museum had its secret—or perhaps not-so-secret—weapon in the person of Dorothy C. Miller. It was thanks to Miss Miller, and to her choice of a show called "Sixteen Americans" that winter, that almost the first thing I saw in The Museum of Modern Art was a group of paintings by Frank Stella—then aged 23—that took living art by its two strong shoulders and set it on a completely new tack.

One of the paintings in question, *The Marriage of Reason and Squalor,* had already been bought by the museum with money from the Larry *(Text continued on page 160)*

To open up the back of the museum to more light and a larger view of the garden, Cesar Pelli ingeniously encased the new escalators in glass and steel.







One end of the wall a typical room in Dodecanese where a family would sleep in the summer on mattresses on raised platforms now also used as couches. Embroidered pillows are made on the island: Gilmour's guitar sits beneath an Israeli embroidery hanging.



The dining table in the courtyard, *above,* covered with a brightly embroidered tablecloth made on a nearby island. *Right:* Looking through to the far, elevated end of the *sala*. *Below:* A view of the town from one of the Gilmours' rooftop terraces.







Once the donkey stable, the kitchen has a rustic look with its flagstone floor and all dishes and pots made locally; hanging baskets are used to store goods and protect them from unwanted visits of cats or rats.



ens, and just adored the place."

The house nestles between two hills, one crowned with an acropolis erected in 300 B.C. and surrounded by walls built by the Knights of St. John, the other the site of a necropolis replete with magnificent rock carvings. Tiny cobbled paths wind between the flat-roofed houses. Until recently donkeys provided the only transport. The town has a heroic past; it was one of the largest ports in the Mediterranean, the inhabitants navigators and colonizers who founded Naples. The grander houses have towers, the top room of which is the summer bedroom or captain's room, entirely surrounded by windows from which the owner could watch for the return of his merchantman.

Strict rules forbid the building of new houses and any alterations to the indigenous style of the exteriors. In 1977, after a five-year legal saga, the Gil-

The multilevel roof terraces, *above,* paved in black and white pebbles—*koklakia. Right:* David Gilmour relaxes on striped cushions by the lunch table. *Below:* Clare standing on steps, which lead from the kitchen to the courtyard and which, covered with cushions, are also used as seats.





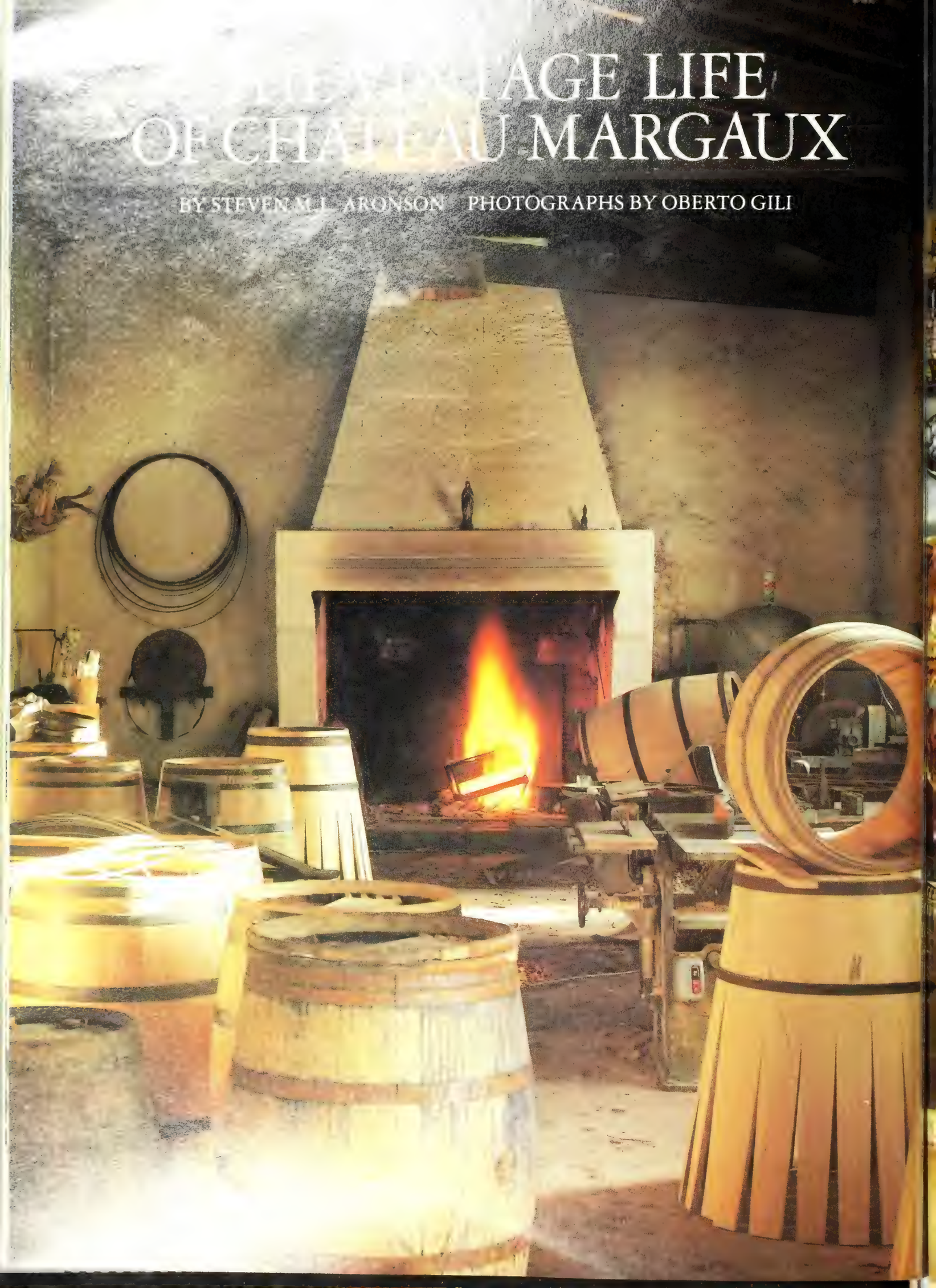
mours bought their house "on the day Elvis died." The acropolis can be seen from their terrace, the old forum lies to the side, and just behind is the amphitheater. "We have the Queen's box. They put plays on, run their lighting wires into our loo, and the *(Text continued on page 168)*



The master bedroom is high up
for cool breezes and a view of the sea.
A Singhalese mosquito net, dyed a pale peach by
Ginger Gilmour, is draped over the bed.
Indian pelmets hang over the
lace-curtained windows; Art Nouveau lamps
were brought from England.

VINTAGE LIFE OF CHÂTEAU MARGAUX

BY STEVEN A. L. ARONSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI









Workshop of the barrelmaker, *preceding pages, left,* near the *chai. Preceding pages, right:* A bronze-doré centerpiece holding freshly picked grapes evokes the spirit of an École de Fontainebleau painting behind it. *Opposite:* First-floor Empire salon with a Savonnerie carpet. On the right against the wall is the *meuble à musique* given to General Murat by Napoleon. *Above:* A front view of Château Margaux, built in the first decade of the 19th century.

Laura Mentzelopoulos restores a historic vineyard; Henri Samuel restores its historic house

As owner of Bordeaux's Château Margaux—three hundred hectares, half a million vines, a noble neo-Palladian mansion—Laura Mentzelopoulos is the world's most glamorous vintner this side of *Falcon Crest.* Asked if by any chance she follows the fortunes of television chatelaine Jane Wyman, Madame Mentzelopoulos laughs, "I have seen this Angela Channing once or twice. She looks tough, no? I think I am tough, too. In a good way. From my late husband I learned to be a perfectionist."

In 1977, André Mentzelopoulos, who had parlayed a small fortune made in Pakistani grain into the billion-dollar-a-year French real-estate and grocery-chain empire, Félix Potin, paid 72 million francs—just under twenty million dollars—for Château Margaux, a kind of evening coronet on his career. The château, the "Versailles of the Médoc," produced Château Margaux, the *beau idéal* of claret, celebrated for its delicacy, elegance, and "entrancing cowslip bouquet," but was fast falling into decline. "We flew from Paris to see it," Madame Mentzelopoulos recalls, "and oh, it was so beautiful! But it was in very bad condition. That's what I told my husband and he said, 'A thing like this is sold once every century and if it were *not* in bad condition we would never have the opportunity to buy it.' Two hours later he made his offer."

A more generous offer for this national treasure had been made by an American company but was vetoed by the French government, which reacted as if a foreigner had been trying to buy the *Mona Lisa* or the Eiffel Tower. Foreigners, after all, had gained control of two of the four other great vineyards in Bordeaux—the English of Latour, and the Americans of Haut-Brion. This time the French were holding out for a "French solution." "André was Greek," Madame Mentzelopoulos explains,









In the library, a superb Russian bronze-doré and crystal chandelier, Empire furniture, and a Savonnerie carpet. The view is toward the dining room and an 18th-century statue of Venus.



LAURA MENTZELOPOULOS

"But I still thought that my company [Pomerol] and my children and my grandchildren will be French." My husband had negotiating for businesses, but after that he was never passionately involved—never. But with Château Margaux it was different. I'm not saying he fell in love exactly but he was drawn to it by romantic feelings, certainly.

"My husband always said that a wife must be aware of what's going on because most of the time when the husband dies the wife gives up and is forced to sell, because she knows nothing," Madame Mentzelopoulos reflects. "My husband died in 1980—he died in two minutes—but I knew what he expected me to do. I took over. Before he was buried I was in the office; I assumed his place as chairman of Félix Potin the next day. And a few days later I stood up at the annual meeting of Château Margaux and laid out the plans for what we must accomplish in the coming year. I made sure I talked to them exactly the way my husband had—to show them that nothing had changed. I didn't want to go there like, you know, the widow. My job now was to make not only the most beautiful château but the best wine—I wanted my wine to be number one."



And in this Laura Mentzelopoulos has been radiantly successful. Château Margaux can once again hold up its head and sparkle, the house restored to a magnificence it has not enjoyed since the days of Alexandre Aguado, the Parisian banker and the patron of Rossini, who bought it in 1836; and the estate reestablished as a major agricultural property, with the quality of the wine it produces surpassing even that of previous years.

"There is a dramatic and remarkable difference in the quality of the Margaux that Laura Mentzelopoulos is producing compared to former owners," says Sam Aaron, president since 1934 of Sherry-Lehmann, one of Manhattan's leading wine stores. "The gossip among the knowledgeable in Bordeaux is that the next decade will declare Château Margaux to be the best wine produced in the Médoc."

How was all this accomplished in such a short time? First, Madame Mentzelopoulos hired one of the world's preeminent oenologists, Professor Émile Peynaud, the retired director of Bordeaux's Institut Oenologique, to help with the rigorous selection of grapes and the all-important blending. She then proceeded to spend more than fourteen million dollars on uprooting and replanting and on construction of new roads and new facilities to produce, bottle, store, and sell the wine. The most spectacular of these additions is a second *chai,* or "temple of wine," pillared and lofty, where row upon row of new oak casks lie holding that "genius of the pacified earth," Château Margaux.

"She only puts under the Château Margaux label the best Margaux," Sam Aaron explains. "Anything less—and believe me, only an expert could tell the difference—she relegates to the lesser label 'Pavillon Rouge de Château Margaux.' Some other first-growth vineyards—Lafite and Mouton, for instance—aren't willing to make a financial sacrifice like that; they put their whole production out under their *premier-cru* label. Laura Mentzelopoulos's dedication to uncompromising excellence—in the vineyards, in the cellars, in the château—is almost revolutionary."

"She's done everything just perfectly," Frank Prial, *The New York Times* wine critic, adds. "The wine is absolutely better than ever. There was a point when it was in danger of not being worthy of being called a first growth. The husband was a real dynamic guy but she's turned out to be every bit as dynamic as he ever was."

"I got there ahead of her for lunch the last time I was at Château Margaux," Sam Aaron recounts, "and she swooped in the way Mary Martin would in that play, full of cheer—just off the plane from Paris, with a five-pound can of caviar under her arm, and that was the spirit of the lunch. She is bright, sparkling, looks half her age, sexy. . . ."

"She's got her looks in her favor," Alexis Lichine agrees. "As her friend and neighbor—my vines are intertwined with hers—I can say that she is unquestionably the greatest new addition to the Médoc. She has charm and tremendous taste—certainly more taste than was called for in a mere business proposition. And she knows how to extract the best out of people. She also has a wonderful sense of humor and on more than one occasion she's raised eyebrows in *(Text continued on page 146)*

A view of the château, *left,* from the vineyard. *Opposite:* Scenic Oriental wallpaper on the walls in the *salon de jeux,* where a 19th-century Syrian card table with Napoleon III chairs sits on a trompe-l'oeil-marble rug.





In the *salon de famille, above,* 18th-century watercolors of a parrot and a cockatoo hang on walls covered in printed cotton after a 19th-century fabric. An Empire clock and two early-19th-century Sèvres vases sit on the mantel, which together with mirror are original to the château. *Opposite:* Drapery in mauve silk and light wood furniture were used in keeping with Charles X–style of this bedroom on second floor. *Below:* An unusual Napoleon III chair in a corner of the *salon de famille.* The carpet has a vinous design.





then you put out the lights, and the one who gets the card with the 'M' on it is the murderer. Then he walks around and touches somebody, and they 'drop dead'—right there in that fabulous château of hers!"

"Château Margaux is a palace in the full sense of the word, a palace modelled on the Parthenon in Athens," Alfred Danflou wrote in 1867 in *Les Grands Crus Bordelais*. "Poets, artists, wine-lovers, are bound to bow down with enthusiasm faced with this monument in which are brought together, side by side, the splendor of the architecture and the magnificence of the cellars." Indeed, one's first impression of architect Louis Combes's neo-Palladian château, at the end of its formal avenue of plane trees, is indelible: on a vintage autumn day shines out, as one approaches, the glory of its Ionic columns, of the broad sweep of steps leading up to them, two sphinxes standing inscrutable guard. One pauses for a moment to ponder the grave beauty of an architecture blended into a landscape. Nearby and all of a piece are the ocher-colored estate buildings, including the *cour des artisans,* a hamlet of cottages and workshops for the craftsmen—blacksmiths, plumbers, masons, carpenters, painters, roofers. . . .

Beyond lie the park and the hundreds of acres of vineyards; then the meadowlands begin, which, along with a small farm that Madame Mentzelopoulos has bought down by the Gironde estuary, feed the two hundred head of cattle that provide the half million vines with the thousand tons of manure they require annually. *"Voilà le fumier!"* she gestures. "It is not very poetic, manure, but it is necessary for the wine, so we have it."

The attention to detail that characterizes Laura Mentzelopoulos's guardianship of her grapes has extended to the renovation of the château itself,



Henri Samuel had entrance hall painted bright terra cotta, added marble floor.

great experts on architecture, interior decoration, and landscaping. M. Mastorakis, France's Architecte en Chef des Monuments Historiques, supervised the cleaning of the château exterior and the replacing of certain stones. Then Henri Samuel, the decorator renowned for his exacting work for such clients as the Charles Wrightsmans, the Edmond de Rothschilds, Sadruddin Aga Khan, and Amyn Aga Khan, was enlisted to wed the two functions of the château—those of historical monument and comfortable country house. The balance has been brilliantly struck. The grandeur of the three state rooms on the first floor—the salon with its finely wrought detailing, the faux-marbre dining room with its magnificent Egyptian-style stove, and the library with its superb bronze-doré and crystal Russian chandelier—gives way to more intimate quarters above: the three master bedrooms and the *salon de famille* with its overstuffed sofas and chairs, on the second floor, and the ten guest rooms and the *salon de jeux,* or playroom, with its scenic Oriental wallpaper, on the third floor.

"The doors, the cornices, the chimney pieces, and the mirrors were intact, and we even found quite a few pictures in the château, mostly in the very large staircase," Henri Samuel adds. "The large entrance hall was an off-white color, so I had it repainted a color I call Pompeian, which is brighter than terra cotta; and I redid the floor in black and white marble, the way it originally was. Then I completely changed the dining room—it had been done in Napoleon III furniture and there was black flocked paper on the walls, which I repainted and marbleized, making them extremely light. There was very little furniture left in the château, and what there was was very simple, so we used some of that in the guest rooms. Then we went out and furnished the entire château as it would have been, had the interior been completed at the same time as the exterior. I've always loved Empire, and Madame Mentzelopoulos's knowledge of the period is great, so it's been a joy. We went around together to antiques dealers and to sales, and we bought some very fine chandeliers, Savonnerie carpets, and all kinds of works of art. And the search goes on for objects of the first quality because it's a big house and it still needs more."

"Napoleon's *meuble à musique* is the piece I'm proudest of," Madame Mentzelopoulos confides. "I bought it in an auction at Versailles. I took a risk in buying it—I'd inspected the mechanism and it didn't function so I would have to find a specialist to repair it, and you know, these kind of people now, they're disappearing. And when I did find one, he was all booked up. I had to wait a year, and then he kept my treasure for six months and finally had to send it to be repaired in Switzerland by *different* specialists, and the repairs cost as much as what I'd paid to buy it. Well, it was worth it. Napoleon gave my *meuble à musique* to General Murat to thank him for a good battle—not a good *bottle,* no! I play it all the time—every hour little birds come out and sing, and little circular panels slide open on top and crystal imitation fountains play, play only the music of the time, and you think you are two hundred years back in time.

"Little changes at Château Margaux, you know—the winemaking has always been the whole thing. I don't enjoy the weekend there because it's dead. A *(Continued on page 148)*

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closed. I only like to go to Château Margaux when it is a working [illegible] and you see the people making the wine. I am there two days every week and all the time during the harvest, when I lunch every day with the pickers—we have two hundred of them—in the *cuisine des vendanges*.

"I have a weekend house, twenty kilometers outside of Paris. I also have a flat in Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne, and a simple beach house in Greece, on the gulf of Corinth, near the village where my husband was born. Those are my residences. Château Margaux is not my residence, because, I tell you, I could have built a *piscine* there, a swimming pool, and I could have built a tennis court—in the country house outside of Paris I have these things—but in Château Margaux, no, because first of all I feel it isn't right to go among the people who work for you, and go swimming. It is not a house for parties. I am not going there to play cards—do you understand? I am there for the wine and the wine only. That's the purpose.

"And it is the *best* wine, and I will tell you something—I think it tastes even better when it is drunk at the château, because of the whole atmosphere and because we know how to treat it. At Château Margaux we tie our vines not with plastic wire but with natural wicker. We treat our wine," Madame Mentzelopoulos smiles maternally, "like a baby." □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

HIGH WIRE ACT

(Continued from page 78) the House Beneath High-Voltage Lines along a narrow pathway that affords little sense of the building's form (which indeed is virtually impossible to discern on the exterior; most of the photographs of the house have been taken from nearby vantage points that are normally inaccessible). The first impression one receives is that of the screenlike effect created by the wall of glass block that surrounds the front door, which in turn is surmounted by a transparent glass window panel shaded by a rib-vaulted concrete canopy. Although the materials used here are strictly within the vocabulary of the Western Modernist tradition, Shinohara manages to impart to them a distinctively Japanese feeling, without making any overtly historical or regional references. As Shinohara explains in "Towards Architecture," "The miraculous transformation into an industrialized society. . .filled the city with all kinds of industrial products, the apathetic distribution of which was tolerated by an apathetic Japanese society. One aspect of this tolerance—or absorption power—is the way Japanese people use forms and even words borrowed from their parent cultures in purely decorative ways." But this beautifully composed façade is anything but decorative: its handsome proportions and intriguing juxtapositions of opaque, translucent, and transparent materials are of an order rarely found today in either Japanese or Western architecture.



The [illegible] the hull of a large boat

TOMIO OHASHI

Within Shinohara's rigorous aesthetic universe, it is easy to perceive what he believes to be essential and what he feels is superficial. Just inside the House Beneath High-Voltage Lines, the architect's orderings are immediately apparent. The first thing one sees after passing through the front door is a fat concrete column, some twenty inches in diameter and painted a fresh apple green. The equally thick beam above it is the same color, as is a mirror-image column and beam across the wide expanse of the living room. In a house with little exterior potential for expressing the primal architectonic qualities of anchoring and shelter, those powerful elements convey them on the interior quite convincingly. The actual placement of the columns in relation to the unusually thick, rib-vaulted concrete-slab ceiling was dictated by the stringent earthquake-zoning requirements.

The rooms of this house are uncommonly large, even for an upper-class Japanese *(Continued on page 150)*

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greatest luxury in any Japanese interior: unobstructed space. (That effect is further enhanced by the photographs in these pages, which conform to the contemporary Japanese convention of having architectural interiors photographed before the occupants introduce their usually eclectic and often distracting furnishings.)

To the left of the totemic green column near the entry is a red-railed spiral staircase leading to the two bedroom floors above. On those upper stories, the prevailing sensation of compression is the exact opposite of the expansive feeling of the living room. That a change is at hand is announced by the concrete column adjacent to the second-floor landing, here painted yellow rather than the green it was below.

But it hardly prepares one for the surprise of the master bedroom, which runs the length of the house on that story. In place of the coolly rational atmosphere of the living room is a startlingly intrusive, inwardly billowing form that makes one feel as though the grooved hull of a great ship is about to come crashing through the roof. A moment's pause, and one remembers what one has been told about the house and its peculiar site. Rather than trying to ignore or camouflage the presence of the high-voltage lines, Shinohara has given the portion of the roof that lies under those wires an almost Expressionistic sculptural presence, as if the upper shell of the house had been repelled from the field of force of the electrical

Come to Canada.



onduits suspended a few meters away. he fact that the room is used for a hor- ontal, rather than vertical, activi- gives that dramatic gesture more va- dity than could be claimed for it in a ving room or library, but when con- onted with the immediacy of that dged and bulging shape, it is difficult ndeed to think in traditional terms of nction. This is gut-reaction architec- ure, pure and simple.

The third, and uppermost, floor of he house likewise contains bedrooms, hese for the children of the family, and hey continue the bowed-in-roof motif of the second story. Here, though, the inner surfaces are not as richly articulated as they are in the master bedroom, but seem to float effortlessly upward, an impression underscored by the celestial blue of the columns and beams.

Thus, without ever having seen the roof from the exterior, the visitor is able to experience what it is like, with a great deal more physical empathy than is usual in much of our traditionally inspired but curiously cerebral contemporary architecture. Shinohara makes our bodies "read" what our eyes cannot, and thereby gives a building with little sense of outside an inside so eloquent that it performs the experiential work of both.

When viewed in profile from the tops of adjacent houses, the double curve of the roof of the House Beneath High-Voltage Lines looks remarkably like the gracefully arced eaves of traditional Japanese architecture. That, of course, is not wholly accidental, for part of Shinohara's patient search for architectural truth has involved the careful exploration of the vernacular building heritage of his country. But in his reticent, *(Continued on page 152)*

The Endless Surprise.







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HIGH WIRE ACT

Metabolist phase during the fifties and sixties.

Instead, Shinohara has found a more poetic way of creating space and form. Those who have seen both the great historical treasures of Japanese architecture and the houses of Kazuo Shinohara are invariably impressed by the strikingly similar, and yet intriguingly nonspecific, characteristics that they share. What sets his work apart is an attitude rather than a position, an intention rather than a conclusion, and above all the notion that architecture is an initiation rather than a final word. How many spaces in recent American architecture can give one as much to ponder as the remarkable rooms of the House Beneath High-Voltage Lines? Many fewer than we should have, and reason enough to prize the still, small voice their creator has made heard above the din of a world in which man builds but rarely raises up. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

PARIS PERFECT

(Continued from page 90) that exist," says Catroux, "the medallion is perfect, the shape is perfect, everything's perfect. Timeless."

In the bedroom, pre-Bauhaus (Vienna Secession, 1905) armchairs signed Koloman Moser dramatically stand out against a patinaed Chesterfield while sharing the same structural grace with contemporary wrought-iron tables by French designer Jean-Michel Wilmotte.

Taking things one step further, Catroux seems to be saying, if it's really "good" you can also cover it up. The slipcovered armchairs around the dining-room table are more Louis XVI signed Boulard. "I wanted to use them in this room, but differently." Designing the room to look like a tent put up for one day, Catroux draped canvas loosely on the walls and even slipcovered the side table. (During the reign of Louis XIV at Versailles, the serving tables were slipcovered just that way, knotted down the side, Catroux mentions.) "I'm never happy when an apartment is too finished," he says, pointing out the unhemmed canvas framing the doorway to the *petit salon* video.

Ecru, beige, taupe (the walls of the bedroom and *petit salon* are Canovas cashmere)—not a splash of color anywhere, but for the bedcover ("I don't like bedspreads") and matching trim of the sheets. Catroux insists on absence of color, preferring subtle shades

light outside. Known as *une maison en lanterne,* the apartment enjoys sun on the courtyard side in the morning and from the garden all afternoon. In the doubly exposed sitting room, daylight is filtered through white Fortuny-like pleated blinds (Mary McFadden). Not one for lampshades or big lamps, come nightfall reading lamps shed light discreetly only where needed. Uplights flare from the odd corner while ceiling spots shine down on specific objects, whether nineteenth-century architectural orders, an eighteenth-century bronze statue of Atlas, imposing Art Deco African bust, or bronze bird in flight by Joseph Czaky.

There is a fade-in, fade-out effect from room to room. No sharp delineation of space. Even the same carpeting is used throughout the apartment—trompe-l'oeil gray marble of his own design—another contemporary wink to the classics. In this house the marble underfoot is soundless, soft and warm, just as walls that look like embossed stone are really plaster doors, closets, and drawers. More trompe-l'oeil triumphs in the bedroom, where the fireplace, originally red marble, has been painted gray faux marbre to match the scheme of things.

"Absence of color makes places look bigger, though if a client has eighteenth-century furniture that is black, of course, you might put green silk on the walls. And so as not to go on with green you might have the next room red. For myself, however, I prefer utter neutrality."

Yet Catroux's neutrality is always textured. In the sitting room, sprayed mica walls stand out in nubbly relief, as does the geometric overstitching on the sofas, subtle details that massage the senses.

Parachuted into the New York market by the recent influx of his European clients (*socialisme oblige*), François Catroux has found a new American following. His calling card? Cultural baggage that travels well. His are designs on the future that hark back, way back. "Our European heritage makes for a different sensibility. *Naturellement,*" he says with that inimitable French charm that coats the bitter pill, "before the Indians, the Americans had what?" □

CORRECTIONS

In "The Great White Way," page 136 of the May issue of House & Garden, the portrait of Jane Nathanson, credited to Andy Warhol, was painted by California artist and photographer Joanne Hertz.

In "Journal," on page 212 of the June issue, the picture of Gertrude Stein and her poodle, taken by Horst, was published through the courtesy of the Staley Wise Gallery in New York. Man Ray's photograph of Aldous Huxley, featured on the same page, was published courtesy of the Robert Miller Gallery, New York.



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and artist and poet thrilled through the room with an atmosphere which made it seem like diving into a rainbow." Densely hung with paintings and with prints of European monuments to remind her of her trip abroad and crowded with books, the room was an icon of Thaxter's diverse interests.



View today from the spot where Celia Thaxter's "piazza" stood

At eleven o'clock on high summer mornings, passers-by could hear the leading musicians of the Boston scene playing chamber music in this room; there were few carpets and no curtains to muffle the sound. In the evenings, Thaxter might be found reading from her works in company that included the writer Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Fields, partner in the distinguished Boston publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields, and his wife, Annie, Thaxter's intimate friend. The poet John Greenleaf Whitter and writers Sarah Orne Jewett and Lucy Larcom also might be present, perhaps discussing the vanishing rural life of New England that absorbed so much of their work, or the novels of Charles Dickens, or the progress of the still-young *Atlan-*

Appledore and Thaxter's garden also attracted some of the East's best painters, who added to the salon: Olaf Brauner, Ross Turner, William Trost Richards, Ellen Robbins, and of course, Childe Hassam, who came to Appledore from the mid 1880s to 1913. Hassam's masterful renderings of the garden and island, capturing the marine light with their staccato brushwork, are as important to American Impressionism as Monet's poppy pictures or paintings of his garden at Giverny are to French Impressionism.

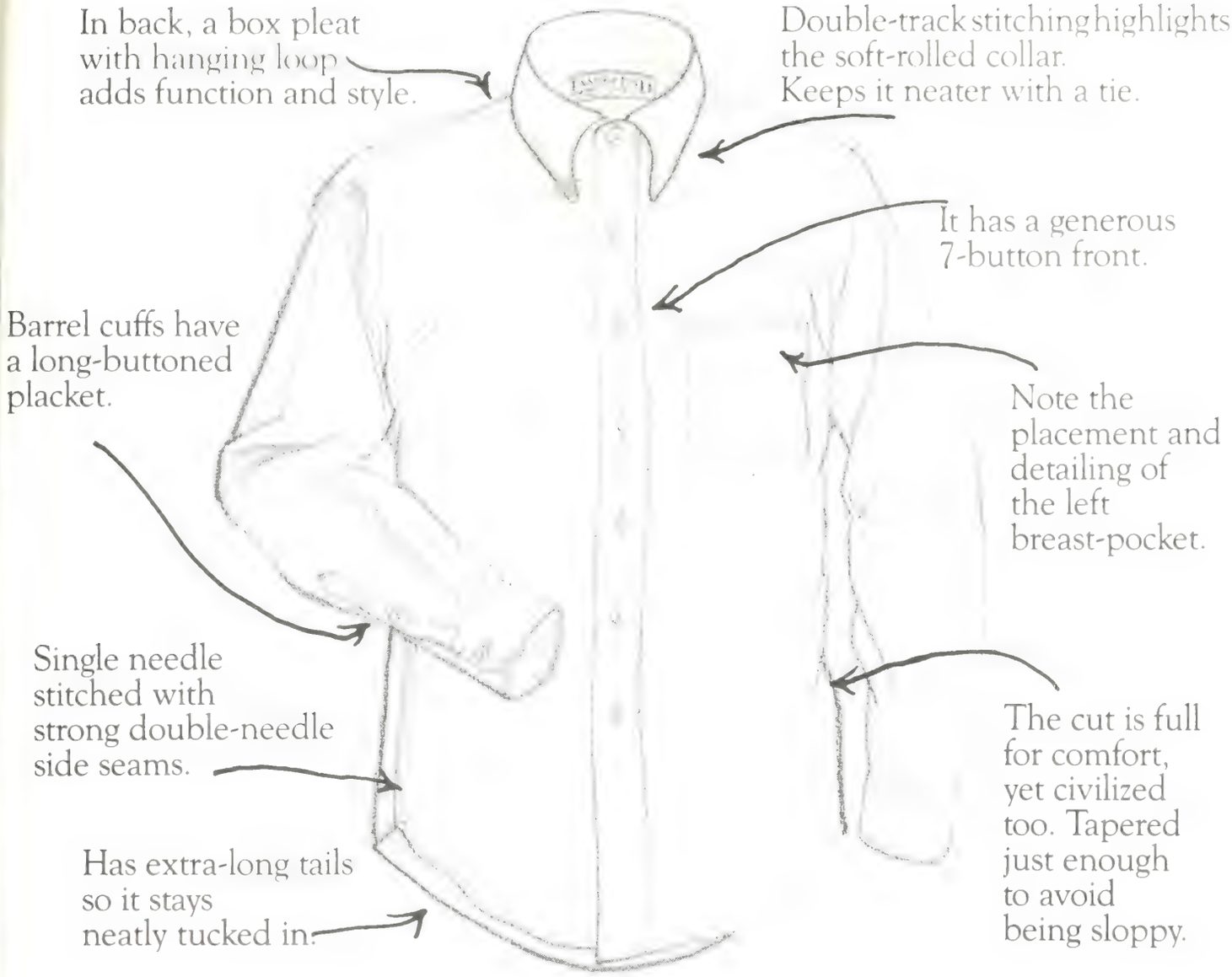
The sea air, the landscape, and the wild beauty of the Shoals were ingrained in Celia Thaxter, exerting an emotional pull for her as no other place ever did. She was born in Portsmouth but brought by her family to live on White Island in the Shoals at age four. Thaxter's father, Thomas Laighton, a native of Portsmouth, had purchased four of the islands and took the job as keeper of the Shoals lighthouse. For all but one year, she continued to live on the islands until she was sixteen, when she married her father's former business partner. Her husband, Levi Thaxter, was a self-absorbed Harvard graduate who never settled on a profession; his father provided minimal support to the couple and their three children.

From the beginning, Celia Thaxter's life centered around the sea, and her main amusement was watching the habits of the birds and sea animals and observing plant life. She was always a naturalist. Her brothers and she must have had a grand time climbing the rocks; Cedric Laighton reminisced of the journeys they used to make "over the rough rocks about Norwegian Cove in search of mosses, and how [Celia] would "reach down into deep ponds at the risk of tumbling in... after precious specimens of green moss...." They imagined they saw "magic rings drawn in the grass, where the fairies used to dance and sing."

Returning to Appledore in the summers from the family's home in Newtonville, near Boston, Thaxter was able to continue her childhood involvement with gardening. Her intense love of the wild inspired her to create an informal, sumptuous garden of brilliant color in a small area in front of her cottage. Here she worked totally alone, enjoying the sheer physical process of gardening as much as she did the beauty of the result. She tells us that she liked to take the "hoe in my hands and break to pieces the clods of earth left by the overturning spade, to work into the soil the dark, velvet-smooth, scentless barn manure which is to furnish the best of food for my flowers...."

The garden at Appledore was filled with all the flowers that were considered then, as now, "old-fashioned": hollyhocks, sunflowers, cornflowers, lupines, nicotiana, peonies, lavender, foxglove, larkspur, white rugosa roses, the rose 'Tuscany' "glowing with a kind of smouldering splendor," water lilies placed in tubs. The porch overlooking the garden was draped in a curtain of vines: morning-glories; purple *Cobaea scandens,* honeysuckle, and a white clematis with the "long drooping clusters of its starry flowers that lose all their sweetness upon the air, and show from the garden beneath like an immense airy veil of delicate white lace in the moonlight—a wonderful white glory." But the absolute prize of Thaxter's garden, her most beloved treasure, was the poppy.

Thaxter's *(Continued on page 156)*



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This passion evolved from her intimacy with nature, but it was nourished and matured by her reading of John Ruskin, whose profound and detailed expositions on plant growth and form expanded her vision

minutely observed descriptions of flowers—and particularly of this special treasure—are contained in her own biography of the garden, published in 1894, the year of her death. *An Island Garden*, its cover embossed with stylized gold flowers, was illustrated by Childe Hassam. Of the poppy, she wrote: "It is not enough that the powdery anthers are orange bordered with gold; they are whirled about the very heart of the flower like a revolving Catherine-wheel of fire." Her exultation over the poppies continues, and she exclaims at how every flower-bud "wears a little pale-green pointed cap like an elf, and in the early morning, when the bud is ready to blow, it pushes off the pretty cap and unfolds all its loveliness to the sun."

Although the informality of the garden and the arrangement of the flowers in Thaxter's cottage remind one of the gardening philosophy of William Robinson and Gertrude Jekyll, we must understand that this garden developed independent of direct contact with them. It was a naturalist's garden, both created and maintained as Thaxter's way of knowing nature better. She loved "to pore over every blossom that unfolds in the garden . . . to study it and learn it by heart as far as a poor mortal may." She was fascinated by the process of growth and decay. This passion evolved from her intimacy with nature, but it was nourished and matured by her reading of John Ruskin, whose profound and detailed expositions on plant growth and form expanded her vision. When she saw the "large hairy, rich green leaves" of Oriental poppies "which are deeply 'rent,' almost the whole width of the leaf to the midrib," Thaxter was reminded always of Ruskin. And it is Ruskin's description of plants in his *Proserpina*, and above all his definition of a root, which most moved this New England naturalist: Ruskin wrote, "which taste and suck what is good for the plant out of the ground, and by their united strength hold it in its place . . . . The thick limbs of roots do not feed but only the fine ends of them, which are something between tongues and sponges . . . ."

Thaxter's powerful interest in plant form and structure, as well as garden beauty, were all elements of the garden's spiritual force. For her, the garden was a symbol of godliness, and in this sense it was pure Transcendental New England—the New England of Thoreau and Emerson. She rejected the straight ribbon borders and rockworks of her day in favor of an "old-fashioned garden where the flowers come together to praise the Lord and teach all who look upon them to do likewise."

In her poetry and prose, Thaxter was as keen an observer of nature on the grand scale and of human behavior, as she was of flowers. Her prose was particularly admired: "The sea sings and flashes through it," wrote William Dean Howells. Her description of nature and people in her account of life on the islands, *Among the Isles of Shoals*, is one of the best in the genre of regionalist literature. Here is part of her vivid image of nature's autumn palette: ". . . the hillside at Appledore fires up with the living crimson of the huckleberry bushes, as if a blazing torch had been applied to it." She also captured the local Shoals pronunciation and slang in her writing and displayed their inhabitants' particular, almost cockney, sense of caricature—telling us, for example, of the minister who came to the Shoals with a tall, thin wife who, "with the utmost promptitude and decision the irreverent christened . . . 'Legs' and never spoke of her by any other name. 'Laigs' they said in their own special diction has gone to Portsmouth."

Hassam painted Thaxter standing in her garden against the sea, erect, isolated, pensive. This is a portrait suggestive of inner strength. Celia Thaxter fought to write. She and her husband, Levi, had an uneasy alliance; he was at best ambivalent about her literary efforts, and, at worst, obstructive of them. Eventually the two lived very separate lives. Her constrained financial situation left no room to write in leisure. With three sons, one of whom was mentally disturbed, she could afford only one servant, and sometimes none, to run her house. Only after a tiring day could she find time to write.

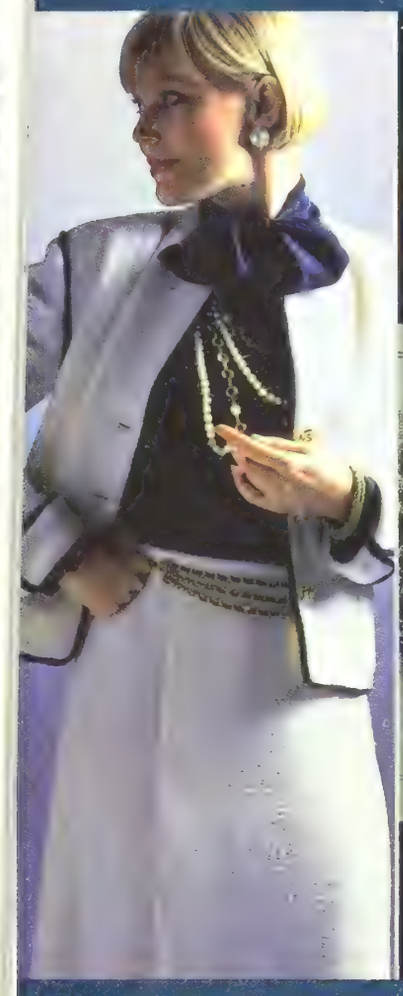
It was not only the hard practicalities of her own daily life that plagued Thaxter's efforts, but her particular conflicts as a nineteenth-century woman who was impelled to contribute to the culture of her time in a public way. Thaxter often so doubted her abilities, she confided to her friend Annie Fields, that she could never feel sure of herself. Publishing her works—which she did in the leading literary journals of the day—was always full of tension; it made her "feel as if she were in the process of walking nude into the market-place."

It was no wonder that she felt this way. Although her friends gave her support for her work where her husband did not, they too enforced the conflicts. Whittier, who told her writing was her "Kismet" and encouraged her to write her account of the Shoals, warned her against relinquishing what he regarded as her primary role as mother and wife. This constant struggle, seen against her achievements on the page and in the garden, make Thaxter one of America's heroines. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

Note: Celia Thaxter's cottage burned down in 1914. In 1976, Cornell University restored the garden at Appledore. It is open to the public during the summer. Appledore itself is now largely devoted to marine research and education. Run jointly by Cornell and the University of New Hampshire, a summer school on the island offers courses to matriculated students and the general public.

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JOURNAL





MALCOLM LUBLINER

OLYMPIAN ARTS

Not all the news at the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles will be about gold medals—splashy looks should also make a few headlines. You won't be seeing much of the traditional red, white, and blue. Instead, look for tents and scaffolding, model *below,* bedecked in hot, vibrant hues such as magenta and chrome yellow, a far cry from the stuffy, official-looking structures we are used to seeing at these events. If the architecture and color scheme emphasize the festive, temporary nature of the Games, Robert Graham's *Olympic Torsos, above,* for the gateway to the Coliseum, add a timeless note in their celebration of the ideal human form. *Ann Priester*



EXOTIC ENCOUNTERS

The Orientalists: Delacroix to Matisse, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., through Oct. 28.

Once Orientalism was considered an obscure footnote to the broad category of nineteenth-century art. Now it is the subject of a major museum exhibition consisting of about ninety works.

Orientalism owes its exoticism to the French—Delacroix, Gros, Ingres, and Gérôme. An element of eroticism, as vital as the strains of Romanticism, Classicism, and Realism, smoulders beneath their painterly surfaces.

Gérôme's canvases of simmering light and color capture Islam's mysticism and decadence. Bedecked women, subjugated to architecture in *Harem in th Kiosk, below,* infer their role as objects for man's sensual pleasure. Disturbin thoughts these days. Nevertheless, the timeless charm of the Orient seduce one to look. *Titian Butas*



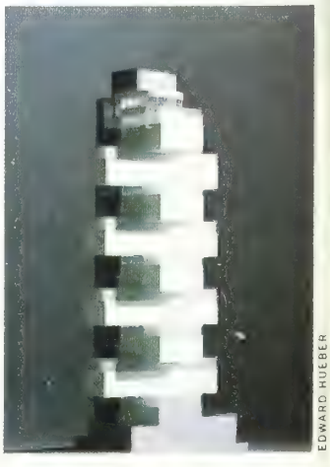
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Jean-Léon Gérôme's *Harem in the Kiosk,* circa 1875–80

SCANNING LESCAZE

William Lescaze, National Academy of Design, New York, through Sept. 2.

The important career of Swiss-born architect William Lescaze, one of few Americans in the famous 1932 International Style show at The Museum of Modern Art in New York, is well-documented in this excellent exhibition organized by Syracuse University.



EDWARD HUEBER



MAN'S BEST PHOTO SUBJECT

The Dog Observed, The Dog Museum of America, New York, Sept. 11–Nov. 30

The fall exhibition at the only museum in the world devoted to the dog in art consists of 111 photographs spanning the years 1844–1983. The works express character, record culture; they vary from funny to poignant, homey to chic. Photographers include Nadar and Lartigue, Frissell *(left)* and Avedon. A find for gift shoppers, the catalogue is a book from Knopf. *Elaine Greene*

GROUP DYNAMIC

Artistic Collaboration in the Twentieth Century, Hirshhorn Museum, Washington, D.C., until Aug. 19; Milwaukee Art Museum. Nov. 18–Jan. 15, 1985

Like many of our cultural myths, the romantic notion of the artist as solitary genius working in angst-ridden isolation makes better bedtime reading (e.g., Irving Stone's *The Agony and the Ecstasy*) than history. Joint production is the rule rather than the exception in the history of art—one needs only to think of the armies of apprentices behind major artists in the past.

As this exhibit compellingly shows, collaboration has played an important role in the art of our own century as well, from the convulsive drawing created by Arshile Gorky, De Hirsh Margules, and Isamu Noguchi, *below,* in spontaneous reaction to a radio announcement of Hitler's invasion of Poland, to Ned Smyth's and Brad Davis's lyrical 1977 installation *The Garden,* reconstructed for the exhibit. This is a welcome view into a little-explored aspect of the art of our time, one that could prompt a reevaluation of the very nature of artistic creation. *A.P.*



Hitler Invades Poland, 1939



"Longsole" team jogging

PEEKS AT PERFECTION

Now we have another indispensably silly book by artist/inventor Philip Garner, *Utopia: Products for the Perfect World* (Delilah/Putnam, $6.95), that raises our standard of living to the ultimate heights with, among other household goodies, the Waterpicasso, *vieille cuisine,* a "Murphy" grand piano.

that fund $1,000 was the most that could be spent on any one work of art.) It is by any standard a large painting—90 by 132 inches—and it looked like nothing that had been painted before. ("I got tired of other people's painting," Stella said of his practice at the time, "and began to make my own paintings.") Like the acquisition in 1958 of three substantial paintings by Jasper Johns, it seemed to signify a turn of the hinge in The Museum of Modern Art's general policy.

It can, by the way, be argued that the museum was by no means as slow off the mark with living American art as it is sometimes supposed. It is true that it had no Milton Avery till 1951, when Avery was 58; no Marsden Hartley till 1942, when Hartley was 65; and no Arthur Dove till 1939, when Dove was 59. American Modernists of that generation had no reason to love the museum, but then the primary ambition of the museum had been to block out the history of modern European art at a time when few or none of its masterpieces could be seen in New York. And although the representation of Abstract Expressionism in 1960 was only a fraction of what it has lately become, it was not an act of apathy to acquire key paintings by Pollock, de Kooning, Still, Gottlieb, and Motherwell within a year or two of their completion.

During the last 25 years, and above all since the retirement of Alfred Barr in 1967 and René d'Harnoncourt in 1968, a change has undoubtedly come over the museum. Barr, the museum's first director, was a man of genius who invented the very notion of a Museum of Modern Art in ways that have been imitated the world over. René d'Harnoncourt—director from 1949 onwards—operated as a European diplomatist who could play on other people as Segovia plays on the guitar. At one time or another the museum could call upon people who in various ways had an amplitude of experience that was quite out of the ordinary. Monroe Wheeler had been a distinguished small-press publisher in Paris. James Thrall Soby had a track record as a collector of modern art that compared with that of most major museums. James Johnson Sweeney had worked with James Joyce on the correction of the proofs of *Finnegans Wake*.



Matisse's *The Swimming Pool*, 1952, done for his dining room in Nice.

All this led them on occasion to rank humane curiosity above the demands of dialectic. When I was with Alfred Barr in what is now the capital of Zimbabwe we spent time in the local museum. It turned out that the chief guard, a black African, had lately started to paint. Where another museum man would have spared him a friendly word, Barr bought four of his paintings for The Museum of Modern Art and had one of them illustrated in the monumental catalogue of the collection as it was formed between 1929 and 1967.

The people I have mentioned were great professionals who made up the rules as they went along. The institution that they served was relatively small, as were the number of people who founded it, the likely degree of public response, and the competition from other museums. Those who are responsible for the museum today are subject to pressures of quite another order. But the museum has not lost the tradition of unhesitating personal taste that marked it from the beginning. Some people resent that taste, but when they suggest that the museum has "stagnated" in recent years they most often mean that their own favorites have not been in the fore.

If you think for instance that Fairfield Porter was the savior of a certain kind of American painting, or Philip Pearlstein the ideal spokesman for another, or Leon Golub an indispensable witness to the public events of our time, then you may not find much support at the Modern Museum. The museum is strong where it wants to be strong. Elsewhere, it doesn't much care.

But I myself find it difficult to speak of "stagnation" when—to take one instance only—the museum owned 530 drawings in 1960 and now owns over six thousand with no loss of stringency in the choice. To install a selection of the street-hockey masks that were in all the stores in 1972 does not seem to me to be a mark of stagnation on the part of the Department of Design. Nor does the acquisition by the Department of Film of a cross section of Chinese movies from the fifties.

What is important is not only that the museum should not stagnate. It is that we ourselves should not stagnate in our relation to the museum. I can think of new departments that I should like to see created—one is the Department of Recorded Sound, and another a Department of Ephemera—but the important thing is that despite its great increase in size the museum is still what it was in 1929: a museum of Modernism, with all that implies in the way of philosophical commitment.

If you think that Modernism is dead and done with, and that the very history of it should be (in the jargon of the day) deconstructed, then The Museum of Modern Art is not on your side. If you think that all works of art have more or less the same rank as historical documents, and that what is usually classed as kitsch should be given equal time with Picasso and Matisse, then you will not find support in the Modern Museum. If you believe in "the other nineteenth century" of academic and Salon painting, and if you think that there is such a thing as "the other twentieth century" that is quite as rewarding as the Modernist classics—well, there too you will find that the Modern Museum is against you. But there are other museums that may take your side. What matters is that on its chosen ground The Museum of Modern Art was the first thing of its kind and is still the best. □

NATIVE WOMEN UNDER SEA-ALMOND TREES

(Continued from page 115) sound like the sea.

There's another sea around the mountains now: the air. It's sailed by small rickety planes that ply the lower archipelago in hops, as piratical in their tilt as the old schooners. The reservation counters look like wharves, with the same chaos of cardboard cartons, quarrels, passengers, as when I learned the island at eye level, from coiling country roads with bright buses christened by the priest, groaning round the plunge of precipices above the green and indigo canefields. I learned it from the backs of beaches, pig middens, garbage, brown standing rivers. I learned the coast in *periplum*—Anse La Raye, Canaries, Laborie, Choiseul, Soufrière, in detail, cliff by cliff, without a map. The big stone churches, the wooden jetties, the canoes coming out to the wildly lurching vessel. Today, the calm black captains, the screaming first mates, the fat women with gold-rimmed spectacles who are brokers, take the small planes, as if they were schooners.

The wharves, basins, and careenages, with their arguments and crates, still sound the same as when the old jetties built with greenheart pilings and slung with old truck tires had the smell that came from rotting hulls in the abused lagoons. That was the smell that filled my grandmother's house, in a row of shacks called The City of Refuge, where there were hills of anthracite coal, looking as high as mornes, and as high as the gable roofs of the old town. Women, fouled with coal dust that sooted the hovels around the harbor, carried huge panniers of coal on ladders steeply up the white hulls of liners. It was like an ant hill. When the ant hill diminished and the black pyramids were just grit, the silence was like Egypt. I have learned something from all that poverty with no respect for it, with no nostalgia.

It is like a fist in the heart still to see it. But what hurts more is not to have painted the island well and not to have found something in the smell of paint, the brackish water, that would have taught me what the coal carriers know, and their granddaughters who sell trinkets near the almond trees of the white hotels. *La vie à raide.* The life is hard.

There is a famous painting by Gauguin of two Tahitian women sitting on a beach in the sun, doing nothing, maybe saying nothing for stretches between spurts of gossip. I have come back to the island and seen the postures of such women, sisters of the one I once tried to paint in the oils, *en plein air,* on the beach at Gros Islet. She might be one of the vendors outside the luxury hotels now, sitting on the damp, dark roots of a sea-almond in the shade, with her pile of unsold trinkets, her tray of mangoes and oranges, her lurid tropical cloths. They all keep still enough, as if they were sitting for a subject: Native Women Under Sea-Almond Trees. Hours pass, and the circumference of their movement is no farther than a few feet. Another snapshot: three women, skirts tucked between their thighs, washing rags in the small brown stream that, on the map of the island, is called a river. This is on the leeward coast between the villages of Canaries and Anse La Raye. Behind them the bush is impenetrable, and dangerous because of snakes. We are guests of the tourist board, and our driver, with an over-jaunty hail in patois, wishes them good morning. He tells one our photographer would like to take pictures of them.

"For who?" a woman asks. "To make money on our heads?" She is the youngest with a witty but hostile face. The two others keep washing.

"No, it's for the ministry," the interpreter says. "It is a thing of education, for the government."

"The government?" the young one says. "The government don't know that women washing clothes in the reever?"

"It is for education," the driver laughs. "For the children."

"For the children? The children don't know that their mothers washing clothes in the reever?"

And no laughter, no courtesies of presenting credentials, or my telling them that I was born here and have come back for a visit, will dissuade them.

What is in *(Continued on page 162)*



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Where is the future in being remorselessly photographed like our island? She is not angry, just country-witted. How can a photograph save her? The photographer takes pictures of other things. The courtesies of farewell are flat.

You could call this being "deep in the country," and it could be nice and so nineteenth century to have written of natives scared that their souls might be imprisoned in a black box, but it is the irascibility of poverty. Paid, you know that they would pose, shift stances, and deliver the required image. Another slide: here is a man in gray clothes that smell as damp as the earth, walking through the banana fields; here is a boy offering you useless bits of sulfur on the rim of a volcano; here is a man who kills snakes, a cutlass cradled in his arms, with his far-sighted country squint looking toward mountains too thick with forest to cultivate. And here, there would have been three women washing by a river. Their way of life. Hard.

It is not yours any longer, no matter how many small-island wharves you visit from a car. Glass separates. The camera's lens, the car window, even a framed watercolor. Strange how something so clear and bland as a simple watercolor can contain time, or come to mean now both distance and time. I used to try to be with them when I painted there, the women who look me up and down sullenly. Now, I am no different from the photographer, even if I can talk their patois like a native. In those days I did not need a go-between.

That girl on the beach at Gros Islet who posed for me and my painter friend, we called her Miss Gauguin. She had copious black hair and looked, we hoped, Tahitian. Firm-thighed, but with loose breasts under a colorless cheap dress. The drawing came out badly. I was more interested in the drama of the sitting itself than the subject. There was the hot sand, the hues of a warm sea, bush, the smell of seaweed, and the pale roofs of the fishing village [illegible] surrender.

This was near the [illegible]



Derek Walcott in St. Lucia

base at Gros Islet, the north of the island, this village from which Miss Gauguin came, but now the war—the far war, the one on the other side of the world—had been over for five years. There were no wrecks on our beaches then, no shattered coconut palms, no wooden crosses with helmets on them, like the movies. That was all in history. The war was beginning to feel as far away as the empty arches of the Vigie Barracks, as historical as the sulfur springs where the Marines must have bathed to wash away their homesickness. Behind Miss Gauguin there was a blackened concrete ramp that slanted into the clean, clear, green water from overgrowing weeds and piled sand that was used by navy planes, and, under the low mountains, good American roads.

I stay in hotels now when I go home. Along the rails fronting the long white beach hotels native women have draped their open-air stores to the sea breeze. T-shirts, skirts, head-ties, beads, corals. They are there early, and stay all day. *La vie à raide.* When it is too hot, or when they're tired of approaching the tourists with their easy, energy-hoarding stride, tired of being turned away, of trying an American accent for a sale that rarely happens, they stay in the shade of the sea-almond trees. They wait.

The government doesn't know that there are women sitting in the shade of the almonds in front of the luxury beach hotel, its sand full of bronzing Italians and Swedes? The tourist board doesn't know it? Yes, but the government has to look past them to the number of broiling blondes on the beach. They have to look at them as décor, as local color. At dusk the women walk back to their village. The next day they wait. When noon hits, they are still as stones, as the nets, the broad almond leaves. Glare. Blue smoke coils from the sandy yards of the fishing villages. Land breeze in the sun, sea breeze at night, or is it the other way around? I know my trade better than the trades. Nothing on the noon water. The faint stroke of a sail. The emptiness in the eyes of the watching women. Whose is that sail? A stroke of zinc white.

Master of that small vessel, I want a strength soaked in the sea like the green-heart pilings, I want a logwood heart, *un coeur campêche,* like these women, because *la vie à raide.* Still, isn't their stillness merely boredom? Isn't that native patience just the French metropolitan daydream of both Rousseaus, Jean-Jacques and the Douanier, of an island paradise, the erotic fragrance of frangipani, that hard-petaled white flower, which comes off the pages of Gauguin's journal, Noa-Noa, of the happy native, the noble savage? Doesn't your envy of their quiet degrade them? It would, if I were not a native myself, if the frangipani were not as common to me as our patois. If I had not moved so far from them over years spent in cities where I have seen a lot but learned nothing that they don't know. One cannot paint nature from memory unless it is idealized, as longing or as nostalgia. We can't invent light. You have to be there.

This is what I would like to save for old age. To finish what I began more than half a century ago. To have stacks of canvases with variations on one subject, the island and the people of the island. And I wouldn't be setting out for some Pacific island, some Cythère. I'd just be coming back home. The light doesn't get old, nor the sea. Nor the mornes and the schooner basins, nor the sharp-peaked mountain where wind makes the bamboos sound like the sea. I would have liked the canvases to have caught and to have echoed the stillness that surrounds the faces of those native women under the beach trees. And maybe that is what I meant. That the echo of their quiet is what comes off a work of art. Some unnamable hum.

A place is its own size, then more. Our house was a compact, upstairs

BRUCE PADDINGTON

house with gables of carpenter's gothic, and a small porch whose roof was covered with red and lilac bougainvillea and allamanda flowers that fell early. The flowers fell in bloom, dislodged without wind. It was on the town's edge and wasn't burned. I am haunted by the image of my mother returning to the cavernous absence of a buried husband, fortifying herself for half a century, from that moment when she moved, in a black hat and dress through the still-trembling chairs of her own house.

The south of the island is flat and windy, with rough blue water. Vieux Fort. The photographer asked our driver if he had a map in the car. We were just off the plane, and had been driving for about half an hour. Places were renaming themselves through the frame of the window. The photographer sat in front; I was at the back with my daughters. The younger kept asking me what I remembered about the island when I was young. Sometimes I pointed out places where I had painted, or had wanted to paint and had never gone to do it. The charges of memory came faster than I could count, so that a bay would curve and be gone before I could remember what it meant. The photographer found the map and unfurled it against the dashboard. It was a very basic map, without relief, with only essentials, but to scale. The photographer, laughing, showed how far we had traveled. The half hour included one village and several inlets, and twisting road. Vieux Fort, Micoud, D'Ennery. When I had sat down in the shade of the sea-almond or seagrape trees to paint D'Ennery over thirty years ago, one of these inlets meant an immense amount of work and time, in drawing, in fighting off sandflies, in measuring the fury of the heat, but now it was only a curve that left us in a few minutes, and a name on the simple map. My daughters were born on Trinidad, a much larger island. They make the usual small-islander jokes. The photographer is English, from a larger island. When he showed them how far we had traveled on the map in that little space of time, they giggled, then my older daughter said, "The map is life-sized." □

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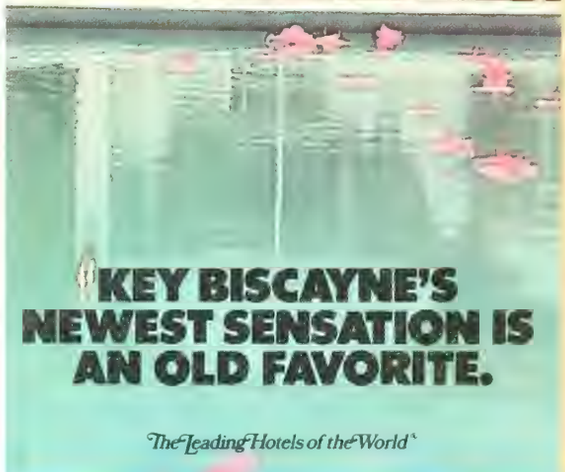


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seen on silver shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century. Most arresting are the unmistakably gothick handles—the crest of the Thompson family of Kirby Hall in Yorkshire. Their coat of arms, a battlemented bar dividing a silver and black shield with three falcons, and a square in the upper left hand corner, or in proper heraldic language: "per fess argent and sable three falcons between a fess embattled counter-changed, a canton in the first quarter," appears in a shaped lappet on the shoulder of the coolers. But it is the commanding size and three-dimensionality of the crest, which, placed above a knight's helm emphasizes the prevailing mood of the time. In a less heraldically self-conscious age—say anytime in the seventeenth to the eighteenth century—earlier generations of the Thompson family would have been quite content to place their crest, if they used it at all, above the coat of arms where it traditionally belonged, and lightly engraved at that.

The Gothic revival, of which the wine coolers represent one phase—for the revival itself had an evolution—was an eclectic movement, endorsed with good taste and good intentions by the building and furnishing of Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill at Twickenham in the 1750s. Though much of the furniture in Strawberry Hill was designed in the Gothic mode there seems to have been no Gothic silver. Ten years later in the 1760s, Gothic silver made its first overt appearance with the manufacture of an entirely new design for candlesticks. These had a quatrefoil or cinquefoil base with interlacing linear ornament very like the stone tracery in medieval church windows. Clustered columns such as those in Westminster Abbey formed the shaft, and the candleholder itself was of narrow, feathery upright leaves in two ranks, suggesting the naturalistic ornament on a medieval church capital. By the late 1760s the Gothic base had become square and stepped, and by the time one in the Metropolitan Museum was made by Samuel Littlewood in 1772, the base was fully classicized by the addition of festoons and rams' heads, which reappear on the candleholder. The earlier, purely Gothic sticks are not too common but do appear from time to time in the auction houses.

An impeccable Gothic form that is more common than the candlesticks is the goblet, consisting of a chaste inverted Gothic arch on a simple pedestal foot; introduced in the 1770s, the shape remained virtually unchanged for decades. It underlies many of the vase forms of the Adam period and is still seen today in the humble egg cup. A properly Gothic goblet in the Metropolitan made in 1800 by Nicholas Hearndon has a particularly interesting history. Engraved with the arms *accolée* of Frederick Augustus, second son of George III and his wife Princess Frederica of Prussia, it was a christening present from the princess to her godchild and namesake, Frederick Augustus, through whose granddaughter Mrs. Cornelia Livingston [illegible] goblet came to the museum as a gift in 192[illegible]

Horace Walpole [illegible] Gothic for fashionable domestic use [illegible] Gothic novel,

[illegible] page

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of Gothic architecture and furnishings in the early nineteenth century and also to a certain detectable strain in hair styles and clothing fashions over the next few decades, being most pronounced in the period from about 1825–45. It even seems to have influenced deportment, manners, and the psychology of the age, for eighteenth-century women were forthright in posture and speech while the model for nineteenth-century women was that of a fragile, shrinking, modest creature in need of protection. It was as if, by some tacit agreement of the group mind, women decided to provide the neo-chivalric-Gothic male with something to protect.

In the early decades of the nineteenth century more military Gothic forms such as turrets and crenelations shared space with Neoclassical silver and pieces in the Egyptian taste, alongside revivals of the rococo and even some chinoiserie. What there is has a strenuousness and self-consciousness about it that is not present in the delicate and elegant examples of Gothic silver that was made in the eighteenth century.

For the determined collector now opportunities lie in spotting the Gothic elements in many quite unpretentious eighteenth-century pieces, which do not as yet fetch the high prices of the more easily recognized styles. A toast rack of 1775, for example, in the Met-



Narrow gadroons decorate lower half of a Nicholas Hearndon goblet, 1800–01.

ropolitan's collection is made up entirely of plain Gothic pointed arches, and in its simplicity is an enchanting use of Gothic form. The ogee, a double curve, also from the Gothic vocabulary, appears in silver of the 1760s, often in connection with pierced work, as on the sides of bread and cake baskets and cheese dishes or as cast additions in the form of handles and vegetal ornament around bases and edges. Perforations sometimes took a more literal form from medieval architecture in trefoil and quatrefoil designs in the walls and baskets of all kinds. At Strawberry Hill the balustrade of the staircase is pierced with just such interlaced quatrefoil and other motifs.

Collectors may also unblushingly acquire those more clamorously gothick pieces from the nineteenth century, still considered curiosities. The latter appear in the first decade of the century but are not too common. This may well be for the reason that they have been sold for their melt value already or do not come on the market, it being thought that they present little of interest to collectors concerned with "art." The type of Gothic seen in the nineteenth century was in fact more gothick than Gothic.

Prices are rising and a wooden standing cup with a model of the round tower of Windsor Castle on the cover in silver gilt and a Gothic base made by John Linnit sold in New York last year for $14,500. For modest collecting a whiff of the Gothic may be had in the possession of an object with heraldic engraving, for heraldry, especially as far as it allowed scope for the proud display of a many-quartered, lineage-advertising coat of arms, was important to the Neo-Gothic mood.

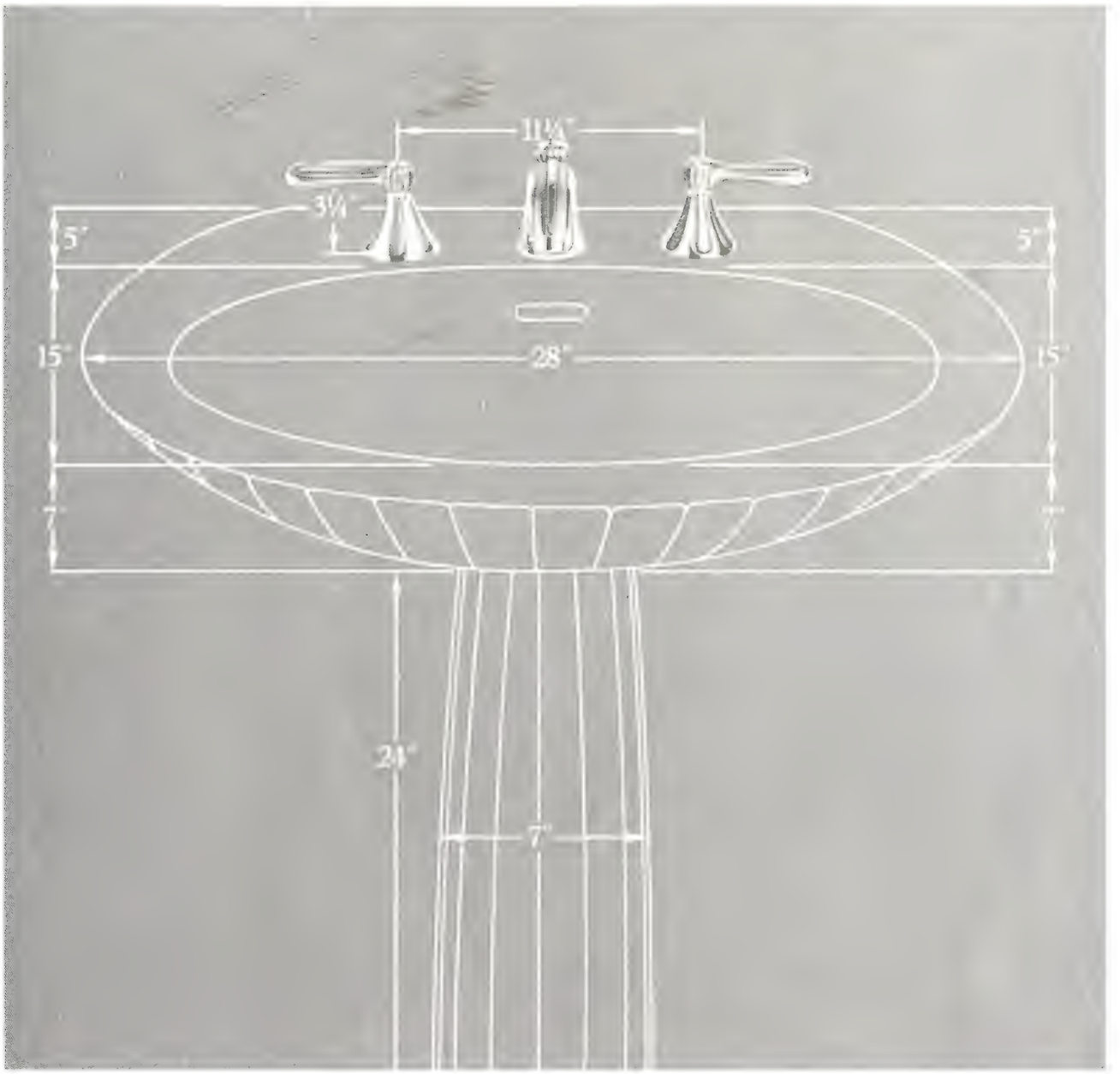
Some of us, of course, are content to collect with the appreciative eye. Advances in knowledge of what really is the history of this or that in the decorative arts always begins by the formation of a corpus of related objects. For Gothic silver of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth, this corpus is barely begun, and it will take the united work of both the possessing and the non-possessing collectors to assemble it. □

WHERE ART COMES FIRST

(Continued from page 121) the outset she has tended to buy slowly and definitively, to savor one or two exemplary works by several indispensable Abstract Expressionists and the more painterly practitioners of Pop. The two fine works in the collection by Arshile Gorky invite their kind of savoring,

feeling of nature that the artist, nostalgic for his native Armenia expressed in his eloquent letters. Nearby is Willem de Kooning's *Time of the Fire,* painted soon after the explosive *Woman* series and showing that even minus its angry figurative subject matter his painting is still saturated with organic emotional content. Meanwhile, Robert Rauschenberg's *Rhyme* wields pandemonium with great delicacy, its collage of ingredients, which include a necktie that sports a photo-transferred cowboy scene, blending into a painterly blur when viewed from a respectable distance.

Admiring art from a distance is not the habit of *(Continued on page 168)*



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(Continued from page 166) collectors, but possession is not to be taken for granted either. "I've always liked Rauschenberg's early *Combine* paintings, but purchasing art largely depends on circumstance: what is available, when it is available—and the price. I listen to advice, but I don't buy at all impulsively; I tend to watch an artist's development and wait until a certain piece of his becomes available. Johns is a favorite of mine, so for the *Map* I dared to pay a high price at the time it was offered."

Why does it number among her prized possessions? The response is quietly zealous: "There's so much depth to the paint; you are drawn into it by the variety of color and brushwork. And I think the stenciling only adds to that by being depth-provoking." In this version of Johns's *Map* layers of gray nearly obliterate the map-like arrangement of red, yellow, and blue. In effect, Johns produced a colored map and then erased it tonally.

Laying down color only to deny it—beautifully—is not only a preoccupation of Johns's. As one strolls from room to room, one notices that few of the cherished art works in this collection are vivid; most are subdued, tending to drive their aesthetic points clearly, albeit in black, white, and a spectrum of gray. In this way, the collector's taste matches Johns's painterly rhetoric.

Whereas Rauschenberg and Johns are masters of the rhetoric of painting, Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein has built upon their efforts by exploiting art's self-consciousness, deftly and wittily addressing not only the techniques of artmaking but also the mechanisms of advancing a career. Given this, there's something especially charming about the fledgling mastery of his painting *Masterpiece,* which hangs prominently in this collection. "I like the early Lichtensteins, when the Ben Day dots were not too systematized and the subject not too slick—although the paintings are of course slick by nature," muses the collector.

There are relatively few Minimal works in the collection, and these are typically methodical and astringent. A fairly recent sculpture by Carl Andre, *The Way North, East, South and West,* offers an arrangement of cedar beams that endows the points of the compass with palpable sensuousness. Along with this is an early, tough wall relief by Donald Judd, composed of horizontal, sequentially sized half-cylinders. This difficult work prompted the question of taste: what attraction does a Judd have?

"It's interesting you should ask, because my brother, who also collects, and I discuss this all the time. He doesn't like Minimal art because it's too architectural, but that's exactly why I like it: it's clear, pure and simple. I like the Judd because it sort of marches along; it's satisfying in the way you feel when you know where you're going."

Lavishly sprinkled throughout the house are representative works by younger artists with solid reputations: Joel Shapiro, Richard Serra, Elizabeth Murray, Bryan Hunt, Christopher Wilmarth, Neil Jenney, and Judy Pfaff, to name a few. But the collector hastens to add that limited space prevents acquiring as many art works as she would like, and partly because of this, she has turned to underwriting the costs of outdoor sculpture, environmental art, and even dance. (Sculptor Claes Oldenburg and dancer Trisha Brown have received such support.) Or else she has acted as a kind of broker by searching for other patrons who want to support the contemporary artists who excite her.

Meanwhile, she generously stocks museums with her much-coveted art to fortify their public collections and also readily lends works to curators for traveling exhibitions. With so many of her art objects constantly in demand, the walls of her apartment are often bereft of their familiar inhabitants. "What'll I do?" she said to Jasper Johns over dinner some weeks ago. "I can't stand to be without *Between the Clock and the Bed* for a year." "I'll lend you mine," Johns said. It was an invaluable moment, a gesture on his part that expressed trust, respect, and gratitude for patronage as informed and freely given as this. It might also have expressed that to be early, an art patron need not be quick, simply prepared. □

Editor: Lynn Benton Morgan.

GREEK REVIVAL

(Continued from page 132) women of the village ask if they can come and watch from our terrace."

An architect friend says the house was a ruin, with barely a room that didn't have gaping holes to the outside. He gave Ginger a two-week crash course in architecture: "I drew proper architectural drawings, then did artistic impressions of how each corner would look, wrote down the size of everything, every little detail, and then had it translated into Greek." The Gilmours stuck to the traditional styles, no easy thing as the native Greeks turn increasingly to the less expensive and more easily maintained modes of Formica and linoleum. Their builder scorned the peasant-style roof of cane and beams they wanted in the kitchen, but the villagers, who took a great interest in the restoration, admired it, turning his antipathy to approbation. The local technique of paving the floors with black and white pebbles—*koklakia*—is faithfully followed, Ginger having painted the exact designs she wanted into the cement. One of the three remaining stonemasons in the village "sat under our tree for a year, hacking away at sandstone."

One intensive year of lowering roofs and floors created the spacious, vi-

brant house they have. What were once the donkey stables that led directly to the street is now a family room. There are three bedrooms, including the captain's room and the winter room, where in the wild months they can huddle round the ever-burning fire. There is the *sala,* the two-story-high master room of the house, and the insulated kitchen, a cozy refuge for expatriates when it turns cold and damp; and a bathroom, cunningly conceived to appear empty but, in fact, fully equipped, complete with washing machine and dryer. Plus terraces with steps to sit on and a courtyard in which to eat alfresco or party through the night. Décor is Greek traditional, with some Turkish influence—no surprise given that Turkey ruled the island for some five hundred years. A unique local decorative device is embroideries created from silkworm cocoons. "At the turn of the century the Italians introduced silkworms, but they didn't tell the islanders how to use and make thread from them. So they took the whole cocoons, cut them up and made designs. It's a whole bizarre art form of their own. Every house has one, tricked out with gold thread, sequins, and sometimes mother of pearl."

"The ideal time is Easter until the beginning of July. May and June are the best months, September and October delightful. Winter is an illuminating experience: Ginger loves it, but I prefer the summer, playing around with boats." With children now at school they frequently have to go in August when the village, normally a thousand strong, is crammed with ten thousand holidaymakers. "You don't go there then for peace and quiet, you go for the scene and scandalous gossip. It's certainly less comfortable than it was, but with your own house you have a sanctuary. Personally, I like a familiar place, somewhere to keep going back to, where there are people you know, where it's easy to move in and out. And it's great for the children." And, despite the holidaymakers, there is still a true village life, the jingle of goat bells, and, because of the architecture, a need always to go in and out, to be in contact with nature. "There's nothing to be confused about, only decisions whether or not to go to the beach. That's when the magic occurs." The only drawback is that David finds it impossible to work there.

And it is work that has brought David Gilmour these delights. He has been sixteen years with Pink Floyd. Their first monster, *Dark Side of the Moon,* has sold nineteen million units and became in May the first album ever to have been ten years without a break in the American LP charts; *The Wall,* a double album issued in 1979, has sold twelve million copies. But has the Floyd come to an end? Although not officially split up, the band has not worked together for a couple of years. Of late, Roger Waters, the bass guitarist, has come up with lyrical ideas, the theme which holds the album together. In David's words: "The guy who brings in the most stuff is obviously the most powerful, though no one in the Floyd was ever able to make decisions and put them through without the others agreeing. We had a reasonably good working relationship that involved major fights on a regular basis." Demure words from the equable Gilmour; the rock-'n'-roll gossip grapevine is crammed with tales of Waters's megalomanic *modus operandi,* well reflected by a cartoon of Waters and the artist Gerald Scarfe in Gilmour's studio. The drawing shows the pair in school uniform and is captioned "School Bully 'Flashman' Waters and his Inky Pal."

The upshot is the current divide. Waters has cut his own, critically derided album with grandiose stage show to accompany it; Gilmour his solo album, a European tour and a recent 42-gig assault on North America. "I can only guess if Pink Floyd will come back together. We might do something again, but not for a year or two. Perhaps we'll do a series of farewell tours, clean up in America and round the world. 'Positively the last appearance,' etc."

It's obviously an awkward situation. Fans feel aggrieved that the fruitful marriage they've adored has been ended. The new is assailed for what is impossible; you haven't produced what they know *(Continued on page 170)*

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(Continued from page 109) and Joyce, one what you have produced is not the dazzling novelty that would justify the change. "The elements that make Pink Floyd are partly me anyway, and other elements may have rubbed off on me. There's no point in trying to be Pink Floyd and no point in trying to be completely different; it's exciting and it's frightening." So far, gigs are sellouts, reviews somewhat sniffy.

The stage show is no mammoth Pink Floyd production; Gilmour and his band are traveling by bus rather than the private plane the Floyd preferred. But the lighting and effects are charming and, best of all, the magnificent plangent chords that are Gilmour's hallmark sing out across the auditorium. More intimate, less epic; just as effective. It was the pursuit and achievement of technical and musical excellence that made the Floyd almost Grand Old Men of rock-'n-roll, the targets of vicious assaults from the young tyros for whom rock must be raw, sexual, hyper-speedy, and aggressive.

David Gilmour is not the archetypal rock-'n'-roller, up all night in the clubs playing a twelve-bar blues. His Elizabethan manor's previous owner was Alvin Lee of Ten Years After, who filled it with red lights and strobes. The Gilmours' taste is mildly bohemian but immaculate. Not exactly chubby, David looks comfortable in corduroys and open-necked shirts. He talks of learning golf from the family nanny, whose brother is an ace player. He is good-tempered, soft-spoken, well-mannered. He admits to a strong bourgeois streak. His father is a genetic scientist who was a senior lecturer in zoology at Cambridge University until taking up a professorship at New York University. There was a family assumption—shared by Gilmour's peers—that he would go to university, pursue a career. Gilmour started on that path: "but something panicked me. I stopped going to the exams, I burnt the bridges. I was convinced at seventeen I'd be successful at music. I went for the punt; it was all or nothing. I can't see myself retiring from music. As long as the people will support my habit, I'll carry on doing it. I don't know what else I can do anyway, it's what I'm good at and it's very pleasant to be paid for doing your hobby."

The musical self-confidence and curiosity impels him now, although with a difference. "To succeed you have to throw yourself into it with a passion that's unbelievable. A young group has to sacrifice everything, mistreat girl friends, parents, everybody; you have to live entirely and exclusively for that, with total selfishness. If someone's not good enough or you don't get on, they're thrown out with no ceremony. To succeed in anything you have to be like that and I'm not sure I have that ruthlessness anymore—very few people have when they're older. I don't know if I can get that back."

And of course his stardom changes his relationship to his band. Having lived, musically, within the narrow confines of three equals for sixteen years, his past achievements are the reason that the present band exists. "My band are my employees. They're under contract with no future guarantees. It's very strange being boss, the one everyone looks to if things go wrong. It's quite funny not having arguments, having everyone do just what I say. I've never had to fight for authority, I get it automatically." Which can be awkward: "You want people egocentric enough to assert themselves. You'd like a combination of people doing what you want them to do yet not afraid to tell you what they think they should do. Sometimes I think they hold back."

It's the joy of music that makes David run. He can't see himself strapping on a guitar at 65 but reflects that Count Basie bopped till he dropped. At present he's struggling to overcome his shyness at writing lyrics. "There are more of my words on this album than I've published in my recorded life before." He called in Pete Townsend to write the words for two songs. "Pete's got sheaves and sheaves of lyrics and poetry sitting around waiting. I do envy that."

But there's a palpable excitement in his manner, a genuine delight as he shows you his home studio with its control panel and 24-track tape machine that cost all of $150,000. And the collector's pride positively burned as he displayed his hundred or more guitars. Gem of the collection, the first ever Fender Stratocaster, 0001 on its plaque.

That day the studio was festooned with streamers and balloons, the floor filled with tables, all there for their ravishing, blond-haired daughter Alice's eighth birthday party. Ginger was embellishing an immense castle of a birthday cake with jelly beans and smarties. David gave us asparagus from his garden. It was a perfect English spring day. He was just off to America to do what he loved, play music. Later they would be going to Greece. Maybe one should not covet one's neighbor's oxen. Nevertheless, life for the Gilmours seemed just dandy. □

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

ON THE WATERFRONT

(Continued from page 57) white would glow and illuminate the blues of the bay, the greens of the hills, and the flowers and people within."

Harlan intensified the desired "glow" by personally choosing from among a hundred-plus shades of white for the main deck, selecting only those with life in both sun and shadow. To augment this subtle play of light and materials, he constructed a series of skylights and overhead lights that are operated by a sophisticated panel (which also activates a hidden projection screen).

Significantly, aside from minimal but luxurious furnishings upholstered in heavy white washable canvas, a few white side tables built by the crew, and a vase or two of exotic blossoms, not even the smallest trinket adorns these

rooms. "The boat is a piece of art, a backdrop for people and nature, not a place to display art." Busy as a partner in the successful Pacific Union real-estate firm Harlan finds ample solitude for dreaming on his houseboat. "When I come home, I want to be free of all clutter," he explains. "I want to see shapes, forms, spaces, and textures pleasing to the eye, and very different from what I see during the business day."

Joining the living room and dining room on the main deck is a hidden mirror-and-brass gazebo-like elevator with a dual arched entry. Designed "just for fun," it travels from the wine cellar on the first deck (which also houses bedrooms, baths, and a study) to the upper-level pavilion.

A dramatic 360-degree view of the surrounding bay, Mt. Tamalpais, the Sausalito hills, and the San Francisco skyline characterizes the pavilion, or upper outside deck, where oversized white upholstered cushions are embellished here and there with brightly patterned red Turkish rugs and saddlebags, a haggler's prized booty from the Turkish Mediterranean marketplace. "Here," gestures Harlan as sea gulls circle overhead and the summer fog filters in, "I can watch the sun rise and set and feel removed from everything but nature."

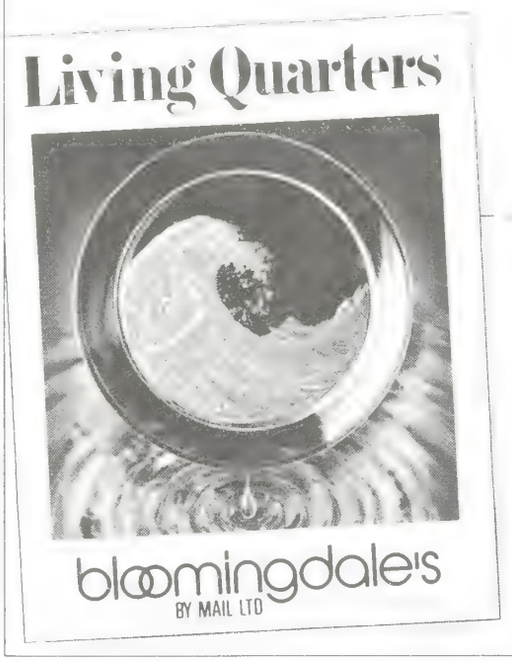
Sometimes being close to nature takes Bill Harlan away from the easy serenity of the *Taj*, but it is, after all, the *Taj* that offers him the escape. A morning swim in the icy bay waters, an evening alone in a rowing skiff watching the lights flicker on, or a brisk run up the fire trails of Angel Island, "where I have the whole place practically to myself. The sounds and smells of the trees and the earth there are so different from those of the *Taj*. This distinction makes the island seem spiritual, and, at the same time, the boat more human and appreciated.

"For me, the special enjoyment of the *Taj*," Harlan concludes, "is that it's a mood elevator. Most people aren't used to being on a houseboat; it brings out the best in them. It's unique, a folly. And we just don't have enough follies in life." □

Editor: Marilyn Schafer

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SHADES OF DARKNESS

"The idea is to see the shadows, not the lights"

By Jason Epstein



My old garden is hardly an acre, so thickly shaded by a canopy of tall trees that when I have flown over it in summertime in a small plane no more than a thousand feet up I was able to see neither the garden nor much of the house itself. This house, concealed from the street by thickets of dogwood, ilex, and box, was built soon after the Revolution when the eastern Long Island village where I live was a major seaport in the West Indies trade and later in whaling. Behind the house where the well used to be, a brick terrace edged by hosta, ivy, and ferns undulates beneath a bent cherry tree. On this terrace one hot afternoon a friend sitting at my green table in the green shade said he felt like a frog in a terrarium and everyone there agreed that his image was exact.

The author's garden, *above,* with a hidden light, *below,* along the path.



I've lived in this house for years and know every branch of its old boxwoods, hollies, and privet, its clumps of lilac and viburnum, its serpentine borders of loosestrife, sweet rocket, and "unfashionable" magenta phlox. But on a moonless night I might as well be blind- *(Continued on page 174)*

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down the brick path to the gate that opens onto the street or along the stone path, with its sharp-sided marble steps, that winds up from the terrace past the walnut tree ringed with day lilies to the garage at the top of the garden.

For years I had known that sooner or later I would have to light these paths, otherwise someone would surely fall and be hurt. But the thought of a lit garden bothered me. Mine is the kind of garden that ought to sleep at night. Even so, to leave it unlit was out of the question. So a few years ago I began talking to electricians.

No sooner, however, would they open their catalogues to show me the tiered pagoda lights that they wanted to install than my resolve would vanish. "No. No," I would say. "These belong in an airport. What I want are lights that can't be seen." What I meant, of course, was that I wanted fixtures that could be hidden in the greenery, not ones that obtruded like the Chinese temples for which they were named. But the craftsmen out here tend to take what you say literally and so they may also have assumed that I wanted the light itself to be invisible, as in some sense I did. So ambivalent were my intentions that I did little to clarify this confusion and before long I had managed to offend or confuse a half-dozen local electricians, some of whom left in dismay while the others promised to return and never did. The landscapers, to whom I turned next, knew nothing about electricity and advised me to try an outdoor lighting specialist. But such experts are hard to



Joe Sherry, the man who proved to be a wizard of garden lighting.

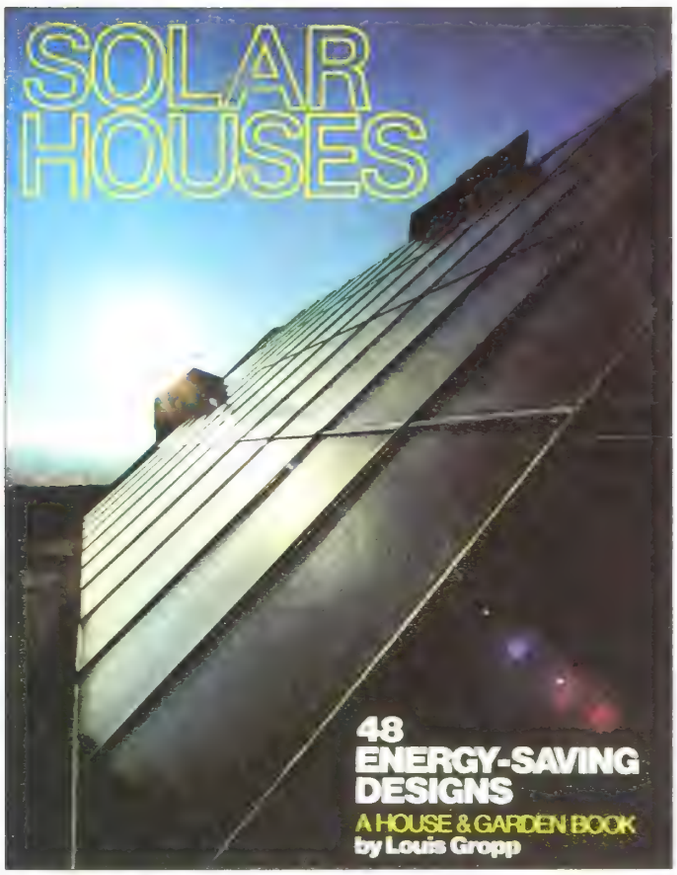
choice. I had to do something about lighting my garden and so I persisted unenthusiastically.

One day a year or so ago I mentioned my problem to my friend Christy, who runs the wine store here. Christy has lived in this village all his life and knows everybody. "Well, you could try my cousin," he said. "He likes to fool around with outdoor lights." His name, Christy said, was Joe Sherry. So a few weeks later I called Joe to make an appointment, and on a sunny day soon thereafter a compact man of about fifty appeared at the top of the steps leading down to the terrace. On his close-cropped head he wore a porkpie hat made of straw and under his arm he carried the usual loose-leaf binder filled with electrical supply catalogues. When we had introduced ourselves and sat down at the green table I explained what I wanted: "Just a few lights along these paths. Nothing elaborate," I added, "just something so that people can find their way in the dark without stumbling. What I don't want," I continued, "is to light the place up like one of those Southampton palaces or like an airport runway. And I don't want those pagoda lights with the three tiers." Since I was prepared for Joe to leave as the others had done I got to the point quickly. "What I really want are lights that can't be seen, if you know what I mean?"

"I see. I see," Joe interrupted as I was waiting for the effect that my quixotic requirement had always had before. "You don't want to see the lights. You want to see the darkness." He talked so that he seemed to start a new sentence before he had quite finished the last one. "You want to say, 'Oh! what beautiful lights,' but you don't want to see the light. You want to see the darkness. It's the darkness you want to see. Different kinds of darkness." As he talked he moved his arms in and out from his sides as if he were describing barrels of different sizes or perhaps volumes and intensities of darkness.

That Joe should respond to my half-hearted paradox with such a startling one of his own was more than I had counted on. I asked him when he could begin but instead of answering he got up from the table and began to walk back along the stone path, still talking rapidly and shaping the air with his hands as I followed behind. On the back of his slate-gray jump suit were embroidered the words "The Electrician" with a telephone number underneath. I could also see that his left sock was red and his right was green.

"What I can do up here," he said as he turned to face me, "is to put in some ELN-53s, and over there," he said, pointing toward the walnut tree, "some ELS-28s." I was staring, however, at his *(Continued on page 176)*



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board."

When we returned to the table where he had left his loose-leaf binder he opened to a page in one of his catalogues and showed me what he meant by ELN-53s. It was a gently curved stem of green metal about thirty inches high from which drooped a lily-shaped bell of the same mottled green, a fixture that would be all but invisible in the clumps of privet and viburnum that line the stone path to the garage, though it would be too prominent for the brick path that winds through the lawn to the front gate.

Frost was in the air and Joe would have to start soon in order to finish before the ground froze. I asked when he could give me an estimate and how long the job would take. But as soon as the words were out of my mouth I knew that I had spoken too soon. "Not so fast," Joe said, shutting his catalogues. "Maybe I can get to it before the frost and maybe I can't. These things take time to think about and I don't want to be rushed. I'll let you know," he said, collecting his catalogues and turning to walk up the path.

Soon November came and went with no sign of Joe. Nor was there any point in importuning him, for when a craftsman in this village says maybe, that's exactly what he means. But I wasn't concerned. I felt that Joe and I understood each other and that sooner or later he'd show up.

Spring came. My garden gleamed under its blanket of marsh marigold, its tufts of jonquils and forsythia. I called Joe a few times, left messages with his wife, his children, even wrote him a letter, and finally, just as I was about to give up, he arrived in his straw porkpie hat and slate-gray jump suit. "Next weekend," he said, "I'll have something laid out. If you like it we'll go ahead. If you don't, don't worry. It's only an experiment. I can always turn right around and change it."

By the following weekend when I arrived [illegible]

tall stems were out of sight, hidden in the borders along the stone path. I was eager for sunset not only so that I could see how the lights would look but to find out at last what Joe had meant by seeing the darkness. When Joe arrived just after dark he repeated his warning of a week before that this was only an experiment—one that he could always "turn right around" and change.

What I saw when Joe turned the switch was awful. The plants around the terrace glowed Jell-O green and the path had become a lit banana. "I was thinking of something a little softer," I said to Joe as he emerged from the darkness onto the terrace.

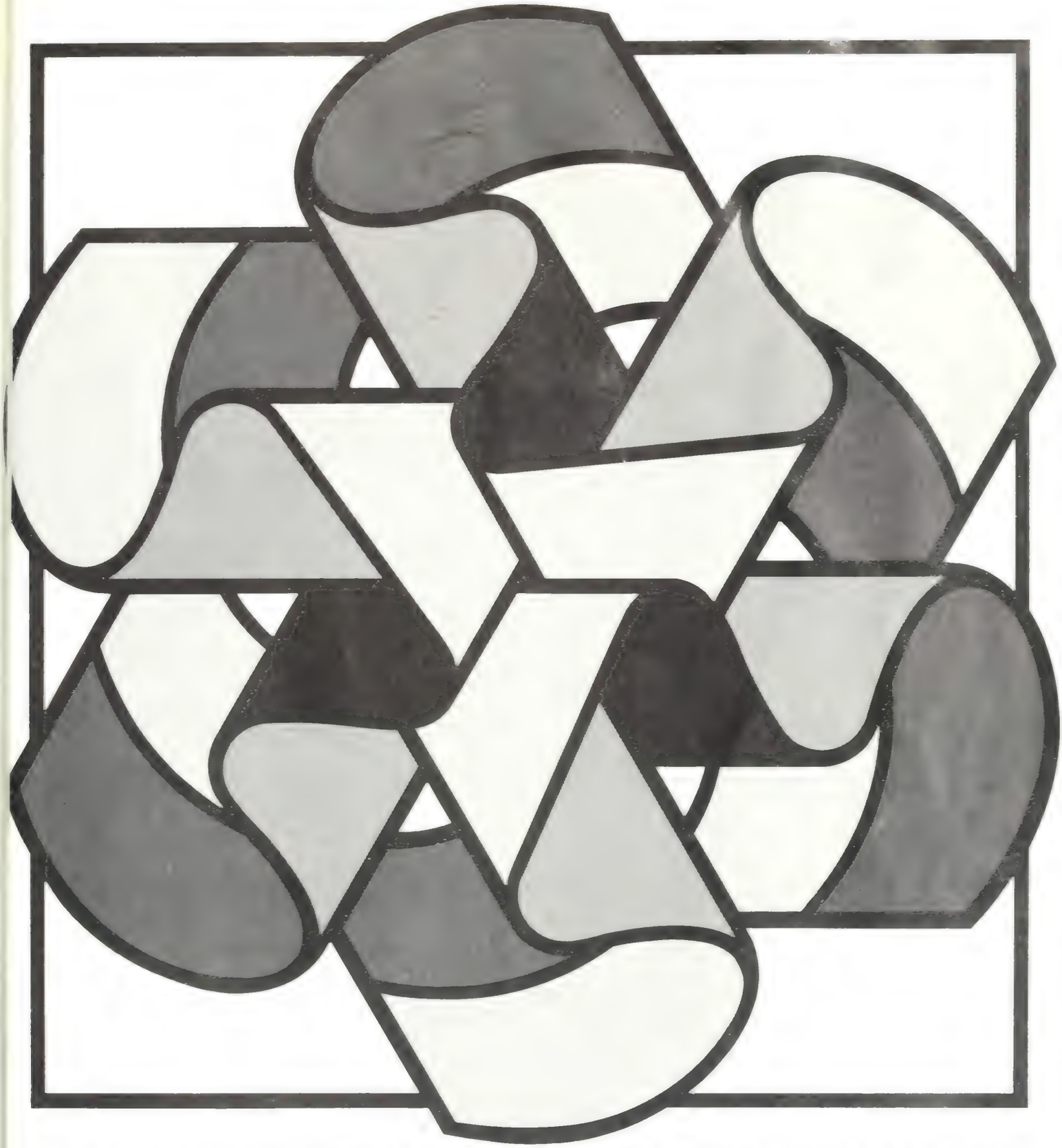
"Well, some people like one thing and some people like another," he said as he removed the green and yellow bulbs and unplugged various wires until the path was dark again. "As for me, I hate green lights. But it's your garden and I wanted to see what you liked." And with that he was gone, having promised to return the next week.

When I arrived a week later Joe was waiting for me. There were more wires than ever strung along the stone path and through the flower beds and this time when he threw the switch the stone path glowed in dappled pools of moonlight as it wound up toward the garage, and the plants around the terrace were a lively green like young olive trees. The effect of moonglow that Joe had achieved was heightened by the mystery of its source, for unless you set out to find the lamps you would have no idea where the glow was coming from. It seemed to come from the stones and plants themselves but there was something more subtle yet, for the light along the path was not at all uniform. Joe had scattered just enough moonglow for someone to find the path in the dark. The rest was various intensities of blackness. The effect of these intermittent pools of silver upon the shadowy darkness was fascinating to watch, a little like Rembrandt's light in dark interiors.

Most nights for the next six weeks or so Joe would work in my garden, his wires snaking everywhere. Now and then he would bring a friend, for example Esteban Vicente, the Bridgehampton painter, or he would ask one or another of his clients from Southampton over to see his work in progress. When I came down on Fridays and saw what he had done I could, with a little effort, imagine that he had in fact been carving shapes from the darkness as he said he would, using his lights as a kind of cutting tool. Soon the upper branches of the walnut were glowing coolly as if marking breaks in the night sky. A light in the branches of a locust some twenty feet high spilled through the thick ivy fastened to its trunk and washed against the garage gates. A dim shaft of light from somewhere in the cherry tree caught the exact circumference of the green tabletop. At its center a potted red begonia seemed to float above it. Against the shingled side of the house a sparse ilex cast a spidery silhouette almost to the eaves while the reflected glow from the shingles barely lit the brick path. By the time Joe finished, the darkness had become an irregular arrangement of palpable shapes of various densities, incised here and there by glowing pools along the paths, walnut branches, and the dim glow from the sides of the house.

Evidently he was as pleased by the result as I for soon after he had finished he asked if he could show the garden at night to some other clients. For the next few weeks I became aware from time to time as I sat outside on summer evenings of soft voices and shadowy figures amid the ghostly phlox and loosestrife, spectral gallery-goers—my fellow collectors of Joe Sherry's oeuvre—whispering their admiration.

Now when I walk in my garden at night I barely notice Joe's lights. They have settled in amid the privet and lilac, the perennial borders and the canopy of trees as amiably as if they had grown there. The last time I saw Joe he was carrying a book about Japanese gardens and showed me a picture of a little pool he was going to build for someone in Southampton—a pool into which a little plume of water splashed against some stones from time to time. "It's the sound of the water that you want," he explained to me in his headlong way. "You want the sound of the water but you don't want to hear it." □



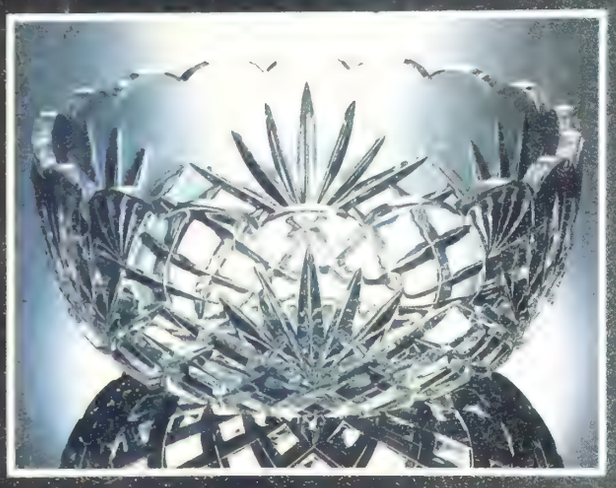
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